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TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST

INCLUDING A VISIT TO EGYPT

AND THE HOLY LAND.

BY

HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

WITH NINETY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUSINGER, ETC.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

LEGENDARY lore and the pious faith of men have alike placed the cradle of humanity in the distant East. The migrations of the great families of mankind have all, as a matter of fact, had their origin in the East; and the mightiest religions, similar at least in their being and their birth, have all sprung from the land of the rising sun, where the glory of nature incites to thought of the supernatural.

The earliest history of the human race—the ruins of primæval culture—the home of philosophy, of fable, and of myth—of our speech and of our faith—all meet us face to face in the resplendent sun-illumined East.

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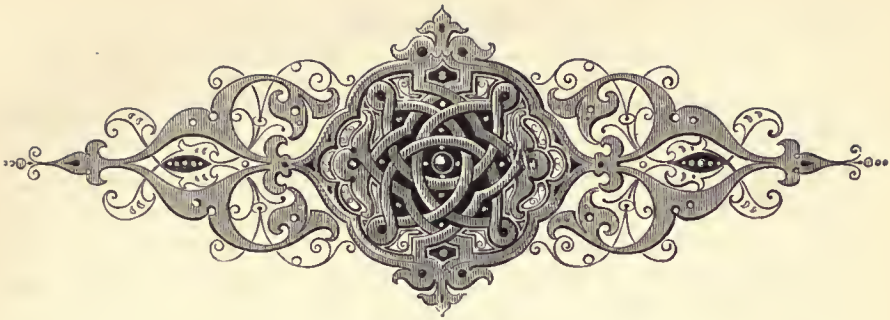

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TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY—DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA—THE SHIP "MIRAMAR"—CORFU—ZANTE—THE VOYAGE TO ALEXANDRIA.

MY Eastern tour had been quickly decided upon, and the preparations for it were made with speed. Various books of Eastern travel were rapidly looked through, and a few days before our start the luggage, a skin-dresser with all his apparatus, the servants, guns, plenty of ammunition, and several dogs, were sent off to Trieste, where the yacht *Miramar*, which had graciously been placed at our disposal, awaited us.

On the 9th February our travelling party assembled at the Southern station in Vienna. It was a cold, bleak, winter evening. Snow lay in the streets, and thick clouds covered the sky; right gloomy weather for departure, and such as our treacherous climate too often bids our poor European race endure.

But two days before I had left the railway, after a long and rapid journey from the distant west of Europe. I had hastened home to follow a faithful friend on his last journey to his long home. With this saddening thought I stepped into the carriage The cold we then endured alone filled us with pleasant anticipations—for soon it must give place to the glorious warmth of the glowing East. A whistle, and the train moved puffing out of the station. It was pitch dark outside; snow, sleet, and storm were our farewell.

A small but enterprising travelling party were assembled in the sleeping-car. My uncle, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, General Count Waldburg, the Court Chaplain, Abbot Mayer, Major von Eschenbacher, Count Joseph Hoyos, the artist Pausinger and I, were the pilgrims of the East. Count Hans Wilczek accompanied us to the sea, whence his way lay to Italy. One after another soon retired to rest, and only Wilczek and I remained engaged in conversation, until at length, far on into the night, sleep overcame us also.

The icy cold awoke the travellers in the early morning, and shivering we drew closer to each other. The guard told us that the thermometer showed twenty degrees of cold, and the frosted, palm-like foliage on the windows

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEMMERING.

bore witness to the truth of his statement. Soon, soon we should rejoice in other glorious palms, in the abiding summer of Egypt.

Adelsberg rose from amidst deep snow, and the last dark pine woods made a beautiful winter picture. A clear sky gave us a distant view from Karst towards the Alps. There was snow everywhere: at Nabresina, even, there were still some white patches; but towards the south glowed a different light—a richer blue and warmer sunbeams—the first greeting of the sunny South. Below us lay the sea—majestic, calm, smooth as the mirror of a mountain tarn—not the grey ocean which I had so lately seen, but the glorious, warm, blue Adriatic. Two of my companions saw this grand element of nature for the first time in their lives, and gazed on it with admiring wonder.

We stopped at the station of Miramar, and drove to the little harbour. The castle, finely placed on the rocks above the surging waters and amidst evergreen southern vegetation, was a most picturesque object. Near it lay the ship which bore the same name—an old friend, for I had already made two voyages in the *Miramar*—and at sight of her, pleasant memories rose dreamlike before me.

A boat waited at the steps and took us quickly to the ship. At the gangway stood the commander, L. S. Captain Rödiger, and to the sound of the National Hymn we went on deck, and passed in review the ship's company there drawn up. The other officers were Lieut. Count Chorinsky (with whom I had formerly made my Spanish journey), and in addition Hahn, Sachs, and Resnicek. Dr. Hirsch,

whom I knew from a previous expedition to Corfu, was to accompany us as physician.

I took a hasty glance round the vessel of which I had grown so fond—the cabins, my own quarters, and all the places associated with so many happy recollections.

Wilczek had accompanied us to the ship, on board which he had two years before spent some pleasant days with me. After dining with us he went on shore, and a few minutes later waved, from the castle terrace, farewell greetings to the departing ship.

We all remained on deck enjoying the scenery. Castle Duino, Miramar, the precipitous heights of Karst, and the beautifully situated Trieste, as it lay in the sunlight, seemed the first pleasant picture afforded by our journey. We passed close to the Austrian squadron and the Russian corvette *Ascolt.* Ships of war when they salute have always a combative aspect. From the admiral's ship the strains of our national air sounded, and as we came by the Russian corvette we sent forth those of the solemn but beautiful "Hymn to the Czar."

Trieste soon vanished from our sight, and we steamed south along the flat Istrian coast. We remained for several hours on deck. The temperature was really low, but seemed to us deliciously balmy after the delights of a central European winter. The arrangement of our cabins and unpacking filled the afternoon, and a genial social life was soon set on foot below deck. A late dinner shortened the evening, and bed-time came quickly.

A grey, cloudy sky, wind, and a rough sea and lowered temperature was what the morning of February 11th had

MIRAMAR.

in store for us. The greater part of the travellers were ill; and that depressed mood which the humours of the tricksy sea produce in many persons was very apparent. Sick and well sat on the deck looking at the unquiet waves. About 10 a.m. the steep cliffs of Lissa came in sight. Every Austrian looks with emotion on that island, the witness of the noble deeds of our heroic sailors.

In point of scenery Lissa has nothing to offer—a barren stony island with cliffs and hills without variety or picturesque character.

In the afternoon the sea rose, and towards evening flashes of lightning were followed by distant thunder. The day passed monotonously, as the motion of the vessel forbade reading or writing, and our course lay far from the coast on the open sea. The night was even worse, and the sea-sick passengers could but endure, while the tedious hours went by. The morning of the 12th brought us at sunrise a much quieter sea, and as we hastened on deck the white summits of the Albanian mountains greeted us. Much snow lay upon the highest tops.

The mountains of Albania have a special charm for the traveller. From the ship you see them rise in terraced layers, and catch glimpses of the fine rocky valleys, or admire the cliffs which descend precipitously into the sea.

To me the mountains of the South are far more attractive than the Alps of Central Europe. Their forms, the warmer light, and the contrasts between snow, deep blue sky, and southern vegetation are far more interesting than the uniformity of the pine woods, with the dull, leaden, lightless sky above.

There are singularly few towns on the Albanian coast. Here and there you catch sight of the flat-roofed, brightly coloured houses of a village built in steps on the declivity and standing amidst gloomy cypresses and grey green olives.

By noon the lovely Greek island of Corfu came in sight, and to the west of it the rocky islets of Merlera and Fano. The passage between Corfu and the mainland is unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery known. To the east the Albanian mountains stretch round the broad basin and valley of Butrinto. In the midst of the valley a fine mountain lake, surrounded by extensive forests of oak and great marshes, contrasts with the bare limestone mountains, whose lofty summits, soaring in the background, are visible from afar.

Westward, *i.e.* to the right, lies the green island, with its beautifully formed hills, its proud Mount Decca, its rustling oak and olive woods, its many cypresses and its flowering fruit trees, and, scattered everywhere over the whole island, dazzlingly white houses and villages. Truly, a remarkable contrast—to the left, the wild uncultivated Albania, inhabited by quarrelsome mountaineers; to the right, the flowery Corfu, converted by the tractable, commerce-loving Greek into a luxuriant garden.

We passed the bay of Ipsa, and both citadel and town of Corfu came into view, well placed on the central and salient promontory of the island.

Whenever I see Corfu, Homer takes possession of my thoughts, and fills them so long as the ship is passing amongst these Ionian Islands. In younger days, when reading the Odyssey, I formed a picture of these islands

BAY OF IPSA.

which experience has since confirmed: green isles, washed by the light blue waves, under a heaven of deepest blue, and gilded by laughing sunbeams.

The individual details—the trees, entwined with ivy, stretching above the rocks, the flowering shrubs, the rippling springs, all have (forgive me the profane comparison) something decorative which reminds one of a magic ballet-scene. One almost expects to see a lightly girt Diana, waving her golden lance, step from the thicket. But, to return to reality, the *Miramar* ran in close to the town, where we were to stop for some hours, to coal. Corfu, usually so tranquil, now had a warlike aspect. On the island Vido, opposite to the town, a camp had been pitched, and the little island swarmed with blue-clad soldiers. Some parties were shooting at the targets. Numerous boats were taking soldiers to a steamer. As we afterwards learnt, one of the battalions mobilized on the island was that evening to go to Greece. The Hellenes were dreaming a heroic dream, and the good Corfiotes, not a little excited, thought that the days of Leonidas would dawn once more.

As we lay at anchor the doctor, representing the consul, who was ill, appeared, and a *valet de place* whom I had known before—a lank little man of hideous appearance, the luckless descendant of the god-like Greek.

The tidings that confluent small-pox prevailed in the town was a blow to most of my companions, who had never visited the island before. Landing was of course strictly forbidden, and we spent the afternoon in an excursion in the ship's launch. We passed near to the town. The old

closely ranged houses rising step above step, with their dazzling white walls, green windows, and flat roofs, remind one of Italy. Yet there is a specifically Greek character attaching to the whole, intensified by the round cupolas of the orthodox churches.

Passing by the rocky wall of the citadel, which dips vertically into the sea, we came along the southern side of the promontory, covered with the luxuriant gardens and handsome villas of the rich Corfiotes; we saw the beautifully situated royal country-house, Pondikonisi, the suburb of Kastrades, and below, on the shore, amid wild myrtles, the ruins of the ancient temple of Æsculapius. We steamed further to the bay of Kardákió, whose entrance is barred by two islets. That in front, a great rock covered with orange trees, quinces, and cypresses, with an ancient Greek shrine and a house for two monks of the strict order of St. Basil, is called Pondikonisi, and is the ship of Odysseus turned to stone by Poseidon,—

> "But the earthshaker nigh to her drew,
> And with flat hand striking, he smote her, and turned the ship to stone.
> And rooted her there to the spot; and behold! the god was gone."
>
> *Od.*, Bk. viii.

These lines came to our recollection, and lost in thoughts, partly of toilsome days of gymnasial study, and partly of the magic world of the old Greeks, we stepped on the island and climbed its side.

The filth which covers the island is anything but poetic. Two monks, in tattered blue frocks, bare-footed, with long hair and unkempt beards, greeted the strangers.

The church is of the true orthodox type; it is divided

ON THE ALBANIAN COAST.

by a richly gilt partition into two. Various blackened pictures of saints, glittering ornaments, and some Greek inscriptions are on the walls. On the terrace in front of the church, flowering fruit-trees gladden the eyes of the winter-weary northerner. The view from the island towards Corfu and the sea is enchanting; a fitting home for visionary hermits.

The poor monks, however, had no look of thought or devotion, but rather one of complete stupefaction from the monotony of their life. The younger is a lover of cats, and several half-starved specimens, mewing pitifully, followed his steps. The opposite island has on it a building with a tower, inhabited by a solitary recluse. After a brief visit we resolved on a shooting party in our boats over the marshy bay of Kardákió.

Some herons, cormorants large and small, numerous divers and ducks, as well as a host of sea-mews, took flight at our first attempt to approach.

The Greeks are like the Italians, they kill and devour everything, so that sport in these countries is a very uncertain pleasure. After long endeavour I succeeded in bringing down a small cormorant, and content with this we set our faces homeward.

A beautiful view of the verdant coast of Benizza, and the lofty Mount Hagioi Decca, consoled us for our unsuccessful sport. We soon rejoined the *Miramar*. It began to grow dark, the coaling was completed, and, dinner over, we started once more. A bad night was to follow on our tranquil day.

Early on the 13th I woke to realize, to my no small

disgust, that everything was in motion around me. Tables, chairs, bed, everything was dancing. The ship rolled and shook perceptibly and creaked wofully under the pressure of the waves.

Hastening on deck I had a fine sight of the heavy storm ; the waves rose mountains high, broke over each other and scattered in crystal foam. A storm at sea is perhaps the grandest sight that nature affords, especially when fine effects of light, shade, and cloud contribute their share to the general impression. The heavens were on this occasion covered with heavy clouds, and only here and there a ray of sunlight broke through.

We were off Cephalonia. The grand mountains of this island overtopped the mist. In their centre was the loftiest and most beautiful of them, the snow-capped Monte Nero, the ancient Ainos. Stern and gloomy were the cliffs, grey and unfriendly· the shadows, and we feared that the weather would grow still worse.

Our brave ship fought her way but slowly against the waves, and it was midday ere, passing along the west side of the hilly, picturesque island of Zante, we reached its southern point.

The storm increased, and instead of getting more sea room, we fell off from our course, and the captain resolved to run into the sheltered canal of Zante. We came slowly round the south point and turned into the channel which lies between the island and the opposite mainland. As soon as Zante sheltered us from the westerly gale, sea and air grew still, and after her hard fight the *Miramar* glided towards the town.

ON THE GREEK COAST.

We could now look at the lovely scenery at our leisure. To eastward, beyond the level coast, the whole chain of the Greek mountains lay before us—those of Peloponnesus, Patras, Achaia, and Elis, their higher peaks covered with snow. On the north lay the bleak Cephalonia. To the west Zante; this lovely island embellished, like the others, by finely formed rocky mountains, has also plains rich as gardens, and hills of luxuriant verdure. Corfu is more pleasing, more cultivated, and would be pleasanter to reside in, but Zante is "the flower of the Levant," as the Italians say.

The town stretches widely round the bay. The white houses with flat roofs, the many churches and towers which stand apart beside them, the Castle Hill and its little citadel, each and all set in the richest vegetation, make a lovely picture.

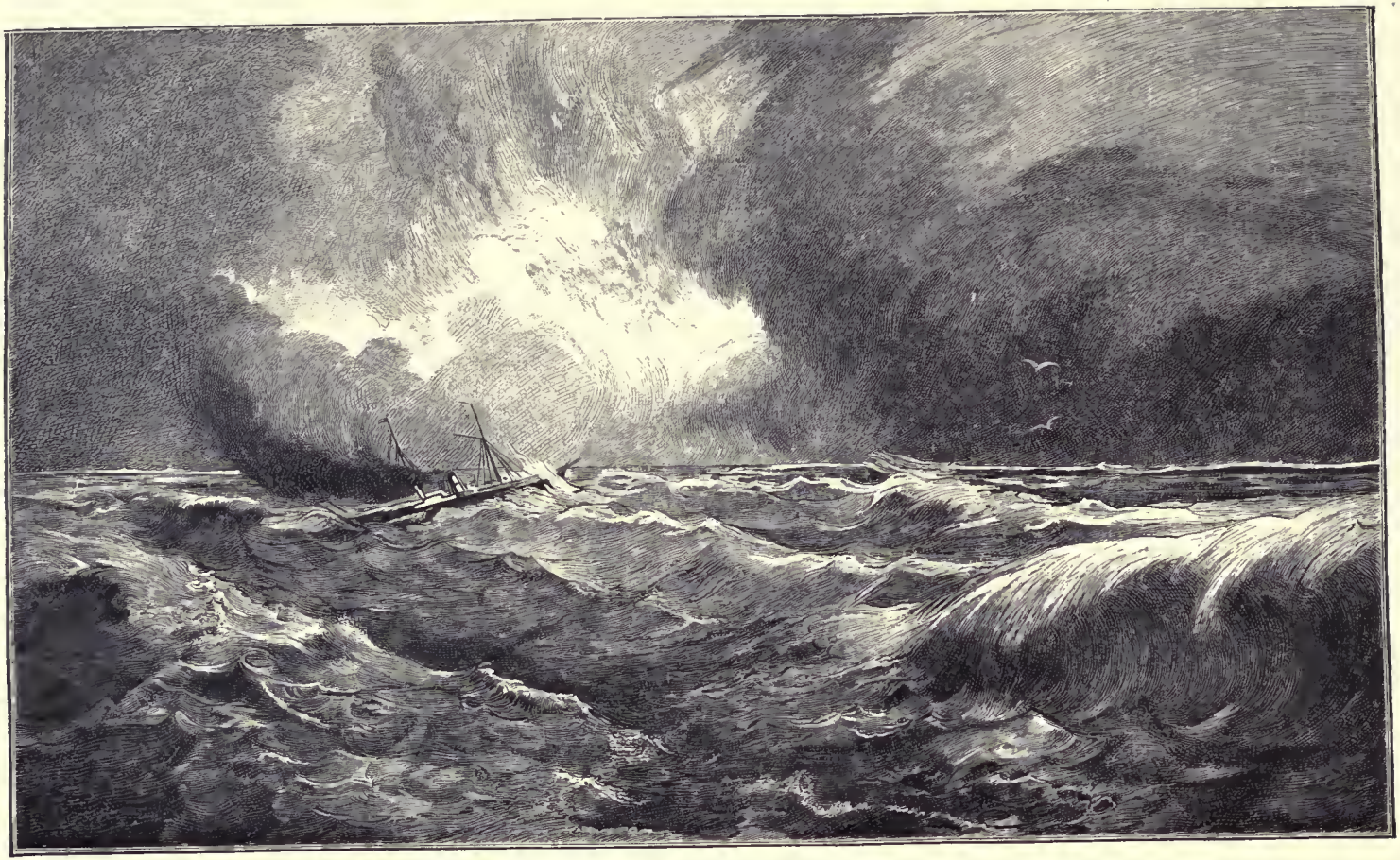
We soon anchored in front of the town; several other vessels sheltering as we did from the storm shared our lot. After the doctor's visit we rowed on shore. Zante has a character of its own, and is not without interest. There are traces of former prosperity; now, the pavement and the dirt baffle description. Many of the streets have flights of steps in them, and are only meant for foot passengers; all, without exception, are very narrow. Pigs wallow in the principal square, and the whole town is pervaded by an undefinable stench. Many of the houses—some of them fine old buildings, which recall the Italian palaces—are destitute of window glass, or at most a single shutter hangs dangling in the wind as the only ornament. The churches are the chief ornament of the town. They are genuine old

Greek places of worship, arranged in the orthodox fashion, only, strange to say, with bell towers of the type of St. Mark's. Here, too, the priests were noticeable for the poverty of their dress. The day was the festival of some Greek saint, and in the great church the faithful were kissing the coarsely plated reliquaries.

A stroll through the town gave matter for interesting reflection. One special fact noted was the striking resemblance of the interior of the towns in the three southern kingdoms of Europe.

In Zante you might easily have supposed yourself in a decayed Italian or Spanish town. Life in all of them is carried on in the street. In front of the numerous cafés the men sit with broad-brimmed hats, a plaid thrown round their shoulders, and shabby clothes, swinging lazily on old three-legged straw chairs. The coffee-cup stands on another chair before them, and in their hands is a cigarette. They gossip, they laugh, they gesticulate. Here coffee, Turkish cigarettes, Greek placards, priests with round high hats; there chocolate, Havannah cigarettes, Place of the Constitution, Catholic clergy with three-cornered hats—but in the life and habits of the people the greatest resemblance. Among the young women you meet charming figures and faces, and among the old, dragons such as only the South can show.

We drove to the Castle Hill, through varied streets and even poorer houses, in droskies which would have done honour to a Residence town in Germany. The road winds in zigzags up a steep slope. Right and left are hedges of cactus, and fruit trees, with here and there a palm.



OFF ZANTE.

One cannot drive to the top. The road ends abruptly in some heaps of stones. The last part we did on foot.

The hill was alive with soldiers; for here, too, a battalion had been called out. The commandant, a cultivated man, who had lived much in Paris, explained everything to us in the purest French. The citadel proper is in ruins. The troops are therefore placed in casemates and huts.

The view from the citadel is very remarkable. To the east, across the canal, is the Greek coast; at our feet lies the town; along the southern side of the hill are luxuriant gardens; on the western slope loam and yellow clay formations, which reminded me vividly of the mountains in the vicinity of Murcia, in Spain. To the northward this hilltop runs up to a range of wooded hills, which extend along the east coast of the island, while the west coast is characterized by its high bare chain of hills. Between these, along the centre of the island, is a broad depressed plain. This is all separated from the southern point by a narrow marshy strip of land, which begins close to the town. The southern point is graced by Mount Skopo, an independent mountain mass, differing and apart from all the rest.

We seemed unable to satisfy ourselves with gazing on the splendid tableau before us, the variety of the mountains, wooded hills, rich garden-landscape and prettily placed villages, the town of Zante itself, the calm light blue waters of the canal, and beyond and across the isthmus, the yet boisterous sea, made a combination of the most impressive kind. The view seemed even more magnificent when heavy thunder clouds gathered over the mountains. The wind rose, lightning flashed, and thunder rolled, and,

drenched by heavy rain, we set forth in haste to return to the *Miramar*.

The next morning brought no favourable tidings from the open sea, so our captain resolved to spend at least a day in Zante.

We decided thereupon to ascend Mount Skopo. On the quay we got into carriages drawn by very small horses, and drove through several streets, past the last houses of the town, out along the coast. The carriage road very soon came to an end, and we took our way on foot through gardens and fields, among olive trees, and across dry water-courses, to the foot of the mountain. There the company divided for the ascent into two parties. I climbed past the last human habitations, and then up the steep slope, thickly overgrown with evergreen shrubs, on to some slabs of rock and heaps of rubble.

The ascent was laborious and uninteresting. The sun burnt fiercely, and we had needlessly burdened ourselves by carrying our guns. Four-footed game there was none, and the feathered world was poorly represented: only some central European species, in their winter quarters.

At the top of the mountain there is a small Greek shrine, simple and unattractive, and beside it the abode of the priest and his servant; the whole dirty, ruinous, neglected.

Near this dwelling rises a cone of rocks of peculiar formation. It is visible from afar, and had attracted our attention from the sea the day before. This, as the highest point, had to be scaled, and so we scrambled up toilsomely over the large rock to the summit, to place there a pocket-handkerchief on a pole by way of banner.

MOUNT SKOPO.

The view in the distance was very fine, but we could not long enjoy it, for the hurricane at sea brought us chilly and abundant scuds of rain. The priest invited us into his house for a draught of wine. The reverend-looking man, with his long beard and flowing hair, gave us, in the most friendly manner, some very bad cheese made of sheep's milk, bread, and some of the very good wine of the country; but withal of such fiery quality as to recall the common Spanish draught wines. The room in which we were entertained was exactly like a little Spanish fonda. A tiled floor covered with tattered matting, broken chairs, bare walls, and damp heavy air. A blackened Virgin on the wall vouched for the Greek nationality.

After our simple meal, we took leave of the hospitable priest, and descended the mountain. We passed some fine groups of palms, and, amongst thick shrubs, flowers, and bubbling springs, there were spots such as one imagines in reading Greek mythology, fit for the sports of the merry gods.

Again we crossed through gardens to make our way to the coast, which soon led us home. The afternoon and evening were spent on board.

Unfavourable reports of the weather compelled us to pass another day in Zante. A new excursion was therefore planned. We started early on the morning of the 15th, to make for the northern point of the island.

In the same carriages as on the preceding day, we drove, first through streets and then along a well-laid country road, which led us through garden lands. On our right lay the verdant range of hills; on our left the lofty,

bare, and rugged mountains. We passed several solitary farmhouses and small villages.

The road was the reverse of lonely. The peasants, some on foot, but mostly on small miserable-looking donkeys, or on two-wheeled carts, brought their produce to the town. I looked well at them. They seem a somewhat diminutive race, with dark skin and hair. Their costume is neither becoming nor bright. Wide trousers, the feet in shoes, like our Dalmatian slippers, and on the head small caps or great broad-brimmed hats. Many carried long single-barrelled guns.

After a two hours' drive the road approached the mountains. The hills on the right end in a marshy lagune, and in the distance sparkle the blue waters of the Adriatic.

The mountains on the left meet the coast in a vertical wall of rock, and the road ends at a village built in steps up the slope of the mountain side. The high mountains which one now has close at hand are on this side perfectly bare—steep cliffs and great masses of boulder, without any vegetation. From the village we made our way on foot round the base of the lofty cliff, between it and the sea. We soon reached the northern point of the island, and had a splendid view; Cephalonia lay to the north; directly in front of us was the basin of a narrow valley planted with a forest of oaks, and in the midst stood a convent half hidden between the two hills.

We went over the convent chapel, which was richly adorned with gilded reliquaries and the black pictures of saints. It appeared to be a favoured resort of pilgrims.

Some friendly priests invited us in to take luncheon in the convent. When we inquired about sport in their parts, the godly men at once proposed that we should course a hare. When luncheon was over we started under the guidance of the youngest priest, who wore a short frock, broad blue trousers, and slippers. His head was adorned with the priestly biretta, and he carried a long gun. Two dogs, far removed from sporting breed, and a peasant followed him.

We mounted for more than an hour through a gloomy ravine—right and left high hill slopes excluding any view; nothing but smooth, dazzling white stones, the rocks fringed with a narrow strip of dark evergreen shrubs. The whole had the sunburnt character of so many mountain districts of the South, such as those of Dalmatia and Spain.

The dogs snuffed about among the stones, and the priest with much energy sprang from rock to rock, with loaded gun at full cock, but nothing stirred. High aloft some imperial eagles soared in the air.

At last we reached the ridge of the mountain. A fine view of the sea opened on us, and we could see far along the mountain plateau, with its confusion of stones, rocks, peaks, and points.

We rested for about a quarter of an hour. We heard several shots almost at hand, and soon some peasants appeared with their guns. They had missed one of the few hares of the island.

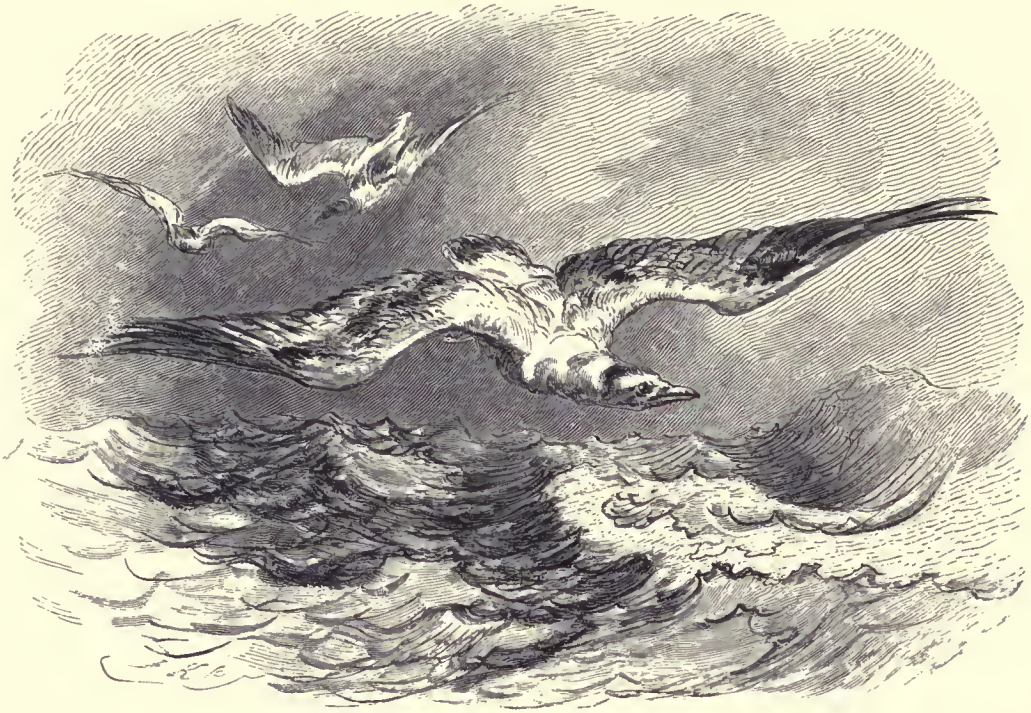
On our way back I kept along the height, taking the shortest way to the convent. Suddenly a small hare (probably *Lepus Mediterraneus*) ran out in front of me. The

distance was too great, and I did not fire. Thereupon the dogs and the priest rushed in wild leaps after the noble prey. The hare was naturally the quickest, and soon disappeared. A hare plays, thanks to its great rarity, an important part in Zante; and the poor priest returned to me panting and declaiming in Greek.

When we reached the convent it was late in the afternoon, and we hastened to our carriages. The long drive was fine but chilly, and it was evening before we reached the *Miramar*. We took leave of Zante, as favourable reports allowed of our departure being fixed for the morning. The island showed itself beautiful to the last in the clear moonshine.

The morning of the 16th brought us good weather and a glassy sea. At four a.m. we were in motion. We glided past lovely scenes. The snow-clad mountains of Arcadia and Messenia reminded me of the mountains on the north coast of Spain. The contrast of white snowfields with the deep blue sky above them was most striking. The further south we came, the lighter in colour, and apparently the less rocky, grew the mountains. One lofty stretch of hills wore the yellowish airy hue of the bare desert mountains of the Iberian peninsula.

We passed Navarino, and later on saw the jagged outlines of Cape Matapan. Soon after followed the rocky islets of Arigo and Arigetto. In the afternoon the mountains of Candia appeared on the horizon, and in the evening we passed the western point of this large and beautiful island. By moonlight we saw the dim and misty contours of the Cretan mountains. We spent delightful



ON THE WING.

hours on the deck, enjoying the sparkle of the sea beneath the radiant moonlight of the south.

The following day, as calm and fine as its predecessor, was spent by us on the open sea. In the early morning Candia was still in sight. The wonderful Mount Ida and the other high mountains of this island were shrouded in deep snow. By noon the vicinity of Africa made itself very perceptible, and we enjoyed for the first time the all-pervading heat. How delightful it was to lie on the deck, basking in the southern sun, and to think of the cold we had been enduring but a few days before in the centre of ice-bound Europe. We passed one of Lloyd's steamers; but, except this, all was still on the broad expanse of water.

We awoke on the 18th February to splendid weather. "Land in sight yet?" was the first question. Nothing but water so far as the eye could reach. At eight a.m. the coast of Africa rose slowly into view, and some minarets of Alexandria appeared on the horizon. They were greeted with exultation by the whole travelling party.

For the second time it was given me to see the Dark Continent. The first time I had admired the rocky shores of the Atlas region; now I was rejoicing at the sight of the low-lying strand of sacred Egypt.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Alexandria—One Day in Alexandria—Journey to Cairo—Arrival in Cairo—Four Days in Cairo.

The Egyptian coast presents to view flat, yellow dunes, rising here and there into undulating sandhills.

Some high minarets come first into sight—then the lighthouse and sundry windmills outside the town. Soon after, the vice-regal palace of Mustapha Pasha, built in fantastic Eastern style, rises as it were from the waves.

Now our arrival is really at hand. A boat skims across the water towards our ship. The pilot's flag tells its purpose. Orientals, not true Arabs, seafaring folk of mixed races, such as only the East can show, row the boat with vigorous strokes.

Tawny fellows, in the garb of Asia Minor, with turbans on their heads, shout and gesticulate as they approach. Among them sits a swarthy man in fine-spun Oriental dress; a coloured scarf is twisted round his portly person; a curly black beard makes a frame to his expressive and fairly genuine Arab countenance. His yellow-brown hands are adorned with silver rings.

We slacken speed, and slowly and with dignity the pilot

climbs the accommodation ladder, and after brief greeting takes his place on the steering bridge, his boat being taken in tow. We proceed towards the narrow rocky channel by which the Old Port is reached.

On the right the half-ruined castle of Said Pasha-el-Mek attracts our attention by its interesting architecture. Several batteries and some extensive palm plantations follow, and bending round a well-built breakwater we enter the harbour, and a splendid view of the whole city opens on us.

Were it not for the minarets and some large buildings in Arab style which speak of the East, one might easily suppose one's self set down in some southern seaport of Europe. The character of Alexandria seen from without is unquestionably European.

As we passed the breakwater a singular picture burst upon us. The batteries saluted, so did the Turkish ships of war *Mehmet Ali*, *Makkarosa*, and the Khedive's yacht. The sailors manned the shrouds in their somewhat military uniform, the fez on their heads. From one of the vessels came the strains of the beautiful old air of the East, the "Turkish Sultan's Hymn," recalling somewhat a Hungarian Czárdás, while from the yacht we heard the modern melody of the "Hymn of the Khedive."

Several steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's were dressed in gala colours. The harbour was full of vessels all dressed. The standard of the Turkish Empire, the white half-moon on a blood-red field, dipped to salute us.

The expanse of waters was thronged with boats filled with Arabs of all classes, rich and poor; but all, no matter of what rank, in most picturesque draperies and full of

character. Many civilians were also to be seen, Levantines, Greeks, Italians, and Jews, with or without the fez.

The members of the Austro-Hungarian community came off to us in gaily decorated steam launches, and a band gave us "God save the Emperor." Dalmatians in the green and white costume of the valleys of the Bocchi di Cattaro, their weapon-proof "Pas" round their slight figures, waved their caps as they cheered. These Oriental Christians were in remarkable contrast with the equally splendid Eastern colouring of the Islamites. The medley of flags, colours, costumes, uniforms all around us in innumerable boats could only be compared to a kaleidoscope. Long after we had reached our buoy the people hovered inquisitively around the ship.

The Consul-General, Baron Schäffer, soon came on board with the officials of the Austrian Consulate. After short greetings from them we had to receive the local dignitaries, who came in a procession of gala barges. At their head was Mustapha Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His master had sent him from Cairo to receive us. Then followed several generals and the harbour-master. Abd-el-Kadir Pasha was also present in the uniform of an Egyptian General of Division. The Khedive had the goodness to assign this agreeable and cultivated man of half-Turkish, half-Arab race to attend upon us for the whole of our Egyptian journey. We one and all of us learned to value and esteem him, and we parted from him after our prolonged daily intercourse with true regard. As soon as the Egyptian magnates withdrew the Austrian settlers appeared.

Besides numerous Dalmatians, holding places in the great banking houses, it was remarkable how many Austrians there were from all parts of the monarchy; but by far the larger portion of the colony consisted of those who were not Austrian by birth—Levantines of all sorts, who for the sake of security in trade, and above all, thanks to the reputation and conspicuous activity of our Austrian Lloyd, which is far too little valued at home, had placed themselves under the protection of our nationality.

After we had conversed for some time with these various individuals, some of whom were our countrymen by birth, and others only in name, they all left the *Miramar*, and we retired to our cabins to change our uniform for civilian attire. Soon after the whole party were rowed to the harbour steps. Baron Schäffer was there to meet us, and with him we entered the carriages which were waiting.

A crowd of porters called "hammál" and also "scheyyál," a class of the poorest Arabs, tightly girt in blue shirts with sinewy brown legs and bare arms; custom-house officers in European uniform, Turkish sailors, dock labourers, many of them of most striking appearance, surrounded us gaping at us inquisitively.

The Khedive was so good as even here to place some of his carriages at our disposal. The carriages and horses were English, the servants without exception French, in modern European livery, the fez the only token of the East.

Outriders, or rather runners, were not wanting—those swift-footed, lank fellows, in fantastic dress, with flowing white sleeves, wielding long staves. They always ran before the carriages, vociferating unceasingly.

In the narrow Arab quarters of the town one learnt their value, for without them one would have passed with difficulty and many stoppages through the throng of men and beasts.

No sooner had we left the harbour precincts by its large portal than full Eastern life burst upon us. A narrow street of houses of Arabic style was crowded with people of all descriptions; screaming donkey-drivers, the indispensable water-carriers, vendors of all kinds, blue fellaheen shirts jostling pure white burnous. Women whose dresses hung in rich folds, bearing antique pitchers on their heads; blind beggars with long staves; urchins, clamorous and riotous as nowhere else but in the East. The Turks and natives of Asia Minor, in their richly coloured dresses, struck us at once; even in expression they differ entirely from the Arabs, and their skin is lighter. The true Arab is dark, his features are handsome and noble, his figure is slight but muscular—in every respect superior to, but still unmistakably like, the Israelite. The fellaheen of the cultivated hill lands is no true Arab. He is of the type ordinarily found in the likenesses of the ancient Egyptians. I hold him to be the original inhabitant of the country, and propose in another place to enter more fully into this matter.

When we had traversed these short Oriental streets we came to the European part of the town. Broad streets, with handsome Western houses and shops, form that quarter of the town; the central and most brilliant point appears to be the Place Mehmet Ali. It were uninteresting to dwell further on the common features of a European seaport.

Alexandria has this character completely, and yet, elegant and regular though the streets may be, a something clings about them which is strange to us.

The Oriental dirt and neglect which lend a certain picturesque charm to Arab towns, accords ill with the straight, stencilled lines of Western architecture. You feel at every step the presence of the stranger, who seeks to put his own impress on a foreign world. The free sand of the desert bears unwillingly the European town, and yet more unwillingly bears with the pale-faced foreigners' greed of gain.

Driving through some of the principal streets we came to the Place Mehmet Ali, in whose centre stands the equestrian statue of the great warrior, Mehmet Ali, the adventurous and successful son of a Macedonian watchman from Kawala. Not without a motive did Mehmet Ali give his full favour to Alexandria. If he succeeded in raising it in all respects, it was that the world might liken him to his model, Alexander the Great.

The traveller stands in Alexandria on historic ground. But never will this town again attain such glory and such grace as in the days of the great Alexandrian Library, when art, literature, and the whole intercourse of the then civilized world found its centre here.

The European streets are full of animation. The people have that indescribable look of a mixed race to which one gives the name of Levantine. It is a mixture of Italian, Greek, Armenian, and Turkish features—almost all wear European clothes, generally, however, with the fez. Besides these, I saw Dalmatian and Albanian costumes, Turkish,

and those of Asia Minor too. Greek priests in plenty and some Franciscans represented Christendom.

Arab donkey-drivers, porters, and water-carriers appear in the European streets; but the greater number of them keep to the Arab quarter. Moors and Nubians stand before the houses of the wealthy bankers, where they serve rather for show than for any particular use.

We were very soon weary of the straight streets, and went back to the Arab quarter. Through some narrow lanes built in Eastern style, the houses with bay and grated harem windows, we reached the centre of Oriental life. The carriages had to go slower and slower till at last we were obliged to leave them. We went on foot through the bazaar.

Alexandria cannot claim to figure as an Arab town, and yet the insignificant little bazaar, with all its life and movement, produces an overpowering impression on the European, who, coming to it fresh from the West, has never before been in contact with Oriental manners.

The crowd of idle on-lookers, of buyers, sellers, loitering children and dogs, reckless donkey-drivers, strange dresses, and varied types of race were here all represented, but on a far smaller scale than in Cairo. I shall therefore confine myself to describing as well as I can the Arab quarter and the far-famed bazaar of the ancient city of the Caliphs. To obtain full knowledge of this most interesting display of Eastern life demands special study.

We made our way but slowly and with difficulty through the bazaar. At the other end the carriages awaited us, and we drove to the Southern station, the arrangements of

which, as well as the carriages, reminded me of England, in all but its somewhat neglected look.

The train took us along the dunes, which separate the lakes from the sea, to Ramleh, the summer quarters and sea bathing-place of the wealthy Egyptians. Here and there, especially close to the town, you see the dunes with the yellow sands of the desert—the tents of the gipsy and the Bedouin, dejected camels and braying asses, Arab huts and dilapidated tombs, are scattered along them; but for the most the dunes have been transformed into gardens and smiling villas.

Orange and lemon trees bowed with fruit, beside the slender palm, make the whole place seem like a park. On arriving in Ramleh we waited but ten minutes for the next train to return to Alexandria. This short expedition gives to strangers a glimpse of the paradise which human industry can produce from the most barren soil. On our return to Alexandria we drove along the Mahmûdiyé Canal to the large public garden of Ginênet-en-Nusha. The drive along the canal is very interesting.

The road was very gay. Besides country folk the *beau monde* of Alexandria drove in carriages, flys, and handsome equipages through the fine avenues to the lovely gardens where the cool of evening yields refreshment. Men and women of the poorer class performed their prescribed ablutions in the waters of the canal, and on the banks knelt pious Moslems murmuring the appointed prayers with their faces set towards Mecca.

Among the well-dressed people one saw some over-showy toilettes, and much bad taste, but undeniably

beautiful faces. There was no small sprinkling of a *demi monde* of the same stamp as in Vienna or Pesth. In Egypt this class is recruited in great part from Austria, as I was told. The garden of Ginênet-en-Nusha has the luxuriant, almost tropical character of Egyptian gardens; spicy odours fill the air and the flowery vegetation delights the eye of the foreigner. A military band played merry tunes, and many European-clad people walked in the shaded paths.

We drove rapidly through the grounds, and paid a visit to the handsomest of the country houses round—the villa of the wealthy Greek, Antoniadis. The well-kept garden and the lavish abundance of the African climate unite art and nature in happy blending. The house itself is beautifully arranged, and the utmost skill directed to the maintenance of a cool temperature. The owner showed us over it with courteous kindness.

We drove back towards the town through the avenue by the canal, and then turning inland reached the famous Pillar of Pompey outside and beyond it.

The way which we took interested me. I found in it much that recalled home scenes. The outskirts of all Oriental towns and those of the eastern parts of Europe have the same character stamped on them. The houses grow ever smaller, and the most elegant of cities terminates in neglected gardens between nameless heaps of rubbish and filth, beside tumble-down buildings and deserted graveyards.

Here the type was even more distinctly marked by ruinous tombs, those small circular buildings with cupolas, the dwindled palm-trees, the heavy-laden camels resting,

AN EVENING AT ALEXANDRIA.

the half-savage dogs, buffaloes, and asses, and the all-pervading yellow dust.

Amidst the last houses of the town rises a round artificially made hill, and on this stands the ancient Pompey's Pillar, a monolith sixty-three feet in height, of the red syenite of Assuan, and with a roughly worked Corinthian capital at its summit. In ancient times it bore the statue of the Emperor Diocletian.

We came at a favourable moment and enjoyed a splendid view from the hill. The town lay outspread before us in golden light, to the north the open sea, and to the south-east the yellow dunes and Lake Mareotis.

The sun was setting; its disc appeared in the warm, thick air as on many a misty day with us—the western sky tinted with the richest orange, red, blue, all sharply defined and the whole bathed in golden light, while the eastern heavens were already veiled in the blue shades of night and here and there bright stars looked through. Only the East, and above all Egypt, famous for its lights and shadows, can summon up such magical effects.

Whilst we were in the full enjoyment of the prospect from the hill, noisy crowds were passing through the streets at its base. First came flocks of black goats with their hanging ears, then a string of camels: they were going to their night quarters, accompanied by the yelling guides. Next followed a funeral. Men bore the coffin, a wooden box without a cover, with a cloth thrown over; at the head a turban cut in wood told that a man was being borne to his last rest. Several hired mourners surrounded the coffin wringing their hands and wailing aloud. A number

of men saying prayers came slowly after. The whole was an extraordinary picture.

We made a circuit and returned into the town through the gate "Porte de Moharrem Bey" of the ancient and now useless fortifications.

In the evening hours there is far more stir in the streets than by day, and the noise, shouts, and ceaseless cries contrast with the stillness which night has shed over nature. The shops were all still lighted and the cafés open. The names in the European quarter are put up either in Greek, French, or Italian.

Night had set in ere we reached the *Miramar*. The German Consul-General, Baron Saurma, came to dinner. From this time forward this gentleman was much with our travelling party, and to him, especially in matters of the chase, we were under many obligations.

Early on the 19th we left the *Miramar*, bidding her farewell for a long time. An Egyptian gala-barge of the Viceroy's brought us to land. This very singular vessel was fitted up in Oriental fashion. Everything was red; the clothing of the sailors no less than the covers of the cushioned seats, the richly draped sides, and the baldacchino over us. Eastern sailors row quite differently to European ones, but it is undeniable that the perfect time of the stroke, accompanied as it is by a strange humming song, has a pleasant effect.

We drove from the harbour to the station, where a great crowd had gathered, almost entirely Austrians or members of our colony. A band played "God save the Emperor," and the Dalmatians in their rich costume waved

their caps as they cheered. In a few minutes we left the station. The Viceroy had placed his own train at our service, with its spacious carriages, and in the middle an open one for the view. Good galleries enabled one to pass from one end of the train to the other.

Besides our own party, we had with us Baron Schäffer and the officers of the Austrian Consulate, Baron Saurma, Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mustapha Pasha, some Egyptians, and the members of the railway directorate, at their head M. Zimmerman, a most agreeable and cultivated Frenchman, whose kindness to us was unbounded.

The train was a quick one, so we barely caught a glimpse of many interesting places as we sped by. At first the way lies along a low ridge, which separates the two great marshy lakes of Mareotis on the right and Aboukir on the left from one another. The broad surface of these waters was covered with water-fowl of all descriptions, and on the yellow sandbanks stood dark herons with outstretched necks.

After a while, the water and marshes of the northern Delta were left behind, and gave place to richly cultivated land. Everywhere there was tillage, broad cornfields, and downright forests of cotton plants, deep canals and high dykes, here and there groups of slender young palms, dusky gardens, and ruined villages, brown and clay-built, with their lofty minarets. Such is the uniform type of the cultivated part of Lower Egypt.

There was plenty of life on the dykes, which serve as roads, and also in the fields. The fellaheen dig and

plough, and half-naked brown fellaheen are busy at the water-wheels. Women, in scanty blue skirts, leading naked children, step beside the proud caravans of camels. Bedouin families on their passage across the cultivated land, from one desert to another, on foot and on horse, the women on camels—a diminutive people, but proud and independent. Pure Arabs, white burnous, fine horses, long guns, scimitars, turbans, and simple fellaheen caps; long-haired goats and wolf-like dogs; tawny half-starved donkeys of the peasant, beside the well-fed white or black riding asses of the rich; a cavalcade of well-to-do people, the men in garish garments on horseback, the women on camels in painted tower-like erections, which screen them from the eyes of the unworthy. The fields swarm with white gulls, which follow the ploughman, and nimble peewits. Among the bushes on the banks the red palm doves coo, and the long-billed fishing gulls mew—most genuine Egyptian creatures. At the sight of the train, a wolf scuds across the fields, and kites in number, falcons, and vultures hover over the villages.

A varied, animated, and interesting display of human activity and of animal life, veiled in the grey blue mists of the midday heat—thus old Egypt meets the traveller's view.

Damanhûr, a genuine little Arab town, is left far behind; and, constantly on the watch and drinking in each new impression, we traverse the plain. We reach the Nile. The train rattles across the iron bridge, and for the first time we greet the dark majestic flow of this oldest of historic rivers. On the right bank we run through the station of Kaffr-ez-Zayat, a small town lying hard by.

IN LOWER EGYPT.

A little further, and we reach the famous old town of Tanta. Seen from a distance, the town might be taken for a heap of rubbish, surrounded by flowering gardens, palms, and dusky sycamores. A nearer view shows the bustle of ever-moving Eastern life, and the masses of houses built of grey clay and tumbled, so to speak, on the top of one another in wild confusion, but all decorated picturesquely in Arab style.

Tanta is known for the fair held there thrice a year. Even in the days of Herodotus, these fairs were held in Lower Egypt, and mostly in the eastern Delta. They put the whole country in commotion, and often degenerated into most dreadful orgies. In ancient days these festivals were in honour of the goddess Bubastis; now they are held in that of Said of Tanta (Seyd-Achmed el-Bedawi), who died here as a saint, A.D. 1200, but they maintain their character for riotous dissipation.

The train stopped but for a few moments at Tanta. The remainder of the journey brought similar scenes to view. At Benha-el-Asl we crossed the Damietta branch of the Nile.

A great castle, standing amongst gardens, is known for the dreadful deed done there. In 1854, Abbas Pasha, son of Tussum, who was governor in the days of Mehmet Ali, was murdered there by two Mamelukes. It is said that his fate was not altogether undeserved.

A delightful moment is at hand, when the monotony of the landscape of Lower Egypt draws to an end.

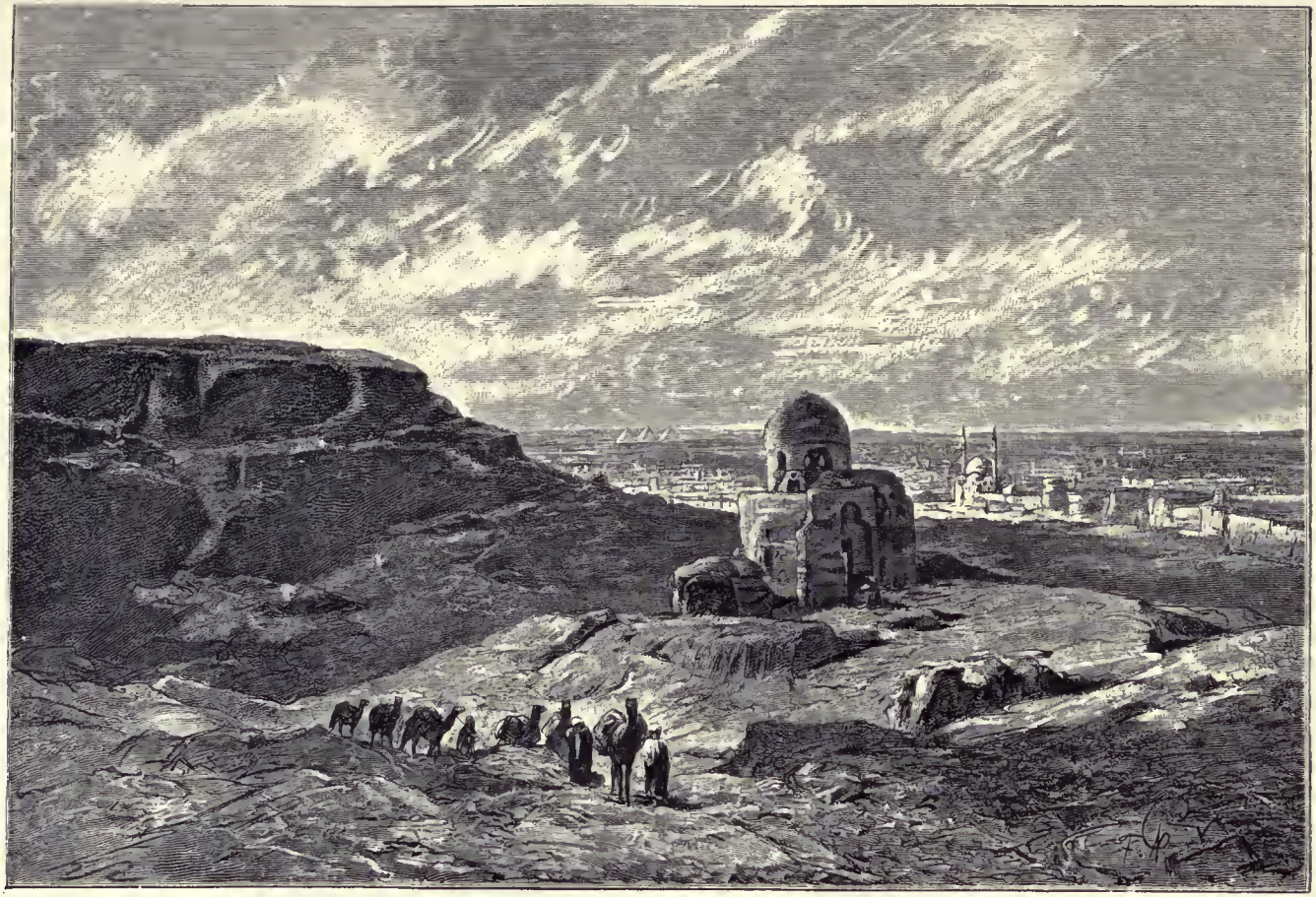
Here and there across the meadows we see, rising to the south-west, the yellow horizon of the Libyan desert; right

in front, in the midday haze, as though veiled in orange grey, are the Pyramids of Ghizéh. It is a solemn moment, and unbidden thoughts of grave import fill the mind of the traveller, who sees for the first time with his own eyes these tokens of a civilization which flourished in long-past ages, in this everlasting land of the Pharaohs, which is the corner-stone of the history of the world.

To the south-east the table-like desert mountains of Mokattam rise in masses. Below them are the walls of the citadel and the minarets of the mosque of Mehmet Ali. Between all these, in the hot mist, lies the sea of houses of the chief city of Africa. The nearer we approach to the ancient, much-praised city of the Caliph, the more luxuriant are the gardens beside the railway. Forests of palms and sycamores surround isolated houses, and at length the dark green of the Schubra Avenue opens on our view. In a few minutes the train enters the station.

The Viceroy, surrounded by his officers of state, stood on the steps with most friendly greetings.

The numerous members of the large Austro-Hungarian colony received their countrymen with resounding ovations. We went to the carriages in waiting—handsome thoroughly European equipages—a battalion of infantry playing the National Hymn in our honour. The first sight of life in Cairo is enchanting. We drove through a short street to the bridge which crosses the canal, and into the rich green of the shady Schubra Avenue. One picture follows another, and as in a dream the most bewitching scenes pass before the eye. Crowds of human beings move to and fro; heavy-laden camels, small asses, noisy Orientals in coloured



AN EVENING AT MOKATTAM.

raiment; half-open shops and coffee-houses, customers squatting in front of them; children tumble in the dust; every one shouts and hustles; no one steps aside; terrified fellaheen women in blue skirts, carrying nurslings or waterpots on their heads, escape screaming at the quick approach of the carriages. The runners clear the way for our equipages with blows from their staves. To the right and left I notice neat houses within their own beautiful gardens. In a few moments we turn in through a trellised gate, where, amidst shrubs and thick plantations, stands the Castle of Kasr-en-Nusha. A division of infantry greeted us with a blast of horns.

The charming abode which the Viceroy had with the greatest kindness offered to us is a castle consisting of two square buildings. A gallery with large glazed windows over the entrance gate unites the two blocks; without and within everything is European, but the variety of the decorations, the gay hangings, the Eastern bath-rooms, and innumerable small details remind one at every turn that one is in the East.

We settled ourselves quickly, and were drinking in with delight the first impressions of Oriental life. The arrangement of the apartments, as well as the numerous charming terraces, the perfume of the flower garden, and the soft delicious air, reminded us of all the glories with which Eastern fancy adorns its tales. After a hasty breakfast some of our party went out hunting with Baron Saurma.

The town had to be traversed, and so we came once more across the canal, and drove through the European quarter, with its broad streets and the handsome houses

and rich gardens of the wealthy. We saw from afar the entrance of the Arab quarter. The wild confusion of the streets amused us—European carriages, miserable droskies, donkeys for riding and for draft, mules, camels, rich and poor, beggars and gay Eastern folk, genuine Islamites and half-European Levantines; and besides all this the great crowd of Western folk—tourists, and the like. Passing Kasr-en-Nil we soon reached, driving across the bridge, the dykes and avenues which run between all the great gardens opposite to the city.

Near Tussum Pasha's castle, surrounded by canals and water-meadows, are extensive sugar-cane plantations. In one of these we proposed to hunt. Prince Taxis and the brother of Baron Saurma were on the spot waiting for us. The guns were placed and the dogs loosed.

For a long time the dachshunds seemed to find no scent; at last the chase began; a loud yelping approached the border of the field. Unluckily the wolf left his hiding at a spot where no gun was posted, and so we crossed a broad canal to another plantation. The dogs were let loose once more, but we were soon compelled to desist from our sport by the melancholy discovery, made while the dogs were driving the game, that the cutting of the sugar-cane had commenced on one side of the field.

Numerous labourers—very poor and scantily clad fellaheen, though some of them of most striking appearance—were working under the direction of an overseer robed in long full garments, and wielding a scourge made of thongs of rhinoceros hide. This worthy approached me with much dignity, and made a long speech accompanied with much

FELLAHEEN AT WORK.

gesticulation. I made out with some difficulty that he desired that I should leave the ground.

As the tones of his voice and the motions of his hand grew more energetic, I called for Osman, the black kavasse of Baron Saurma, to come to me. When the worthy Oriental saw the livery of the Consul's servant his voice fell to the gentle, imploring tones of entreaty, and he hastily withdrew in fear of menaces, and sought shelter in the thick sugar-canes.

We all returned to the carriages. Our first brief attempt at hunting beasts of prey had been unsuccessful, but we had shot some smaller game.

Baron Saurma drove with us to the most ancient part of the city, Old Cairo lying to the south. The bridge had to be crossed once again, and then, turning near the Nile to the right by a vice-regal palace, the way led us quickly into a most interesting labyrinth of rubbish, ruins, filth, and *débris* of all kinds.

The poorest part of the population reside in wretched tumble-down houses. The carriage road came to an end between stones and sand-heaps, and we had to leave the carriage between two palm trees, and pursue our way on foot,

From a high heap of rubbish, one of whose sides forms with the ruins of an old wall the last house of the town, and where at night hyænas and jackals howl in company with wild dogs, we enjoyed a magnificent view. The sun, encircled by misty clouds of the most varied hues, dipped in the orange Libyan desert, and as it sank, it bathed in gold the Pyramids, the battlements and minarets of the city, the citadel, and the steep cliffs of the Mokattam mountains. It

was a picture so rich and grand in colour, and so full of points of natural and architectural interest, that it would be difficult for imagination to conceive anything finer.

The disused and ruined mosque of Kasr-el-Ain stands amidst heaps of wreck and decay. Its old walls are inhabited by quantities of stone-plovers, that curious marsh bird of nocturnal habits. At nightfall they leave their hiding-places with the shrill unceasing cry whose tones are heard all night long in Egypt, and make for the Nile.

We posted ourselves all along the mosque, and watched for the appearance of this strange bird. As it grew dark, several of them left their holes; but they were so swift, that Hoyos was the only one among us who succeeded in bringing one down. We scrambled over the ruins, pursued by the yelping of the dogs we had roused, and stared at inquisitively by Arabs, who crept out of their holes, till we regained our carriages.

The drive home had to proceed slowly at first. We could only grope our way in the darkness through the complicated ruins of Old Cairo. We then came to gardens, and at last reached the modern town, with its well-lighted busy streets.

On reaching home, we dined; and after dinner came a brilliant torch-light procession, got up by our countrymen in the gardens of Kasr-en-Nusha. "God save the Emperor!" and their shouts and cheers, sounded strangely through the still splendour of an African night. When this ovation came to an end, we all retired to rest.

Early on the 20th we drove through the older part of the Arab quarters, to be present at Mass in the Coptic church.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

We reached the doors of the ancient edifice through a narrow alley, available only for foot-passengers.

The adjoining buildings are inhabited by Christians, chiefly Copts; and, in course of time, a Christian colony has gathered around the so-called "House of the Christians."

Some clergy, with dark complexions, long beards, and strongly marked Jewish features, in their full-plaited black garments, so different from those of all other confessions, awaited us, with their bishop at their head.

The Coptic religion, like everything else in the East, has remained unchanged in usages, customs, liturgy, and vestments. As the first Christians who brought the faith from Asia to Africa read Mass, went through ceremonies, or preached, so do their successors, the Copts of the present day. Their ritual never having come in contact with that of the West, has maintained itself pure and incorrupt; and we see in the Egyptian Copts the faithful image of the early days of Christendom. They are the representatives of our faith in North-Eastern Africa; but their diffusion extends far into the interior of the Dark Continent.

They belong by race to the people among whom they live; and though surrounded by the stormy and victorious advance of Islam, this little colony of ancient Christians, small as compared with the opposing creed, has been able to maintain its existence and purest traditions intact to the present day.

We saw among the priests and choir-boys the swarthy or dark brown faces of the genuine African. In the simple, poorly appointed church were many worshippers, chiefly Copts, but some of them the followers of other

rituals. The women wore the old Eastern dress, like that of the Oriental female Christians, of which we were afterwards to see so much in the Holy Land. The Coptic women were shrouded in white veils, like the Mohammedans. Mass was said by the Court Chaplain. At its close, we took leave of the representatives of this most interesting religious body, and proceeded thoroughly to explore the Arab quarters.

The old Oriental part of Cairo is a picture rich in colour, effect, and interest, such as only the East can offer. Much space, minute study, and special work would be required to record its characteristics accurately and fully. I must, therefore, on the present occasion, confine myself to the leading points which struck me.

We made our way amongst shops, bazaars, coffee-houses—the teeming tumult of Arab life—to reach the ancient and historically most interesting mosque, which was our first object.

The narrow streets are hung in many places with mats or carpets to keep off the sun. The houses, built of grey clay, with bewitching bow-windows, or the gratings of the harem, and all the scrolls and decorations of Arabian architecture, are a wonderful medley to look upon. Nothing is symmetrical, while everything is picturesque. Even decay, with its touch of impending ruin, gives to the picture the impress of its genuine Oriental characteristics.

We entered first the court of the large and handsome Mosque Gama-el-Hâssanên, built in honour of Hâssan and Hussên, the sons of Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet. Hussên fell A.D. 680, at the battle of Kerbila. His head is

preserved in the mosque, and a great festival celebrated in his honour each year, during fourteen days of the month Rabîet-Tâni, the fourth of the Mohammedan year.

We drew on slippers, and a kindly dervish conducted us into the building, the interior of which is of handsome architecture and richly decorated.

Several people, by their dress wealthy Orientals, were seated in a circle on rich carpets, and read in low tones out of ancient books the wise maxims of the Korân. Meanwhile, a specially learned man squatted in the midst of the faithful, and explained the most important passages. Other worshippers knelt or lay flat on the ground, and went through their prayers with faces turned towards Mecca.

Here, as elsewhere in mosques, a point, gaily adorned with green velvet and gilding, marked the direction of the Mohammedans' holiest spot on earth. Great chandeliers hung from the cupola, and the genuine Oriental arrangements of the temple, no less than the demeanour of the faithful, claimed the full attention of the strangers.

In an adjacent court, of fine architecture, is the basin for the holy ablutions. The look of this bath, with its border of flat stones, gives the idea of exquisite cleanliness. On further inquiry, one realizes how disgusting is the practice which the Korân imposes on its votaries. Before a Mohammedan may enter the holiest part of a mosque, he must undergo a certain minutely prescribed purification. In a squatting posture, to the accompaniment of murmured prayers, the washing begins. Propriety forbids that I should describe its further course. When all is done the pious man prayerfully enters the house of God.

I frequently saw several persons at a time go through this pious purification, and the little basin has neither intake nor outlet! In all the corridors, courts, and halls of the mosque, throngs of people pass in and out, often most striking in appearance in their long robes; and frightful cripples wait and implore your charity. As we left the mosque, an old man with snowy beard and robes of rich Oriental stuff, and wearing the green turban in token of descent from the Prophet, rode to the doors, dismounted from his richly caparisoned horse, which he gave to the servant who followed, and entered the house of prayer with an air of dignity.

This distinguished Oriental was a picture—as it were, a study—just such as I had always imagined the sages in the gorgeous fables of the East.

Our way led next to the famous mosque Gama-el-Azhar. Its date is that of Cairo itself. Djôhar, the general of Caliph Muizz, began the structure. The description of this hoary building demands that we should look back at the history of Cairo.

When Amr ibn el-Asi, the general of Caliph Omar in 683 A.D., had taken the Castle of Babylon on the site of the present Old Cairo, and was about to proceed against Alexandria, the story goes that a dove had built her nest on the tent which he had occupied during the siege, and begun to breed. Amr commanded, therefore, that the tent (Arabic, *fostât*) should not be struck.

He returned to the tent after he had taken Alexandria, and founded here a city, which bore the name of the tent. Amr himself built the mosque, which is called after him

AT PRAYER.

and when, under Caliph Othmân, Arabians settled in the valley of the Nile, Fostât became the centre of government. A school of learning was already in existence there when Caliph Mâmûn (813–833), the son of Harûn al-Raschid, visited Egypt. Fostât became still more prosperous under the Governor Ahmed ibn Tulûn, who made himself Sultan of Egypt, and his building-loving successors. Scarcely a hundred years later, Fostât lost its position as capital, when Djôhar, general of Sultan Muizz, who had become ruler of Maghreb (Tunis), conquered Fostât in the name of his master, and founded a new capital not far from the old town. In this new town Muizz took up his abode, and called it Masr-el-Kâhira.

Cairo thus became the capital of the empire of the Fátimee Caliphs, and advanced ràpidly.

Muizz, son and successor of Aziz Billâh, founded the university, el-Azhar. Under his successor, Hâkim, the town extended to Bâb-en-Nasr and Bâb-el-Futûh, the old gates of which we shall speak by-and-by. The Salâheddin Eyubide, who built the citadel and surrounded Cairo with walls, bestowed no less care on the city than the Fátimee Caliphs had done. Several of the Mameluke Sultans, notably Kalaûn, El-Aschref-Chalîl, Hassan, Barkûk, Kaît-Bey and El-Ghûri, adorned the town with handsome buildings, while the inhabitants, it is true, suffered from the unbridled tyranny of the greedy, plundering Mamelukes. In 1517, the Osman Sultan, Selim I., put an abrupt end to the further growth of Cairo. After the battle of Heliopolis, he took Cairo by storm. The last of the Mameluke Sultans, Tümân-Bey, was hung at Bâb-es-Zuwêle, April 15th, 1517,

and Cairo disappears from the page of history, and only enters it again with the Egyptian campaign of Napoleon Buonaparte.

All these historical incidents from the days of old Islam, are present to our thoughts as we enter the mosque, converted into a school in the reign of Caliph Aziz Billâh, 975–996. It is still the most famous university of the East, and likewise the breeding-place of Mohammedan fanaticism.

The whole range of buildings is very extensive, and halls, galleries, and colonnades follow each other. Beside the principal gate I amused myself by watching the ways of the genuine Eastern barbers. Squatted on the ground, they hold the heads of their victims between their knees and rub in acrid soap. Hereupon they scrape and shave till the skull is as smooth as glass, for the true Islamite wears no hair on his head; only the poorest peasant or wild Bedouin will wear hair. In the towns a bald head counts for a great mark of beauty.

With graceful movement the hair-dressers of the East toil, clip, and wash, and an odour of rose oil and other scented ointments pervades the scene of their activity.

From hence we went past a small subsidiary mosque into the great court, with its cisterns for the holy ablutions. The surrounding corridors are divided by wooden partitions and lattices into halls, in which the manuscripts are kept. On the eastern side of the court is the vast sanctuary of the mosque, adorned with three hundred and eighty columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, and decked with relics of antiquity brought together without much regard to congruity. Four praying-places for the four recognized sects

of Islam—Shafeîtes, Malekîtes, Hanefîtes, and Hambalîtes —are attached in the rear. Innumerable coloured lamps hang from the roof, and a decorated side chamber is shown as the tomb of the saint Abd-er-Rahmân-Kichya.

The most remarkable spectacle, however, by far, is afforded by the ten thousand students from all Mohammedan countries who crowd the sanctuary no less than the halls, courts, and vestibules of this great building.

The various types of humanity, from the black of the negro to the pale yellow of the Cherkesse, are there represented. The extraordinary combination of colour and costume delights the eye ; right studious Bedouins even, in their white mantles, range themselves among the scholars.

The teachers sit on raised seats in little sheds made out of plaited and latticed reeds ; most comic figures they are, mostly old, often deformed, in Oriental garb, turban on head, and spectacles on nose. With the most ridiculous gestures they shriek with hoarse voice their lecture at the hearers. Old dusty Korân books, the *pros* and *cons* of Eastern lore, lie before them, and with the help of a long bamboo rod they maintain discipline and attention in the ranks of their scholars. Round each teacher, squat, lie, or sit on the bare earth a thickly set circle of apathetic-looking youths. Some listen, others repeat aloud. It may be imagined how noisily everything goes on in this so-called High School and these interminable lecture-rooms. The sight is perplexing indeed for any European, for it would be difficult for us to conceive any more astonishing spectacle than the course of proceedings in this world-renowned University of Cairo.

After a short stay we left the hot rooms, from which the horrible smell and the multitude of flies soon bid the Western stranger to retreat.

Our course next lay past three mosques, remarkable for their bright colours and slender lofty minarets. The first is the Gâma Sultan Kalaûn of the year 1287. The second, Gâma Mohammed-en-Nâsir, dates from the thirteenth century, and the third, Gâma Barkukîye, from the fourteenth. These buildings afford little interest beyond their historical associations.

The more remarkable, by comparison, was the old triumphal gate, Bâb-en-Nasr, flanked by square towers. Its venerable grey stones recall the days of the Arab middle ages.

Passing through the gate we followed a path which led us past an ancient Mohammedan burying-ground, amongst heaps of wreck and ruin, along the dark wall of the city to its well-known gate, Bâb-el-Futûh. Both the above-mentioned gates—the one signifying victory, and the other conquest—spring from the same time, and were built under the rule of the Fátimee Caliph Mustansir. We now turned back into the more lively part of the Arab quarter, to give our full and undivided attention to the manifold activities of the interior of the bazaar.

To describe the bazaars of Cairo, and to depict aright its colours, is one of those difficult tasks which only a professed author on his travels could undertake. I shall content myself with noting a few of the most characteristic points of the brilliantly coloured picture.

The old Arab town is traversed by a street called

Muski, which begins at the Place Atab-el-Kadra, and continues almost to the tombs of the Caliphs. It is the artery of Cairene Oriental life.

Not very broad, irregularly built, unpaved, damp, and dirty from the filth of all the drains which discharge into it, the fighting-ground of innumerable savage dogs, covered in with matting, filled with deafening noise, and saturated with a disgusting stench, it affords a faithful picture of the Eastern capital.

Here may be seen every imaginable Eastern tribe, of the most various hues—men with turbans in wide bright dresses, soldiers, Bedouins, Jews in Biblical costume, Turks, inhabitants of Asia Minor, Greeks, Midianites, Levantines, and Armenians, rich and poor, fellaheen in blue shirts, peasant women with babes at the breast, wealthy women on donkeys followed and guarded by their eunuchs, riders on camels, mules laden with merchandise, dark Nubians, pure negroes, Mohammedan processions, solemn dervishes, men of business, mutilated beggars, water-carriers with their goatskin bottles on their backs—all moving up and down in bewildering confusion.

The deafening noise tries the ear of the European. To the roar of the crowd are added the piteous moans of the beggars, the cries of the dealers, the chink of money, the clatter of cups, the bragging vaunts of the hawkers and of the coffee-sellers, the bellowing of the camels, the barking of dogs, the warning cry of the donkey-drivers and of the sais as he runs before the carriages.

New sights present themselves to the stranger at every turn, and all this endless movement goes on from early

morning to late at night along the whole length of the Muski.

The bazaars stretch to the right and left, with a labyrinth of narrow alleys and courts—the whole in guise of a genuine rag fair whose interest consists chiefly in the display of Eastern wares, in the genuine character of the native architecture, and above all, in the demeanour of the buyers and sellers.

The bazaar of the Christian traders, Sûk-el-Hamzaûwi, and that of the spice-dealers, Sûk-el-Attârin, and also Sûk-el-Fahhâmi, filled with Tunisian and Algerian goods, offer much that is attractive. The quarter of the jewellers, Ghôhargîye, in the Jewish quarter, and beyond this Sûk-es-Saîgh, the bazaar of the gold and silversmiths; and lastly, Sûk-en-Nahhâsîn, that of the coppersmiths, were all thoroughly examined by us.

I bought some Arab ornaments, some old armour, and some gold and silver work. The turbaned shopkeepers sit in the open shop, with crossed legs, in loose robes, smoking the chibouk or gulping down coffee. They follow the stranger with eager looks, scanning his purpose. If they perceive that he is ignorant or helpless, and unwitting of the Eastern wiles, they give free course to their eloquence, press the dearest articles upon him, and without the aid of a skilful interpreter the luckless European is lost; he spends all he has about him, and brings home articles that are probably false and certainly hideous. In the bazaar the Arab proves himself of true Semitic race, own brother to the Jew, and scarcely to be distinguished from him.

The most interesting of all the Cairene bazaars is the

A CARPET BAZAAR.

Chân-Chalîl—in a quarter of its own, with covered shops and existing from the days of the Mameluke Sultan el-Aschrâf Salâheddin Chalîl.

Here you find the varied movement of Eastern life, the most genuine articles of all kinds, all Oriental; and beside them the products of negro lands, and especially of the Soudan.

In the carpet bazaar I went into the court of the house of a rich merchant. The old man unrolled with the utmost dignity his richest wares—Turkish and especially Persian carpets of great value.

After spending many hours in the Arab part of the town we pushed our way through the thronged and narrow streets back to the Muski. Glorious in colour and picturesque as Eastern life may seem, especially to travellers accustomed to the moulded monotony of Europe, yet even this Paradise has its dark side. I place in the first rank the innumerable insects. Millions of large black flies fill the streets, swarming round the Oriental, who never drives them away, but allows his face to be quite covered by them. These creatures carry dirt and infection with them into the eyes, and this may explain the number of persons afflicted with blindness and with the most loathsome diseases of the eye. Generally speaking, one may say that one sees in the street cripples and invalids and people afflicted with diseases and defects of body of the possibility of which the European had no previous conception.

In the Muski we hired asses—those little skinny beasts which with the high Arab saddle ply by thousands from one end of Cairo to the other and take the place of cabs.

In a quick ambling trot, alternating with a gallop, the unwearied donkey driver running after, we rode down the length of the Muski and through the European quarter, across the Canal-el-Ismâiliye, to the Schubra Avenue, and back to the Palace Kasr-en-Nusha.

After a short stay we drove to the Viceroy to pay our first but not yet our *official* visit. The palace in which the Viceroy passes the working hours of the day lies on the western side of the modern town, and is a large, completely European building, wholly devoid of character or style.

The Viceroy received us in a most friendly manner—according to the Eastern custom, excellent coffee was served in bewitching little Turkish cups, and chibouks were smoked.

The visit was soon over, and we took our further way through the European, and then again through native Arab quarters, to the Mosque Sultan Hassam, which stands near the citadel. It is a large, ancient, but alas! very neglected building—by far the most beautiful mosque, and built in the purest Arab style, of all which I saw in Cairo. The tomb of the Sultan, the bathing cisterns, the praying-places, and the pillared halls are all, sad to say, gone to ruin. On the flags the blood-stains from the days of the first massacre of janissaries in 1351 are still shown.

We drove hence by the shortest way home, to take a hasty breakfast and start once more, this time with four horses and postilions, on an expedition to the Pyramids.

The way led us once more through the whole European town. The buildings, constructed like country houses but

EGYPTIAN BEGGARS.

adorned with Eastern decorations, are charming in their mixture of East and West; the blooming gardens with odorous flowers and shrubs and waving palms, enchanted me. With amazement I saw in the midst of a town quantities of birds of prey—thousands of kites flying or sitting on the roofs, and carrion vultures which swooped down in the streets. I heard the song of birds, the moaning of the palm doves, and drank in with delight the balmy air of heavenly Egypt, thinking of the hardships of the European winter which I for once had escaped.

At the extensive buildings of Kasr-en-Nil we crossed the holy river and the island of Gezîret-Bûlâk, drove past some vice-regal villas and splendid gardens, and soon reached the dyke on which the high-road, fenced in by trees, leads straight through the cultivated land, between fields and the still half-flooded meadows, past a wretched Arab village to the edge of the desert.

The carriage drove some hundred paces on the yellow sand of the Libyan desert, and stopped at the base of the gigantic structures which have looked down for thousands of years on the history of the world. A peculiar awe overcomes each traveller who gazes for the first time in near proximity on these monuments of a long bygone age, and can touch with his hands the stones which centuries before the days of Abraham were piled on this spot, where they now stand, by the labour and the skill of man.

To describe the Pyramids of Ghizéh would be to repeat a task already done over and over again. They belong to the domain of guide-books and the most beaten tracks of travellers. The tombs of dynasties of hoar

antiquity have sunk to the level of a Rigi, and the insignificant names of the Western tourist desecrate the venerable stones.

We viewed the Cheops, Chefren, and Menkerâ Pyramids, and also the Sphinx with its body half buried by the sands of the desert, and then some Arabs were set to climb the second pyramid, to dislodge the jackals which house there. Unfortunately we were badly placed, and so two jackals escaped unharmed and betook themselves to the boundless desert, intersected by vales and hills. Several shots were fired from below at the beasts as they came down, hopping with extraordinary agility among the stones, but none took effect, as the distance was too great.

The Pyramids gave me, especially when men or animals were climbing upon them, the impression of being great artificially constructed mountains rather than architectural monuments.

The sun went down and the landscape floated in a sea of the most glorious light, the grey stones of the Pyramids glowed like gold, and the Valley of the Nile, the mass of houses of Cairo, the citadel, and the towering Mokattam mountains beyond were dyed in crimson hues. We had to hasten home, and drove quickly back by the road by which we had come.

In the Schubra Avenue—the Prater of Cairo—we found plenty of stir. Riders capered on beautiful Arab horses, and there were two closely serried rows of carriages driving up and down ; it was a Corso lively and gay, such as only the South can show, and all unlike our northern caricature

JACKAL-HUNTING ON THE PYRAMIDS.

of shivering drosky-drivers on chill May evenings. There were handsome carriages of European build, but the servants all wore the fez.

Rich Mohammedans, Pashas, Levantines, well-to-do Greeks, and the rest of the European world, breathed the cool evening air in their carriages. We were most interested by the closed barouches driven by Eastern coachmen. Behind them sat, instead of footmen, black eunuchs, with their repulsive heavy features, in half-European dress.

Inside the carriages were the wives of high officials, of the different Pashas, and even some princesses. They all wore the white Eastern dress, and through their white veils bright black eyes might be discerned, delicate features, well-formed dark eyebrows, and long eyelashes. Poorer folks disported themselves in droskies and on donkeys; and a fairly well got up *demi-monde*, some Parisian, and even more in the style of Vienna and Pesth, made the place perilous.

On reaching home we dressed quickly and drove to the Palace of the Khedive, where a great dinner was given, to which the Ministers and the Consuls-General were invited. We were introduced there to the Khedive's brothers. The household of the Viceroy is kept on a European scale, and the servants, with the exception of those who served the coffee and chibouks, are Western.

After dinner we drove with the Viceroy to the large Esbekiyé Gardens, lying within the city, where the Austro-Hungarian colony had prepared an Arab fête in our honour. Lamps hung from trees and shrubs. Fireworks were let off, and within the tents singers and dancers

displayed their skill; Arab music, serpent-charmers, fire-eaters, story-tellers, negroes, Nubians, clowns from the north coast of Africa, magic lanterns, and puppet theatres with Eastern get up, were all exhibited. In a word, it was a regular fair, with all the artists of this class in which the East is so rich.

The garden gates had unluckily been opened too early, and such a crowd had streamed in that it was impossible to move about freely.

We got into a regular crush, and it was only by the help of some Dalmatians in full dress, who made a living wall round us, that we succeeded in reaching the gate and carriages that stood outside. We were soon at home, and after our busy day repose was doubly welcome.

Next morning we drove through great part of the European city on our way to the Bulâk Museum, on the southern point of the island of Bulâk.

The museum is one of the richest and most famous collections of Egyptian antiquities, and in the spacious-well, arranged buildings are stored the priceless treasures of the ancient times of the Pharaohs. A Frenchman is director, the successor of the well-known but lately deceased Mariette Pasha. The brother of the great Egyptologist, Brugsch Pasha, has also a post here, and pointed out to us the most interesting parts of the collection. To describe the Museum of Bulâk would demand, on the one hand, extensive scientific acquirements, and on the other it has already been treated of piece by piece in numerous special treatises.

We looked at everything carefully in the rooms, as well

as in the little garden. Some Christian mummies from the early days of Christendom interested me very much, as, until I saw them, I had no idea that mummies of this kind existed. They recall, with their bright, richly decorated apparel and black faces, Byzantine Madonnas. After a lengthened visit we left the museum, and drove home.

We had barely time to get ourselves into our Court dresses, when a Pasha who holds the office of Court Marshal under the Khedive appeared, to escort us on our ceremonial visit to his sovereign.

We set forth in a great heavily gilt carriage, drawn by six handsome English horses at a foot's pace, with outriders and surrounded by cavalry, in a kind of procession on the long journey to the Viceroy's Palace.

The style in which the equipages were set up was peculiar. One handsome European carriage had as a coat of arms the crescent and star; the coachman and outriders were in Western liveries, but wore the fez, and the procession was opened by a sais in full Eastern costume.

Many people stood in the streets and stared at us inquisitively. In the square in front of the palace, a regiment of Foot Guards, in light blue uniform, presented arms to the strains of the National Hymn, followed by an Arab cheer, which one company after the other roared forth as they presented arms. The Viceroy, in the full uniform of a Turkish Pasha, awaited us, surrounded by his Court. In the great hall every one took a seat, in a circle, on little stools placed along the walls; hereupon appeared the customary richly ornamented chibouks and the coffee. This is not only a grateful, pleasant practice, but also one

which has a certain grave resemblance to the pipe of peace. After the visit we wended our way back in the big carriages, in slow procession, to Kasr-en-Nusha.

Immediately after our return the Khedive arrived to pay us his visit. When he had left the castle, the Grand Duke and I received all the Austrian and Hungarian residents, the Consuls-General, and some other gentlemen who had wished to see us; among these the Archbishop of Alexandria, a Franciscan, born in Dalmatia—a fine sight, with his noble countenance and long beard. Poor man! he has since died at sea, and been laid to rest in the deep waters.

After some ceremonious hours, we were permitted to change our uniforms for hunting suits, and, after luncheon, to start for a hunt at Heliopolis. Baron Saurma accompanied us. His brother and Prince Taxis had preceded us to the hunting-ground.

We had to go through some streets, but soon the last tumble-down houses were passed, at the margin of the desert and of the arable land. On the left we saw the great slaughter-house, whose vicinity was betokened by the many carrion vultures. On the right we had a pretty view of the desert landscape, and beyond that of the rising cliffs of the Mokattam range. Windmills, old half-fallen tombs, and ruins were the last buildings on the zone of sand.

The road keeps on the luxuriant cultivated ground, among the gardens and avenues, but always close to the desert. The green parks of Abassiye and of Tewfik's palace, with its shady rows of trees and fruit-laden orange groves, were crossed, and, after half an hour's drive we

HELIOPOLIS.

reached the "Tree of Mary," which stands among the thick shrubberies and gardens. We halted, to look at the sycamore under which, the legend goes, the Holy Family rested. It is a very old tree, remarkable for its knotted branches, the size of its trunk, and the thickness of its bark, and well repays the trouble of a visit.

In the neighbourhood we made a vain attempt to hunt a small sugar-cane plantation with our dogs, and had the same ill-luck in a plantation of areca.

The remainder of the way lay along high narrow dykes —neck-breaking work with the heavy carriages—and we approached our goal but slowly. On both sides of our road lay the green tilled land, crossed by canals and ornamented with sycamores and rustling palm woods. Some small grey-brown Arab villages, built of clay, were the only human habitations, but all along the route the industrious fellaheen worked in the fields.

Buffaloes drew water at the wells, and camels bore loads; herons in thick flocks followed the countryman as he drove the plough, and sundry birds rejoiced the eyes of the sportsman. To the south-east we saw the desert and its bare mountains. After some time the famous obelisk of Heliopolis came in sight, surrounded with green meadows and shrubs.

Here, on this classic spot, I will avail myself of the words of my friend Brugsch Pasha, which I take from a letter addressed to me, in which the Egyptologist speaks of Heliopolis: "When the traveller from Memphis in ancient times had crossed the Nile and entered the so-called Holy Way, which leads on the east side of the

stream past Babylon (near Old Cairo) towards the north, he soon saw in the distance a number of obelisks, which mark the approach to the City of the Sun, far famed both for its age and its history. Placed on the very edge of the desert, whose orange sands mingle with the dark mould of the fields, a sanctuary was reared to the god of Light, Ra, whose existence the oldest inscriptions in the pyramid tombs proclaim.

"To him, as well as to the neighbouring town, the records of all ages give the most ancient and popular name of Annu. It is the On of the Bible, in which that priest Potiphera dwelt, whose daughter Asnath was given to his minister Joseph to wife by the Pharaoh of that day. Besides the name we have mentioned, the temple and the town belonging to it bear a second, 'Pi-ra,' *i.e.* the 'City of the Sun-god, Ra,' from which has arisen the Greek name of Heliopolis. The first laying out of the sanctuary and of the place is attributed, with great probability, to Arabian immigrants, who came from the East into the Delta, and settled on the site of the later city of Heliopolis.

"Worshippers of the sun and stars, the new-comers instituted on this spot a cultus, whose leading idea pervaded Egyptian mythology, and formed a distinct body of doctrine, which, even in the later periods of Egyptian history, when Greek philosophers, such as Plato and Eudoxus, visited the town, was imparted in the priests' schools as the principal secret of their teaching. The above-named philosophers succeeded with difficulty in inducing the learned priests of Heliopolis to impart to them some of the most important dogmas of astronomical import.

"The Arab origin of the town is shown with unmistakable distinctness, especially by the worship of a bird which was dedicated to the sun, and to which a special sanctuary was consecrated in the temple of the Light-god. This wonderful bird was called Phœnix by the Greeks, and the records of antiquity are full of its journeyings from the Arabian incense-bearing lands to Heliopolis at the completion of a great astronomical cycle.

"The Egyptian monuments are familiar with this bird; but their holy records strip him completely of the mysterious character under which the Greek and Latin authors were never weary of describing him. According to the declarations which the hieroglyphical inscriptions make about him, the so-called Phœnix (in old Egyptian, *Bennu*) belonged to a species of *Ardea*, remarkable for its shining plumage, which glittered like gold. This bird was wont to migrate to Egypt from the East at the time of the overflow of the Nile. The lore of the old Egyptian priests placed this bird in relation not only to the sun, but also to that morning star which daily heralds the sunrise. We may assume, without exposing ourselves to delusion, that the plantations of incense-trees (of Arab origin), accredited by inscriptions, convey a very definite reference to the burning of the old Phœnix in the ashes of its incense-built nest. In the Middle Ages the traces of the plantations of these aromatic trees still existed.

"Heliopolis, and the whole district of which this city was the metropolis, counted as one of the most ancient and most renowned places even in the days of Egyptian antiquity. Together with Memphis and Thebes, Heliopolis

appears as a city of historic note. It represents the earliest period of the historic development of Egyptian civilization, as Memphis does the ages which succeeded, *i.e.* those of the kings who built the Pyramids, and Thebes the brilliant period of Egyptian greatness from the eighteenth to the thirteenth centuries before the Christian era. In Heliopolis we have the first settlement of the Kushite Arab stock on their wanderings from the East. They afterwards took possession of the eastern portion of the Delta, and introduced the worship of the sun where they established their first fixed abodes.

"In the course of ages, from the time of the oldest dynasties, Heliopolis was adorned by the kings of the Egyptian realms with temples, statues, and obelisks, whose number and size used, even in the Middle Ages, to fill the Arab writers with amazement. The Ptolemies, with their Grecian culture, left the memorials of their predecessors untouched, and strove to protect the temples from all profane depredation. The Roman autocrats began to rob the ancient holy places of their monuments. Two obelisks travelled under Tiberius from Heliopolis to Alexandria, to be placed in front of the so-called Cæsareum, or Temple of Cæsar. Others were taken to Rome and Constantinople to serve as the mysterious witnesses of pre-historic times.

"Only one obelisk has maintained its ancient place. This it is which now rises in the midst of a tilled field, near the village of Mularíye, from below the surface of the soil (its height is 20–27 m.), as the last token of the once renowned City of the Sun, and the oldest of all known

obelisks. The inscriptions which cover its four sides are all the same.

"They name the king Usertasen I. (who ruled in the middle of the third century B.C.) as its founder, and state that the erection of this massive monolith of syenite coincides with the commencement or recurrence of an astronomic period of thirty years. Its point was formerly coated with shining sheets of copper, which, in the time of the Middle Ages, were sold by the Arabs. The spot on which the obelisk stands marks also the position of the principal entrance into the most ancient sanctuary of the Sun-god. The rampart-like boundary walls, which still remain, indicate at the same time the total extent of the formerly existing groups of temples. We may further remark that, according to the evidence of papyri of the thirteenth century before our era, Heliopolis was a strongly fortified place, which formed the southernmost point of the long line of fortifications which stretched past Bubastis (now Tell Bast) and Tanis (the Zoan of the Bible, and now called San), as far as Diospolis (now Damietta) on the Mediterranean, and were designed to protect the territory of the Delta against the attacks of hostile tribes from the East.

"The road from Cairo to these old ruins is now marked by a causeway, which runs for a length of nearly five English miles along the edge of the desert, broken at several points by building ground or plantations. When you leave the iron gate (Bab-el-Hadid) of the City of the Caliphs behind, the long road opens in front, bordered on each side by trees, and affording an extensive view over the desert to

the foot of the Mokattam mountains (of so-called numulite limestone). The isolated 'Red Mountain' (Gebel Ahmar) rises dark red in colour. This mountain is of silicious sandstone, and is much quarried for making mill-stones, and in antiquity supplied the most durable material for statues and monuments of all kinds. The two famous colossal statues of Memnon on the west side of the great Theban plain came from the 'Red Mountain.'

"On the right hand follow each other in unbroken succession the tombs and mosques of the Caliphs, the pumping station of the Cairene Water Company, the modern tombs of deceased Moslems; the desert residence of the last Viceroy but one, the old castle of the Viceroy Abbas Pasha—a modern ruin in the fullest sense of the word; barracks for cavalry and infantry; lastly, fountains and other small structures of no importance. To the left are the rich plantations of the Schubra Avenue, and nearer to the road a palace belonging to the mother of the Khedive Ismail Pasha, and the grounds of the meteorological and astronomical observatories.

"A shady road perfumed with flowers, with vineyards and fruit gardens on either side, leads, a little further on, to the villa of the present Khedive, hard by the village of Kubbe.

"The flourishing plantations stand on the soil of the desert, and seem to have been called to life, as it were, by magic. But they confirm by their presence what Napoleon so truly remarked, at the time of his stay in Egypt, 'If the desert comes to the Nile, indigence and want follow; but if the Nile comes to the desert, riches and well-being spring

forth. In fact, the constant irrigation of the soil of the desert at this point has produced a luxuriance of vegetation which is scarcely equalled elsewhere.

"After you have turned to the left in front of Tewfik Pasha's palace, a broad cultivated plain opens behind an olive wood. Here, on the 20th day of March, 1800, General Kleber, with 10,000 French, won a splendid victory over 60,000 Turkish and Egyptian troops.

"Beyond the village of Matariye, to the left of the road, you see the much-visited and often-described 'Tree of Mary'—a sycamore some two hundred years old (its predecessor perished in the year 1665), under whose shade the Virgin and Child are said to have rested on the flight into Egypt. The garden round the tree is watered from a spring, after which the Arabs have sometimes called Heliopolis Ain-sherus, *i.e.* 'Fountain of the Sun.'

"At some distance from the garden, and entirely on desert ground, is the ostrich farm, recently established by a French company, under the immediate superintendence of a Swiss gentleman, named Wetter. The eggs of the ostriches are hatched by artificial heat, and the young birds tended with the utmost care. For four years past birds have been bred, whose parents came partly from the Soudan and partly from Abyssinia. In March, 1881, the total number of birds, without distinction of age or sex, was sixty.

"A quarter of a league distant from this farm lie the above-described ruins of Heliopolis. In this still solitude the obelisk, sole witness of a long bygone day, wafts its greeting from afar to the modern traveller, and waits the

hour when it too shall fall, and with it will vanish from the land of Egypt the last proof of the existence of the once glorious City of the Sun. We have but to expect that it too will follow its companions to some spot of European or American ground."

Let us now return from these eloquent descriptions of Brugsch Pasha to our own experiences.

Not far from the obelisk is a garden belonging to the Khedive. It is an orange grove, well tended, with pleasant walks adorned with flowers and a luxuriant growth of African plants. The garden, no bigger than many that belong to country houses in Europe, is fenced by a low earth wall, and stands near a village in the midst of tilled fields.

Baron Saurma urged us to beat it for game. As we entered the gate, the thought came to me unbidden that here we should find at most the pretty African palm dove or other southern small birds, but we were soon to be taught something different. Several gentlemen placed themselves under cover of orange trees laden with fruit, near the principal road which crossed the garden. To me was assigned the last place near the wall.

Eight excellent dachshunds of Saurma's were set loose, and soon their glad bark recalled the hunting-grounds of our home. I followed with the utmost watchfulness the course of the hunt. After a few minutes there was a shot on the road, then a brief pause, but quickly followed by the bark of the dogs in the opposite direction. It drew nearer and nearer to my post. Suddenly I heard an animal in rapid flight coming through the bush towards me, and

in a moment a jackal came full gallop past under the wall. A successful shot brought him down. I rescued my booty with difficulty from the assaults of the excited dogs which had followed the track closely.

It was a specimen of the true African jackal—a reddish-yellow, thin, long-legged beast with pointed ears. Amongst my comrades, Hoyos had been so fortunate as to secure a pretty large she-wolf of the African species, *Canis Lupaster.*

When we had had the garden beaten a second time with the help of some natives, a second wolf appeared. I heard it rustling in the bushes, and my huntsman even saw it, but unluckily the crafty beast escaped unharmed over the wall. Two wood-snipe were also seen, but not within shot. Cranes soared aloft, and birds of various kinds abounded in the leafy orange-trees.

After short but very successful sport, we left the garden and set out for home. The sun had set, the shadows grew deeper, and twilight came on.

The road, dangerous enough by day on the top of the high narrow dyke, was little suited for the night, and so we resolved to leave the canal which crosses the cultivated land, and to drive straight across the desert. At first all went well, but the strength of the horses soon gave way, and slower and slower they dragged the heavy carriages through the deep sand. It would have taken us several hours to reach Cairo in this fashion, and so, with the help of some torch-bearers, we made our way back to the arable land.

We passed the garden of the Kub castle. Bats flitted

among the murmuring palms and the thick sycamores. Delicious odours were wafted from the shrubs and the fruit-laden orange groves — the intoxicating perfume of Eastern vegetation. Countless stars filled the heavens, and the warm soft air was enchanting to the poor European. It was a true African night in its full splendour. One must have known the delicious magic of those happy lands to understand their indescribable charm and boundless attraction, and the yearning after them which lays hold of every one who has ever lived in them. Only there, in the smiling flowery East and its undying summer, could the cradle of humanity have been placed—not in the bleak, gloomy, frosty North.

A good road leads from Kub to Cairo, and we quickly reached Kasr-en-Nusha, where our dinner and a night's rest prepared us for the next day.

On the 22nd, we started in the morning with Baron Saurma, to drive through part of the European town and up along the Muski to the point where the carriage road ends at the last house, and the waste and dreary domain of the old tombs begins. The broad, stony desert region between Cairo and the steep cliffs of the Mokattam mountains is filled by what one may call a city of ancient funereal mosques and Mussulman graves of all kinds. A similar colony of the dead exists also on the further side of the citadel, but those, the graves of the Mamelukes, are much less worth a visit.

Among the many smaller and greater mosques of the graves of the Caliphs, the most noteworthy is Gâma Kait-Bey, a fairly well preserved edifice with a richly decorated

cupola. In the sanctuary are two cubes of stone with the print of the Prophet's feet, which the founder, Kait-Bey, is said to have brought from Mecca.

A ride through this city of tombs offers many very interesting points of view. Before us were the solemn cliffs; to the right the citadel, built on the rocks, crowned by its slender, lofty minaret; around us lay a medley of tombs, grave-stones, mosques, all falling to pieces and battered by the sand of the desert; between rose bare hillocks with stone-built Arab windmills like towers on their tops. A gloomier aspect is given to this picture by the many signs which indicate that hyænas, jackals, wolves, and dogs howl funeral dirges here by night over the dead Moslems.

We had soon reached the stone quarries with their steep sides and great blocks of stone lying in confusion around. We left our asses here and clambered by a narrow path between stones and precipices half-way up the mountain side. At some points the sportsman has need of a good head, and the smooth yellow-grey and dark-brown slabs of this desert mountain demand a certain dexterity to escape mishap.

In a narrow ravine, hemmed in by cliffs, and not far from the highest fortress-like ridge of the mountain, we found an Arab beside a dead ass.

Here Baron Saurma had caused a wall to be built across the mouth of a hole in one of the cliffs, so as to make a hidden battery in the mountain side. My uncle, with Saurma's servant, the clever Nubian Osman, my huntsman, and I, climbed hand and foot over a narrow ledge into the small and uncommonly uncomfortable

ambush. The Baron and the Arabs went back down to the quarry to watch the course of the sport. From our elevated look-out it was just the right distance for small shot to the lure lying at the bottom of the ravine.

The weather had become cloudy, and small rain was falling. This is the greatest rarity in Cairo, where they say that it only rains seven times in a year, and one of these seven fell to us for our hunt, for which we should have desired a perfectly clear sky.

For a long time nothing came. The unceasing practising of bugles and trumpets reached us from the citadel, while the heavy close air and the small space, which prevented all movement, was stupefying. At last a pair of ravens fluttered down, and thereupon some kites, impatient for their breakfast. The loathsome carrion vulture followed with its bare skull.

The tedious and prolonged waiting determined me to advise my uncle, who had never shot one of these vultures, to fire. No sooner said than done, and, as the smoke cleared off, I hastened down to the spot. I begged my uncle to wait a while longer, as the sun was breaking through, and I descended with this most unsavoury spoil to the quarry below. On arriving there, Baron Saurma and I found a favourable post of observation, and awaited, telescope in hand, coming events.

In a quarter of an hour the first great vultures appeared—the mighty *Vultur fulvus*. With slow flapping wings they moved round the summit of the mountain. One followed another, and soon sixty had assembled in the air.

Now came the exciting moment, when the first stayed his pinions and dropped into the ravine. At this signal all the others did the same, and, like an avalanche of stones, vulture after vulture came tumbling down. The last had scarcely reached the goal when we saw smoke rise from the battery above. Speedy dispersion and wild confusion among the group of huge birds were the first effects of the shot.

With the aid of the telescope, I could see a badly wounded vulture rolling on the stones, and immediately after Osman appeared to seize the prey. As the other hungry comrades would not leave the spot and kept circling around, I ran as fast as I could up the rocky path to the ambush. The Grand Duke had with one shot killed five enormous vultures, at the moment when their heads were all together over the carrion. This ample booty lay now in the small battery in the rock.

It may be imagined what the stench was in this narrow space. The ravenous creatures hovered for another half hour over the edge of the ravine, but would not swoop; and then one after another they left the spot, streaming back to the mountains. We, too, set out on our way down. Osman had been despatched before, and my huntsman was waiting in the valley, and so the laborious and noisome task devolved on the Grand Duke and me of carrying the heavy booty down the steep path on our backs.

When we reached the quarry it was afternoon, and the other gentlemen, who had placed a carcase by a ruined mosque and tombs on the plateau of the Mokattam mountains, had long since returned. Their spoil consisted of

a carrion vulture and some kites. No great vultures had come their way.

We rode back through the tombs of the caliphs to the nearest houses of the town, where our carriages waited. The drive through the long line of the Muski took much time, for, in the early evening hours, a vast throng of human beings moves up and down these purely Arab streets.

At the furthest end of the eastern quarter, at the beginning of the Muski, close to the European town, is the workshop of the famous Parvis, a native of Trieste. This extraordinarily skilful workman produces Oriental things of all descriptions, and notably fittings for rooms. The Austro-Hungarian colony here have given me a complete set of everything belonging to a smoking-room, in perfectly correct Eastern style. So we stopped on our way home at Parvis' to inspect this just completed and most charming *suite*. After a short stay, we returned to Kasr-en-Nusha, where we dined and went early to rest.

We were to leave Cairo next day, on a hunting party in the province of Fayum, to be followed by the voyage up the Nile.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO ABUSKAR—SPORT IN THE PROVINCE OF FAYUM—RETURN TO ABUSKAR—JOURNEY TO SIUT.

EARLY on the morning of the 23rd February the whole travelling party gathered in the station of that southern line of railway which leads, not only to Siut, but also has a branch into the province of Fayum. Besides ourselves, the two brothers Saurma also put in an appearance.

Herr Zimmerman had again the goodness to conduct our train, and to accompany us to the last station, Abuskar. Prince Taxis had started the day before, with a dragoman, for the lake of Birket-el-Karun, to pitch our tents and arrange the hunting days.

The line lay at first beside the narrow strip of tilled land which stretches along between the western bank of the river Nile and the desert. The thorough character of Egyptian cultivation was very apparent here—high-pressure tillage confined to a narrow space. Simple fellaheen villages alternated with palm forests, larger than those of Lower Egypt. Townships, one might almost say, of circular dovecotes, built in Arab mode, struck us. Doves are here provided with shelter and protection only for the sake of the valuable guano they afford. Occasionally their eggs and down are made use of. These birds never acquire a domesticated character. In colour and size they are true rock pigeons, and are quite untamed in habits.

The line often approaches the Nile, always on the left bank. To the east the desert mountains advance close to the stream; to the west, on the other hand, lies the wave-like, moving, almost flat, Libyan desert.

The railway passes all the Pyramids, and, in fact, near enough to see them well. At first, the grey heads of Ghizéh appear, the proudest of their race. Next come to view the smaller members of the family, those of Sakkára. We Europeans are accustomed to see a solitary palm in a hothouse, or on the southern coast of our scantily portioned quarter of the globe. Only in the rustling, far-spreading palm forest has this tree its full significance as the symbol of sunny Africa.

At ten in the morning our train turned from the main line, which follows the course of the Nile to Siut, and took us along a branch-line westward into the bare and barren desert. A railway journey in such a region,

so grand and magnificent in its loneliness, is a wonderful thing.

In a moment we had stepped across the limit of the inundation of the Nile and passed suddenly from the abundant teeming vegetation, evoked by its beneficent irrigation, such as only the Dark Continent can bring forth, into the dead stillness of the lifeless desert.

Whoever thinks of the desert as flat and a dead level, like many Hungarian reed swamps, or a marsh of North Germany, is much mistaken. The desert is wavelike and varied, often deeply indented, crossed by valleys and crowned by hills; yet always solitary, without the smallest trace of plant life, and only inhabited on its extreme verge by quite peculiar forms of animal life adapted to it.

But the desert shows itself to the traveller as great and beautiful, an image of unbroken rest and withal rich in colour, and glowing from the burning sun of Africa. The colours are due to the various stones, which are often pale yellow, then again dark, and sometimes streaked or piebald; the variety of stones evokes the most magical combinations of colours.

We saw nothing living as the train rattled swiftly across the waste. Some Bedouins in white burnous, with long guns, came from behind a hill. Genuine Berbers dwell in this part of the desert, free sons of the earth, in their way the happiest of men; brave, predatory, uncontrolled, and insubordinate in the highest degree. The different tribes differ greatly in appearance and costume, and also in their characteristic qualities, and in their arms; but Egypt, as regards the beauty and picturesque bearing of

its desert tribes, comes far behind Morocco on the one hand, and Asia on the other—for Asia also in its south-western part is inhabited by Semitic Arabs. Towards midday tillage reappeared, a verdant moist spot in the midst of the yellow sands. This was the great oasis of El-Fayum; downright good land, well cultivated, circular in shape, and surrounded on all sides by desert. The great lake of Birket-el-Karun forms the western boundary and division of the cultivated land from the desert. We passed through a small portion of this well-tended bountiful oasis, which was planted with sugar-cane, and reached the station of Abuskar. We had come to the extreme point of the railway. A ruinous station, not unsuited to the interior of Africa, and some buildings belonging to it, form, together with the sugar-factory, a small settlement.

Let no one suppose that a sugar-factory means an establishment on a European scale, such as we find in Bohemia; it is merely a very simple and somewhat neglected building in which the produce of the large sugar-cane fields is turned to account. Some low chimneys justify the appellation of factory.

We breakfasted quickly in the more than primitive waiting-room of the station, and then hastened to put our caravan in order. This is no easy task in the East, for every one presses his services, his horse, his ass, with the utmost vehemence; one pushes the other aside, and all yell and gesticulate, till at last the poor deafened stranger throws himself into the arms of the first comer. With the help of some soldiers, and thanks to the solidity of our sticks, chaos was soon reduced to order.

Each gentleman got a horse, and our servants also; we had, moreover, to engage bearers to carry our dachshunds, so indispensable in this country. A regular pack they made. Baron Saurma had ten, and we four, brave powerful animals. With some difficulty the crowd of curious staring people which had gathered round was got rid of, and prevented from following us.

Our hunting Bedouins, whom we had in fact compelled to accompany us, rode and ran in front. They are a small isolated tribe, robed in white, or, to speak more truly, dirty yellow, burnous, with long guns and bent knives, the primitive tobacco-pouch, together with a bag of powder and chopped lead, tied at the waist, their long legs bare, and red slippers on their feet. They were here, as everywhere in North Africa, but poor beggars. No colours, and no good clothes, not even a turban on the head; only the brown, close-fitting fellaheen cap; the younger ones were even bare-headed.

The type of these people was interesting. They were genuine Berbers from the Libyan desert, dark brown and much more strongly coloured than those of Lower Egypt; for the most part tall and slender in figure, but with features less noble and beautiful than those of the northern Bedouin tribes. Southern and even negro blood is quite apparent; some quite black fellows with short curly hair might have passed for Moors. They have been stolen as slaves when children in the interior of Africa, and have obtained their freedom from the tribe. They assume the language, clothes, and manners of the Bedouins, and quite forget their extraction and even the land from which they

came. I found their like in all the tribes with which I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted, both in Africa and Asia.

Even the agricultural labourers about Abuskar struck me as being of a different type to the fellaheen who inhabit the valley of the Lower Nile. They were bigger and darker, more like the Bedouins, who, here in the oases enclosed by the desert, are often brought into contact with them; obviously a mixed race. And no less notable are the numerous Moors amongst them.

No sooner was our caravan got together than sport began. In the garden, by the factory, we found the blue-faced bee-eater, a green bird, with a long blue stripe on pinion and head. A flight of them was fired at with success.

These birds belong to the interior of Africa, but they are common in Upper Egypt. They never get so far as Cairo, which seems too northerly for them. Large peewits were about the field, a charming and genuinely Egyptian bird, and troops of herons. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, an amazing wealth of animal life is gathered into the strips of moist and luxuriant country. The first aspect of things promised us good hunting days.

The crack of our shots was soon heard, and much feathered spoil was brought in by our Arabs from the wet fields. Sportsmen seldom come so far as this neighbourhood, and so we had the pleasure of instructing a most unwary foe in the wiles of Europeans.

The caravan went on its way with horses, servants, and baggage, but all the gentlemen were dispersed at their

sport, when Baron Saurma summoned us to him. He had discovered a great sugar-cane plantation, and had resolved to drive it with dogs. Our only difficulty was to get rid of the numerous labourers, in order to secure a free range for our guns. The gentlemen were to post themselves round the field, and Saurma proposed to drive, with my huntsman and the pack of fourteen dogs, through the canes, which were the height of a man. We had not all got to our places ere we heard the merry bark of the dogs, followed by two shots. One of our party, rightly taking in the situation, had hurried forward, hoping to be the first to reach the further side of the field. He was still on his way, when the dogs drove a large wolf within a few steps of him into the open field. Unfortunately, through dire ill-luck, the small shot destined for plover and heron was still in the barrels, and, vainly fired at from both, Master Isegrimm hastened across an open space to the nearest cover.

In a short time the dogs were driving with noisy barks in all parts of the cane-field. Many shots were heard. Two of the sportsmen had fired twice at wolves, but all in vain, as the crafty beasts only left the canes for one or two bounds, and again disappeared into them. Many shots were fired at the wolves on chance as they rushed through the thick plantation. Frequently the baying of the dogs and streaks of blood showed that some at least of the shots had taken effect. Several of the gentlemen, overcome by the ardour of the chase, left their posts and followed the baying; but among the canes it was impossible to see two steps in front, and all their efforts were fruitless.

During all this wild and somewhat irregular sport, I had not got a single shot. After half an hour's waiting, when most of the gentlemen had already left their places in order to get nearer to the barking dogs, I discovered a cross road which led through the plantation.

I hastened along it to a spot where an irrigation channel which ran into the interior of the cane-stock afforded a narrow passage, not a yard wide, down which I could fire. I planted myself there to await the advancing game. The dogs approached but slowly, for the wounded wolf frequently turned to bay upon them. When at length the great wolf passed within range, the dogs which surrounded him prevented my firing. Further on the fight recommenced, and I heard the snarl of the wolf mingle with the clear bark of the dachshunds. In a few moments the pursuit stopped, and all was still. The dachshunds hunt the wolf unwillingly, and one cannot therefore depend either on their persistent pursuit of one that has been wounded, or on their giving tongue when one has died. The wolf which does not drop on the spot is for the most part lost.

A few minutes more, and the bark of other dachshunds in the opposite corner of the field told of the commencement of a new hunt. Again the hunt came across the sugar-canes in my direction; again it came on, but very slowly, and one could tell that the dogs had to deal with a wounded wolf. When they came within a hundred paces of me, I perceived that the eager dogs were at bay. Whilst listening attentively to this contest, I heard suddenly, close beside me, a gentle rustling, and immediately an unwounded wolf crept along the narrow glade.

I fired at him instantly; the sound of his fall forthwith gladdened my ears, and I hastened to the spot. His back was broken, and he slid along, half sitting, half lying, and showing his teeth. Some of the dogs, hearing the shot, came up, and now began a battle for life or death, to which I, at a favourable moment, put an end by a final shot.

One wolf was the spoil of a whole hunt, which might easily have been a brilliant one, for at least four wolves had been fired at. We could not attempt a prolongation of our sport, for the dogs came out one after another, dead beat, to the border of the field. The brave beasts had worked famously in the scorching heat.

We now all returned, more or less content, to our horses. We discussed with wonder the wealth of the country in wild beasts, and the comic effect of hunting them, as we do partridges, in well-cultivated fields.

The caravan was soon in motion again, and wound along a bad and, in many places, marshy road, between fields of richest green. The sun did its best by us, and burnt us up in true African fashion. The intense heat of the atmosphere was shown by a Fata Morgana. Even a Berber who walked beside my horse swore at the heat, and perspired profusely. He was a singular creature. Negro blood flowed in his veins, for his black face, covered with scars, and his pointed, curly beard bespoke it; but his finely formed features showed that Arab blood had also had its part. I had allowed him to carry my gun, and, grinning with delight and showing his white teeth, he looked at the foreign weapon with the air of a connoisseur.

We had a fine view in the distance from our road,

across the smiling fields and the grey-green shrubs on the shore to the broad mirrored lake of Birket-el-Karun, and beyond it to the long orange outline of the desert of Sahara.

An eagle buzzard, a bird of African race, stood on a low hillock not far from our line of march. I jumped off my horse and crept up to him, but failed with too weak shot. The confiding bird only came nearer to me, and I fired again, but once more without success; this only moved him to flutter still closer, and so it went on till the fourth shot, despite the inadequate loading, laid him low.

Soon after this brief interlude, we came to a miserable poverty-stricken village. Low and, for the most part, ruinous clay huts were unworthy of the splendid accessories of towering palms and wide-spreading sycamores. The inhabitants came out in airy garments and the children in entire nakedness to look at us. The road turned at the village, and soon brought us to the shore of the lake.

As soon as all the horses and beasts of burden were unladen, we got into boats. They were, in truth, sorry craft; worse one could not imagine in the days of our ancestors and their lake-dwellings. The square, flat boxes were slowly propelled by five or six strong fellows with oars of the most primitive description. The inside was full of old fishbones, and the stench of filth of various kinds, and in particular of putrefying fish, was so strong that nothing but incessant smoking could even partially protect us.

The fishermen in old Egyptian times probably used no other, and certainly no worse, boats than their brethren of to-day use on the Birket-el-Karun.

With melancholy songs and plashing oars we glided over the blue lake. This interesting lake has cultivated land on one side, but is surrounded by desert on all the others. Along the shores there runs a now narrower, now broader strip of thick low shrub, which gives the lake a peculiar character. No human habitation is to be seen, and it is a grand, but unquestionably depressing picture, intensified, too, by the deep leaden blue of the salt water. It appears singular to the traveller to find, so far from the ocean (the reader will kindly refer to a map), an inland sea, in whose waters real sea fish and animals abound.

The whole desert is quite salt, and the lakes on its margin are so likewise. After about half an hour's rowing, we saw some pelicans swimming about; we went in pursuit, but could not overtake these birds, as they paddle at great speed. We sent a few fruitless shots at them from our unsteady boat. At last, after many attempts, the great fat creatures rose, and took their heavy flight to seek tranquillity on some other part of the lake. We saw, besides, only wild ducks, divers, gulls, and an extraordinary number of river eagles.

The evening drew on, the sun went down, disappearing into the desert with the most glorious effects of light and colour, and a grand stillness reigned over the vast landscape.

We approached the island Beziré Karun, whose rocky cone stood out picturesquely against the dark blue sky.

We put in to the flat eastern shore of the island. Our camp of tents stood about a hundred paces from the water's side. Fires had been lighted, and the Arabs cowered among the bushes on the strand. Prince Taxis greeted us. He had arrived early in the morning with the large caravan,

and promptly after our arrival an excellent dinner, prepared by an Arab cook, was served to us in one of the tents, fitted up as a dining-room.

The tents were made of pretty material, and were extremely comfortable. There was one for every two gentlemen, and beds, and even tables, were provided in the airy dwellings. None but Easterns really understand how to cook out of doors, and to pitch tents quickly and comfortably, therefore let all who can travel among them.

After dinner we talked, smoked, and made our plans for the next day, and by ten o'clock silence reigned in the camp. The Arabs lay around on the sand, in the open air, looking like ghosts in their white burnous.

The night did not pass so smoothly as the beautiful evening had led us to expect. A violent storm rose and swept roughly over the tents. Hassan, the dragoman, stole from tent to tent, and drove the stakes more firmly in. In my uncle's tent and mine, for we were put up together, the wind carried one side of the tent away. The cool air woke us, and we lay admiring the starry sky smiling down on our dormitory. All damage was fortunately soon repaired, and towards morning the force of the storm abated.

Very early, before sunrise, we breakfasted; we wished to disperse along the shore of the island to watch the flight of the water-fowl, and select suitable points for our stations.

We had scarcely left the tents when we saw many flocks of birds on the wing: cormorants, various ducks, herons, and pelicans. These last look extremely comic. Their

LANDING AT BEZIRÉ KARUN.

long bills hang down so funnily, and the big plump body appears barely to be sustained in the air by the immense wings. Nevertheless they count as birds of long and good flight. The Grand Duke and I went to the flat coast near the tents, and hid ourselves as well as we could in the willow bushes.

All kinds of game went past us, and some was shot. The campaign was a good one. We had to wait but a short time between each shot. Grey fish-gulls, those big but also deteriorated specimens of our ice birds, were among our spoil; but alas! no pelican. Where we sat none came within fire.

We heard shots on all sides, and hoped for abundant success. The first day the birds were confiding toward the strangers, but by the third we had driven away all the game frequenting the island, and birds of passage avoided the perilous rock by wide circuits.

In an hour our morning campaign was over, and we went back to our camp. Hard by it, however, I shot, within a few minutes, two river eagles which were flying over my head.

The gentlemen came in one after another, each one with some spoil. Pausinger had the best. He had hidden behind an insignificant shrub close to the camp. After brief waiting a pelican came by, flying low, and a lucky shot from our accomplished artist brought it down.

Before I record the further events of the day, I must give a description of the island itself. A part of the eastern as well as the south-eastern coast is flat, and covered with shrubs; all other parts of the coast fall steeply down in

broken rocks—only at the northern point of the island there is a small strip with a flat shore, and a marshy lagoon in miniature. Between the shore and the central rock there is a level space seldom exceeding three hundred paces, and covered with fine sand.

On the northern side of the island this little plain is in many places full of great stones and boulders, which have broken from the central mass and rolled down. Except the bushes on the shore, all is bare; even the scantiest grass will not grow. The waters wash the crumbling shore unceasingly, and before long the whole island will be reduced to the imperishable rock in the centre.

After a short stay the Grand Duke and Prince Taxis left the camp, and were quickly followed by Baron Saurma and myself. Our plan was to start in two parties from one point, each with some dachshunds, and to beat the mountain cone, driving one against the other till we met at the north side.

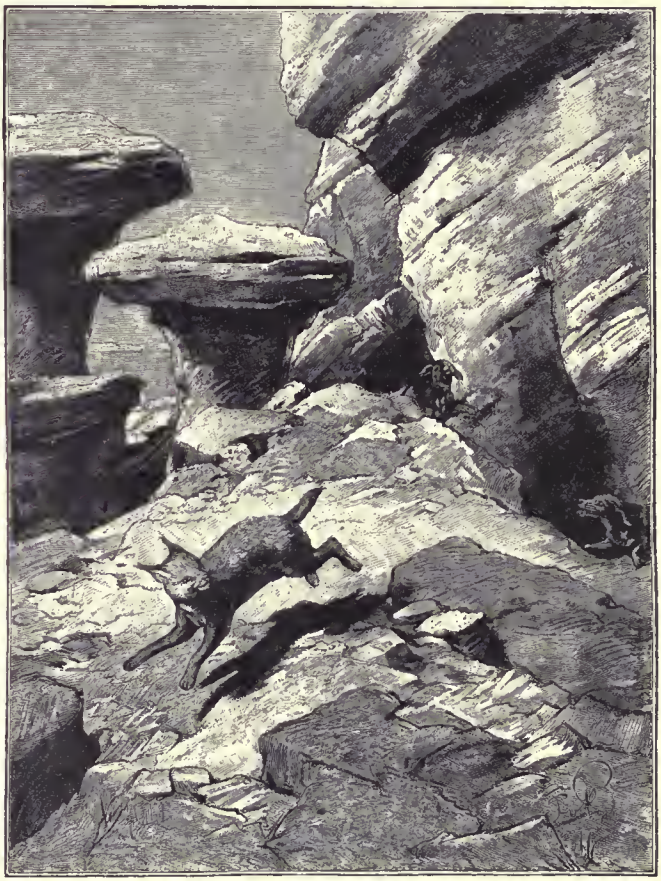
Among the first rocks two stone plovers rose, one of which I shot. The invaluable Osman led the dogs, which he loosed among the stones. Now began an interesting but most fatiguing hunt. One had to jump over smooth rocks and rough heaps of stones to follow the dogs. The formation of the mountain is most remarkable. You find stones of incredible shapes, many like huge mushrooms; beneath it is hollow, pierced in all directions with passages; through crevices, and sometimes between wide rifts across which you must leap, you catch sight of the dark passages in which the dogs are hunting, and every now and again creeping out into sight.

In front of one of these innumerable clefts the dogs gave tongue, and disappeared, searching among the stones. In a few seconds a lynx appeared, leaving his hiding-place with great bounds. I stood on a projecting rock below which he must turn. At my first shot he broke down, but recovered, and it took a second charge of shot to finish him. He was a very powerful beast of grey colour, with tufts of hair on his ears—the true African desert lynx, larger and stronger than his European relative.

The Grand Duke had meanwhile searched the opposite slope of the mountain with dogs. Twice lynx had been seen by him, but for such a brief moment that there was no chance of a shot. We met at the appointed spot, and now drove together with all the dachshunds. The merry tongue of the dogs was soon heard, and we hastened forward; but unluckily my uncle, whose turn it was to fire, had not followed fast enough over the rocks, and the lynx left his cover unhurt and disappeared quickly among the stones. The dogs strove as quickly as their short legs and the sloping rocks would allow to follow his track. In a few minutes they stood at bay in front of the funnel of a burrow which led under a great rock. On the opposite side of the rock was the wider entrance of this cover. With but little urging several of the dogs pushed into the dark hole. The lynx appeared to be caught in a *cul-de-sac*, for a fierce fight began. The plaintive tones of the beaten dogs, and the fresh voices of those who were fighting bravely, mingled with the savage growls of the lynx.

We stood for nearly an hour beside the den, and the

situation remained the same. The endeavour now was to induce the dogs to come out, in order to give the lynx the chance of getting away. At length the dogs appeared one after the other, covered with dust and weary with their



THE LYNX-HUNT.

exertions in the fight ; only two very eager ones would not leave the cover.

At last we detected a crevice through which we could most distinctly hear the bark of the dogs. We enlarged

this cleft as well as we could, and I sounded with a pole the interior of the cover. When I withdrew the stake it had some grey lynx-hairs on it. Looking cautiously in, we saw the green eyes of the lynx sparkling. Hereupon I drove the stake in as far as I could towards the beast, and in a few moments felt that the soft body disappeared. The hunt underground was now perceptible, and the scuffle of the escaping lynx with the dogs.

In a few seconds more the grey fellow sprang with long leaps from the funnel by which the Grand Duke stood. A well-directed shot received him there. Half staggering, half dragging himself along, the severely wounded creature reached shelter under a big rock. Luckily the brave dogs held the lynx by his hind quarters, and so Prince Taxis succeeded, by creeping under the rock, in giving him a thrust with his hunting knife. A handsome but much weaker specimen, a female, not nearly so big and powerful as the buck killed by me, lay before us.

After this triumph we renounced further search and went, with the weary and more or less injured dogs, back to our camp.

The weather had grown worse during the forenoon. A light grey cloud covered the whole sky, and fine rain fell between whiles, which in these regions is a most rare occurrence. The north wind increased, and instead of the scorching heat of the previous day came coolness which the contrast made very perceptible. The water broke in high waves, and the watermen declared that it was impossible under these circumstances to leave the island.

Here we were then, like Robinson Crusoe, cut off from all the world and confined to this little island. In our camp our huntsmen set up a very pretty and singular display. From the cords of the tents they hung the game we had caught. Two lynx, the skin of yesterday's wolf, Pausinger's pelican, and two eagles, looked right well. Our skin-dresser had his hands full and worked well and quickly.

After a sumptuous luncheon, which our excellent Hassan served to us, we smoked pleasantly outside the tents, enjoying the glorious life of an Eastern camp, until suddenly I discovered that the northern point of the island, the level between the shore and the rock, was covered with birds of all kinds. With the glass I could see flocks of herons, pelicans, gulls, and among them some river eagles.

I crept as best I could along the shore, under cover, towards the half-sleeping, brooding company. I had nearly reached them when, to my dismay, I saw two pelicans swimming about on the lake as sentries. On two sides I had no cover. It was all up: the crafty birds had already spied me, and rose. That was the signal for the multitude on land, and with noisy flapping of wings the company dispersed in wild disorder in every possible direction.

Only the inquisitive gulls wanted to know what the cause was, and floated over me screeching. To my great delight I discovered, among many smaller birds, one of the large brown-headed fishing-gulls, a fine and to me new species. A successful shot brought it into my bag.

LUNCHEON IN THE DESERT.

The spot where the winged company had rested must be a daily frequented after-dinner haunt, for the whole ground was covered with thick white guano. Long feathers, too, were there, and the putrid remains of fish in plenty.

On my return to the camp we resolved once more to divide the coast for our afternoon and evening campaign.

I chose the spot where friend Pausinger had killed his pelican in the morning. I crouched under a shrub as well as I could, and hid my Arab porter behind me. Each one of us had one of these dusky companions. They fetch for you birds that drop in the sea, etc., only one must never fall into long discourse with these money-loving gentry, nor betray special pleasure at any particular piece of success. Otherwise they begin to bargain, raising the price constantly. With cunning foresight they calculate on the rising love of sport. The moment the game falls one must show them a coin, and, before the dealing begins, with well-meant friendly pressure drive them into the water.

I may have waited in vain for half an hour when a pelican, visible from afar, took the direction of my ambush. As soon as the bird was near enough I discharged both barrels. The shot rattled loud on its thick feathered coat of mail. The severely wounded bird sank with languid flaps of the wings to the water. For a few minutes it swam slowly round, but its head with its thick beak sank lower and lower. At last the waves turned it over and the pelican lay lifeless on its back.

Neither money nor threats could persuade my Arab

to take to the water, as the distance was, in fact, a considerable one. I hastened back to the camp to summon more assistance. When I returned I saw, to my great joy, a brown fellow already near the pelican in the foaming waves. The Grand Duke was in ambush not far off, and when he saw the dead bird, had despatched his companion, a bold swimmer, into the flood.

After a few minutes the brave Arab returned, drawing the heavy bird after him by the beak as he swam. I was glad of my first pelican. It was an exceptionally large specimen. In the evening hours I went up and down on the shore, on the look-out for the small strand birds.

When it was too dark to shoot, the gentlemen all came in to dinner. Again there was a fair show of game. After our interesting day, slumber soon settled over the camp.

We were to have rowed early the next morning to the opposite side of the island, to await on a tongue of land the passage of the birds. During the night, alas! the weather grew still worse, and before sunrise the storm had increased so much that the boatmen refused to put out. There was nothing to be done but to pass one more day on the island. We all slept late, and went in the forenoon with the dogs to the rocks, where we searched in vain; no lynx was to be found. The rest of the day was therefore devoted to the strand.

The water-fowl flew untowardly for us, carefully avoiding the island. Towards evening I made the circuit of the whole island, and shot a fine Berber falcon and some strand birds, and also a raven.

OUR FIRST PELICAN.

The storm abated, the sky cleared, and some pleasant sunshine and beautiful effects of light cheered us. I did not feel quite satisfied or at ease as to our prospect for the next day until I saw a fishing-boat come quietly round the western point of our island. They came from the west, and were going to the cultivated land, passing close to my hiding-place in their course.

Wild-looking brown fellows, in miserable rags, rowed the boat, singing as they toiled ditties which sounded gloomy and uncanny. A wonderful sight! Far or near no trace of human activity. There, beyond the lake, the eternal desert, and here on its waters the native African boat with its black tenants. The good people were not a little surprised when they saw me, a European "pale-face," on the barren island, heretofore only inhabited by pensive pelicans. My companion began a long conversation with the travellers, of which I could only make out that it related to the weather and the crossing.

We got proportionately very little game this day. The island had been exhausted. After dinner our Arabs let off some fireworks, the delight of all Orientals, and made a most fearful din. We did not let them go on very long, for to pass the night quietly and not to scare the game with sudden glare was of more importance to us than the finest fireworks of our worthy dragoman.

Very early on the 26th, long before the break of day, we left our tents. We started after a hurried breakfast. The water was quite calm, so that we were able to cross the lake to the desert side. In the evening we were to find our camp transferred to the opposite coast, on the

cultivated land. All Orientals are unpunctual, and so it was long before our men appeared to put out the boat. Only half awake, they blundered up and down the strand, and it took time and trouble to bring chaos into order.

After a while the party, consisting of the gentlemen, the huntsmen, and the dogs, were got into three boats. Our Arabs rowed in their usual style, chanting songs with hoarse voices. The smell in the boats was well-nigh intolerable.

Happily the lake lay smooth and still before us, for, in such boats, with the drowsy Arabs, and in the pitch-dark night, we might have had some unpleasant experiences in the event of a storm. After an hour's voyage, we reached the shore at a point where a headland, formed of a tolerably large mass of rock, stretched into the sea, and is only connected with the mainland by a very narrow neck. Here we went on shore, and sent the Arabs with the boat to the back of the rock. It took some time before our vigorous and emphatic instructions reduced our brown companions to silence; but there was no time to lose; there must soon be perfect stillness on the neck of land, for the day began to break from the east. We made short work—hunted the Arabs into their hiding-place, and left Osman behind to mount guard.

We ranged ourselves apart all along the neck of land and by the rock, crouching behind the thick shrubs or big stones. With the dawn the passage of the water-fowl began. The herons were the first. Next came the cormorants. Then ducks, pelicans, sea-mews, the smaller sand-birds, some moor buzzards, and river eagles. Many shots were

fired along the whole line. The numerous companies of pelicans, in particular, were greeted with a well-maintained fire, but unfortunately the distances were too great. Only two of those birds strayed to the lower heights, and were shot by two of the gentlemen. The stars had already vanished, a beautiful African sunrise followed the night, and the heat of a cloudless day began to be felt. When we left our places, the flight of birds was over. Every one took up his spoil, and we returned to our improvised landing-place by the rock. Thither the sportsmen all gathered, and there were our boats and the Arabs and Osman mounting guard.

Two pelicans and various other fowl had fallen, besides one poor carrion vulture, who had inquisitively crossed the line of fire, and had to part with his life.

After a short rest we broke up again, to drive the underwood on the shore. Starting from the neck of land to north and south a thick undergrowth of tamarisk, reeds, and grass spreads along the bank. In many parts this narrow band of luxuriant vegetation, quite impenetrable for man, is scarcely more than ten or twenty paces broad. The great desert comes right up to this tangle of plants, with its hills, vales, flat stretches, and gentle rises, in part covered with the finest sand, and elsewhere with coarse many-coloured stones.

Baron Saurma remained behind with the dachshunds where the bushes began by the neck of land. The other guns were, according to his plan, to be placed at certain distances from each other. I took the furthest post, at a spot where the bushes left a narrow passage open, and

I had a free line of fire to the shore. This point made the natural boundary of the first beat.

On our way through the sand we had occasion to examine many different tracks and footprints. It appears that the beasts of prey from the desert come nightly to the shore to drink, and probably to surprise the sleeping water-fowl.

There was track upon track; those of the hyæna, beside that of the wolf; jackals, the fox of the desert; the lines also which the great lizards draw, and the broad trail of the dismal spectacle-snake, were not lacking in the fine sand. I had hardly reached my post when the dogs, in the distance it is true, began to hunt. The drive was rapid, and the loud yelping approached my quarter.

Suddenly there appeared, close to the sandy shore, a long, grey, shaggy beast, with a pointed head and a long shapeless, slender tail, going at a quick trot. A successful shot laid it low. An ichneumon, a thoroughly African and very ugly animal which bears no resemblance, either in appearance or habits, to any of our European beasts of prey, lay before me. The dogs soon followed on the track. The piece of bush had been beaten, and we resolved to take a similar and adjacent piece. Our second attempt met unfortunately with no success.

Camel tracks in the sand showed us that a tribe of Bedouins were in the neighbourhood, and, in fact, we soon observed that several camels were browsing in the underwood, heard the yelping of their dogs, and saw from afar some dark figures approach an encampment. I have been told that the wild tribes in these parts are very poor,

MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT.

and also that, being in immediate contact with the desert, and absolutely free and inaccessible, they are not always quite pleasant to deal with.

The hunting party now divided into two. Baron Saurma, the Grand Duke, and I proposed to get into one of the boats which was at hand, and to endeavour to approach some pelicans, which were swimming about not far from land, while the other gentlemen were to busy themselves with the multitude of black coot which frequent the reeds on the shore.

All our endeavours after the crafty pelicans were fruitless, nor would the great silver herons standing on the shore allow of our approach. The further we went the broader and thicker were the reeds; they cover the water to the distance of a hundred paces from the bank. The beautiful white-eyed duck appeared to be migrating, for flocks of this one description only rose from among the rushes in front of our boat. The river, blue, silver, and other kinds of herons also rose from the forest of reeds.

We shot a considerable number of ducks as provision for our larder. Our boatmen sat stripped in the boat, and at each shot one jumped into the water to pick up the spoil. We were swinging about a few yards from the shore, when suddenly the reeds parted, and a big Bedouin of fine martial air appeared, his long gun in hand. He came to offer us for sale some birds, which he had shot in the morning.

He vanished as swiftly and as noiselessly as he had come, content with a few pieces of silver. Midday drew on, and we rowed back to our rocky cape. The sun burnt

fiercely, and in the midday heat our vessel smelt even worse than by night. An old man, blind of one eye, somewhat deformed, with a curling white beard, and adorned with a turban, and altogether very offensive as to his outer man, sat close beside us. He did not row, and had only come with us out of curiosity.

We were annoyed at this unwelcome guest, whose vicinity was in fact not free from danger, as he pursued uninterruptedly a not unsuccessful vermin hunt in his capacious garments.

We reached the rock safely in half an hour, where the other gentlemen were waiting for us. They had shot a fair number of black coot. The whole spoil of the first half of the day was put into one of the boats, and despatched in charge of my huntsman to the opposite coast, where meantime our new camp had been pitched.

The hunting party now agreed to rest for an hour. By the shore, on the slope of our rocky cape, we made a frugal breakfast, consisting of cold meat, bread, sundry more or less uneatable preserves, and stale lemonade. Our people amused themselves with catching the queer little grey lizards with a high comb on the back—the so-called Gekos. Scorpions lay about in numbers under the stones.

The rest was no refreshment, for the sun burnt horribly against the oblique slope of rock ; the ground glowed, and the air was tremulous in the scorching heat. It was the hottest day that we had yet had to endure on our journey, far hotter than the warmest summer day in Europe.

We soon set off again, and walked along the under-

THE ICHNEUMON AND THE DOGS.

wood by the shore in a northerly direction. Marching through the burning sand of the desert, which reflected the most intense heat, was anything but agreeable. Once more we surrounded the shrubs at fixed intervals, and soon a merry hunt began. This time, however, the baited game did not show itself so readily, and the chase went backwards and forwards several times. After standing at bay for a short time, an ichneumon appeared in front of the Grand Duke, who rolled the absurd creature over, it is true, but it dragged itself back into the bush, where a violent battle at once began with the dogs, who were on its track. One large long-legged dachshund and the ichneumon had got such tight hold of each other, that one might have lifted them together. It was with the greatest difficulty that the combatants were separated, and in doing so one gentleman was bitten in the hand by the dog, and another by the ichneumon.

Numerous cormorants and herons had passed by me along the shore while they were beating, but I had not fired on account of the larger prey. As it was afternoon, we resolved to set out on our long row back to the opposite side, and to take the most direct line. We rowed across in several boats. The air had become cooler, and we could enjoy the distant view over the lake and desert more than we had done earlier in the day.

Our boat people were in high spirits, and amidst incessant yells and inarticulate wild howls they pulled all their clothes off, and, stark naked, raced the boats one against the other. This game had a practical advantage for us, for we got on all the quicker.

After a two hours' voyage we arrived, having passed a narrow strip of willow bushes, at a great sand-bank, on which our camp stood, all ready and comfortably arranged. The spot had been well chosen, for this perfectly dry bank separates the lake from a considerable marsh. As dinner was not yet ready, some of us went straight to the marsh, which lay between our camp and the first fields of the cultivated land.

On this ground, covered with reeds, willows, waterwort, and brown bad-smelling peat, were swarms of woodcocks and pool snipe ; some ducks also, and two species of plover rose in front of us. Toads hopped about in numbers, and every spot was full of poisonous insects.

Several marsh birds were shot in haste, and we withdrew before twilight fell from the fever-laden atmosphere of the marsh. A beautiful sunset and a right good dinner brought an exciting day to a close, and repose fell on the camp.

On the 27th we started early, with the intention of hunting all the way back to the station at Abuskar.

First of all, we went through the marsh, and some snipe and various other kinds of marsh birds repaid us. Crossing a field on which herons and spurred peewits were successfully shot, we came to a region of sand-hills, covered with short scanty grass and withered shrubs, which divides the marsh from the tilled fields. The dachshunds rummaged up some hares. One of the gentlemen and I had the luck to kill each of us one of these droll creatures.

It was the true hare of the desert, a small, thin, deer-coloured, long-legged animal, with ridiculously big and

A RACE ON THE BIRKET-EL-KARUN.

almost transparent ears. Some palm doves and kestrel were also shot while in pursuit of the hares.

Where the zone of scrub and sand-hills terminated, and the cultivated land began, we rested for half an hour. Our breakfast, again consisting of cold food, had been carried after us by Arabs.

THE BEARER OF THE BOOTY.

After our unluxurious meal was over, we pursued our way across fields and irrigation channels, engaging all the labouring fellaheen whom we could see as beaters. Women, children, camels, buffaloes and ploughs were all

forsaken, and for a promised backsheesh the mixed multitude followed us. From afar we espied a not very large field of sugar-cane, which was still standing though the harvest had already begun. We made for it with all speed, stimulated by hope.

Discussing the hunt we were about to begin, we marched along the dyke of a broad but dry canal.

When we had reached the spot, the guns were first placed. The Grand Duke remained at the corner beside the canal; Hoyos and I stood at the side where the field came down to the foot of the canal dyke; the other gentlemen surrounded all the sides of the cane plantation. Unluckily, the guns were too few, and the spaces between the individual sportsmen too considerable. Close to our posts, buffaloes and camels were grazing, and unquestionably the *ensemble* had not the look of a wolf-hunt according to European ideas.

The black drivers had hardly entered the canes, with infernal yells, when my neighbour fired right into the field; thereupon an enormous wolf leaped out between him and me, and away with long springs over the canal. Though the distance was a considerable one, I ran up on the dyke and discharged my two barrels after the flying beast, whereupon it took its way crosswise through the fields with its right hind quarter wounded.

The beaters soon appeared. Among the yellow cane the brown fellaheen looked most extraordinary, and even more so did the Moors, of whom there were a considerable number; each one came along gnawing the stalk of a sugar-cane. We had the field beaten a second time.

This time, my neighbour on the left shot first, and killed with one shot a fair-sized wolf. Immediately we heard the crack of a rifle from one of the gentlemen on the left flank. He rolled a wolf over, which, however, picked itself up, and then, bleeding freely after a second shot, left the canes, and, fired at a third time, took to the open.

A few minutes later, my neighbour to the right killed a middle-sized wolf with one shot. The moment after, a wolf leaped out between him and me and across the canal and away. We each of us fired after him as he went off, and saw him dragging himself, badly shot, among the browsing buffaloes towards the fields of standing grain.

When the beaters appeared, we let them go through the field a third time. I soon perceived that something was coming my way, and saw a pretty large wolf moving quickly through the cane. A lucky shot laid him low. A few minutes later, my neighbour on the left shot another wolf, wounding him so severely that he crawled with difficulty into the adjacent bean-fields. Two wolves escaped unharmed at points where the guns were too far apart.

In the last drive, one of the gentlemen shot an ichneumon, wounding it severely, but it dragged itself into the thick canes. We made a short search for the wounded wolves, but with fields reaching as far as the eye could see, it was naturally fruitless.

We now went to the opposite end of the cane plantation, where our accomplished dragoman had ordered some riding-horses and donkeys to meet us. The wolves were carefully packed on the back of a donkey, and the caravan was soon in motion again. The beaters dispersed in different

directions, and only our guides and donkey-drivers went with us.

One of the latter seems in his leisure hours to follow the craft, so favoured by the Egyptians, of serpent-charming, for on the march he drew out of a leather pouch which he carried hidden under his wide robe, two very large and imposing-looking spectacle serpents which he had captured the day before near the lake. He of course performed the familiar trick of breathing on the serpents, whereupon they lie stiff and as though dead. In a few minutes, the much-tormented creatures, who have been rendered harmless by the extraction of their fangs, recover and creep back again into the brown pouch. As we were riding at foot's pace, the dachshunds ran beside the horses, but when the caravan approached a small and wretched village, adorned only by some extremely fine palms and sycamores, the eager dachshunds disappeared into an insignificant square bean-field, and forthwith began a lively hunt. We jumped from our horses and surrounded the field, which could be shot across from one side to the other. In this narrow space the hunt went up and down for a quarter of an hour. Twice the ichneumon put its head out close beside a gun, but no one could fire because of his neighbour. The cunning beast knew his danger, let himself be driven up and down by the dogs, but never left his secure cover.

As time pressed, we had to whip the dogs in and continue our journey, without having done what we wished.

The road led us past a railway, a short branch line, which leads for purposes of transport from the factory at Abuskar to the principal sugar-cane plantations.

THE RETURN FROM HUNTING.

We stopped a passing engine and got into the empty luggage van attached to it. In this way we reached Abuskar very quickly. Our Arabs rode full swing after us between the rails, and followed with incredible celerity.

As we had some spare time, we resolved that we would again, by way of experiment, beat the sugar-cane field which we had hunted on the first day. We got together as many drivers as we could collect, and surrounded the field.

The beating had scarcely begun, when a wolf broke out beside one of the guns who was standing at the corner. He could not fire while the wolf was near him, on account of the country people, and when he discharged both barrels, the wolf was already too far off.

A few seconds later, another gentleman shot an exceedingly fine wolf, the biggest of all which we had hitherto killed, at the moment when he was going to double at the road that crossed the field. Before the beaters came out, two other guns got each of them a wolf, and a woodcock was missed.

We now left the field, which, at the end of three days, gave us a better yield than at our first hunt. At the station, the show of six wolves shot in one day was made, and, had we captured all that were wounded, our results would have been quite extraordinary.

On the whole, we had every reason to be satisfied with the success of our four and a half days' hunting excursion in the oasis of Fayum.

Two lynx, seven wolves, two ichneumon, two desert hares, four pelicans, two river eagles, one carrion vulture, one African eagle buzzard and one hundred and seventy-

two head of small game, among them many interesting specimens, made the sum of our gains.

In the so-called waiting-room we dined. Evening had already fallen, and our train stood ready. Our chattels were put into the carriages, and we soon left Abuskar to proceed on a further expedition. For two hours the two brothers Saurma and Prince Taxis kept us company. When we reached the Valley of the Nile and its station, these three gentlemen left us.

After very hearty leave-takings, we steamed southwards towards Siut, the next point in our pleasant Nile journey. We settled ourselves as comfortably as we could in the carriages, and soon found the sleep our hard work had so well earned.

WOLVES.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Siut—The Nile Steamer—Voyage up the Nile to Assuan—The Island of Philæ.

We reached Siut very early in the morning while it was still quite dark. Unpleasantly roused from sweet slumbers, we left the carriages, and went on foot, preceded by torch-bearers, down a road very well lighted and tastefully decorated, to the landing-stage of the Nile steamers. Our consular agent, a rich Coptic merchant, had made all these preparations and received us most cordially.

The steamer *Feruz*, kindly lent to us by the Khedive, lay close to the shore, and an old Egyptian admiral who commanded her awaited the travelling party on the bridge.

We all grew extremely fond of our active and able commander, a pure dark-brown African. Unfortunately, he only spoke a few words of English, in addition to Eastern languages, and so our conversations were often very comic, between the aid of the interpreters and our own well-devised signs.

Brugsch Pasha, the renowned Egyptologist, accompanied us likewise on our voyage up the Nile, and stood, together with Herr Ráth (the consular assistant and Eastern scholar to whom we were so much indebted in all our wanderings

in the East), on the deck of the large and most comfortably equipped yacht of the Viceroy.

The several cabins were very snug. The last, a large room, was assigned to me; above, on the deck, was a spacious dining-room, in which we also passed our forenoons and hours of study.

Above the deck was a platform covered with canvas, from which one obtained an extensive view. Up there we placed the numerous skins of the beasts and birds we had captured, and there, too, we rigged up a workshop for the skin-dresser and his affairs.

On this charming vessel we were to pass a succession of glorious never-to-be-forgotten days. On the yellow waters of the old historic stream, we traversed the land on which rests the magic charm of a thousand years of ancient civilization—where, amidst scenes of the utmost beauty, lofty mountains, majestic deserts, and luxuriant gardens, the most ancient monuments of the world's history lift their grey indestructible summits.

A voyage on the Nile is indisputably one of the most beautiful which can be undertaken, and the richest in picturesque, historic, and ethnographic interest and acquisition. If the Pyramids of Ghizeh and the Egyptian antiquities in the neighbourhood of Cairo enchant the traveller and stimulate inquiry, they are but a foretaste of the rich treasures which Upper Egypt offers.

In the vast halls of the temples, the mysterious crypts, and labyrinthine tombs stretching into the rocks, we look upon the records of the social and political existence of a people who flourished thousands of years ago, attaining

UP THE NILE.

power and true culture. Yonder walls are adorned with the hieroglyphical inscriptions which unfold the tale of the days of the Pharaohs.

At sunrise, when our attendants and the luggage had come on board, we began our voyage. The Nile itself maintains pretty much the same character throughout its course. The broad, yellow mass of waters moves slowly through the land. Level shores with far-stretching sand-banks, and high broken banks with dark rich soil, and provided with pumps and water-wheels, follow each other in pretty regular alternation.

The grey mountains of Arabia, and the orange ones of Libya, each of them lofty and fine in form, betoken the completely barren character of the desert. They approach in many places close to the stream, and again retreating, form wide basins of arable land. A like regular alternation of narrow gorges and broad plains, bounded only by distant hills, is found through the whole of Upper Egypt.

The breadth of the tilled land, which runs along the banks of the river like a green ribbon, varies with the distance of the mountains and of the desert. Palm forests of almost tropical richness are interspersed with the yellow sugar-cane, green bean and waving corn fields.

Everywhere the land is intersected with water channels and gutters, into which, in time of low water, the water is raised by innumerable contrivances of the most primitive kind.

The creaking noises of the water-wheels, turned by buffaloes, which go on night and day, are, together with the naked brown fellaheen, who stand along the banks to

distribute the life-giving water, which they draw with a big spoon-shaped implement from the channels, distinguishing features of the Nile.

We glide along past towns and villages. Light-green palms, soaring minarets, and broad towered dove-cotes are the features of the clay-built, earth-coloured villages, whose ruinous disorder has an unmistakably picturesque character. Innumerable kites hover about the human habitations; the yelp of dogs, the bellowing of buffaloes, donkeys, and camels, the screams of Arabs and the wailing sound of the water-wheels, dust, dirt, and disorder, are the customary accessories.

Great vultures stand on the long sand-banks, and white carrion vultures beside carcases which have floated to the surface. Flights of cranes, storks, spoonbills, grey herons, pelicans, and Nile geese, together with numerous kinds of ducks, give movement to the scene. On the broken ground of the banks the spurred-peewit, water-wagtails, grey-fishers, swallows, and an army of small sand-birds disport themselves. The Europeans fire from every steamer and every dahabiya on all the water-fowl which are here in their winter quarters. No very productive sport can therefore be expected by shooting from the deck, for at the sight of a vessel in the far distance the frightened birds take flight.

We came past the township of Abu Tîg, where the mountains recede and leave space for a well-cultivated plain; but immediately after the lofty Gebel-Shêch-Haûde, pierced with ancient quarries and pits, advances to the very edge of the stream.

The steamer stopped, and a boat approached. I asked what it meant, and learnt to my no small surprise that among these bare desert mountains, in a keep high above the Nile, dwells a Moslem saint, a so-called Sheik, who claims a toll. The vessel which should pass by regardless of this due, is sure, according to popular belief, to be shipwrecked on its way. The honest skipper who pays is attended on his voyage by the pious prayers of the saintly beggar.

We now passed in quick succession the towns of Tachta, Faubâs, and Shidawin, and the beautifully situated large town of Sohâg, with its picturesque houses and minarets.

One lovely picture follows another; magnificent mountains with steep cliffs pass, to give place to palm forests and motley towns. Smoking comfortably, talking, or reading, one sits upon deck enjoying the pure air cooled by the river, the balmy odours of African vegetation, and the beneficent sunbeams. From time to time a shot is fired at water-birds in the distance, but almost always without effect. It is an indolent life, but interesting and instructive.

In the afternoon we passed the considerable town of El-Achmîm, standing amongst palm-trees, and in the evening the beautiful and wealthy town of Girgeh opened on our view, well placed as it is on a high bank above the Nile, at a sharp turn of the river.

A fine sunset gilded the landscape. Everything, mountain, stream, wood, town, and fields, was bathed in a wealth of colour, the effect and power of which it is impossible to describe.

The famous evening lights at Cairo are dim compared to those which the sun sheds in Upper Egypt. The nearness of the tropic of Cancer, the boundary of the tropics, makes itself felt in everything and by everybody. We came to at the landing-stage of Girgeh, below the high and dusty bank, to remain for the night.

After dinner, in pursuance of an invitation from our consular agent, a wealthy Copt, we landed, climbing the steep bank by a ladder. A motley crowd of inquisitive Orientals surrounded us.

Passing through a narrow street, consisting of the usual Egyptian brown clay houses, adorned with Arab decorations, and a very poor bazaar, we soon reached the agent's residence.

Up a steep narrow staircase we found the half-European and half-Eastern rooms. The perfume of attar of roses, Turkish divans, no chairs, coffee, scented cigarettes, bare walls, and the most extraordinary medley of rich Eastern stuffs—Oriental articles, combined with the most tasteless efforts to seem European—are characteristic of the fittings of the apartments of wealthy Easterns.

We had scarcely seated ourselves and begun to smoke, when a band of musicians appeared. The performers were four old worn-out looking Arabs, with big turbans and ample blue robes. The instruments were very primitive —a wooden fife, a tin tamtam, a drum-like looking article, and a fiddle resembling our south-Sclavonic "gusla."

In every land where Islam has ever ruled you find these ridiculous musical instruments, the monotonous rhythm, the peculiar nasal twang, the general, and at times

wild, confusion of sounds, passing back after a few joyful chords into gloomy tones again.

In the south of Spain, where Moors abound, I heard, especially amongst the gipsies, the same concerts; and the music with which the southern Sclaves accompany their gloomy songs of heroes, as they squat in winter evenings round the fire, and dream of the long-past days of Kraljewic Marko, is in its essential form the same as the wild strains which in Girgeh summoned to the merry dance.

The first notes resounded, and the dancers appeared in their long, tight-fitting, bright garments, with slender figures, their coin necklaces round their necks, and their faces, as a matter of course, unveiled. A pretty Mooress and a pale Circassian contrasted with the others, who represented the pure fellaheen type. The features—the wide nostrils, the low forehead, the sharply defined nose, and the small mouth—are the same that we see in the characteristic likenesses of the ancient Egyptians.

These dancers are a hereditary caste, despised by the devout Moslems. They were banished from Lower Egypt because of their dangerously seductive and irregular lives. Now they frequent all the towns of Upper Egypt, to which part of the country they originally belonged.

They generally live all together in remote quarters of the town, and exhibit themselves for money among the poorer classes of the population, and before curious strangers. They are also a good deal employed in the houses of the wealthy, where, after feasts and banquets, while the pleasant chibouk and nargili are smoked, the bee-dance is considered a great attraction.

The dance begins with circling, bending, and many not ungraceful movements, but propriety forbids my describing its further course. It is an orgy which, according to my impression, has been handed down from times abounding in degenerate and sickly forms of the imagination.

After a short stay, we returned through the town to our ship to seek our well-earned rest.

The vessel got under way at daybreak, and in the early forenoon we lay to beside the beautiful palm forest of the unimportant clay-built village of Belianeh.

We landed without delay, and, beset with gazers, mounted our small badly equipped donkeys and rode through the palm groves and gardens, past the village, out into the plain.

A tolerably broad margin of tilled land extends at this place on both sides of the Nile. The view parallel to the stream is closed, here as everywhere in Upper Egypt, by the lofty chains of the two mountain ranges. The road led among sugar-canes, bean and corn fields, copses of small palms and sycamores, towards the Libyan mountains.

On the green meadows there was much stir. The industrious population were busy labouring, ploughing, or tending large flocks. With every day of advance on a Nile journey one notices that the skin of the people grows darker and their dress more primitive.

We saw for the first time the handsome bushy palm, a tree belonging to the interior of Africa.

At the sharply defined end of the tilled land and the beginning of the desolate barren desert lies the dingy, dirty village of Arabât-el-Madfûne, within a small palm

wood. Great dove-cotes are the sole possession of the poor inhabitants, and thousands of half-wild wood-pigeons hover round in the vicinity of their dwellings.

In Egypt, wherever the land rises above the level of the Valley of the Nile, so that the waters of the stream do not overflow it, there begins at once the full, complete barrenness of the desert.

This observation could be verified here at the last houses of Arabât-el-Madfûne. From the richest green of African verdure you step abruptly, without any transition, on to the dazzling white sand of the desert.

The very interesting field of the ruins of Abydus, whose well-preserved remains and walls rich in paintings amaze and delight the traveller, lies among stones and rubbish a few hundred yards from the village.

With a touch, as it were, you find yourself in the midst of a long bygone age, whose fairest memorials have been preserved uninjured for us by the beautiful, sunny, and ever-dry climate of Upper Egypt.

From the time of the sixth dynasty (about 3300 B.C.) a spot close on the edge of the desert, whose ancient name was Abidu, came to be regarded as the consecrated burying-place of Osiris of Upper Egypt. Hence the natural desire of the old Egyptians to find on this spot, in the sand of the desert, their last abode. Numerous chapels of private persons and magnificent temples to individual kings of the country rose around on the desert soil, and attracted visitors to pay pious honours to the good Osiris, king of the dead, and to the memory of the departed. The temples of King Seti I. (1360

B.C.) and of his son and successor Ramses II. (1300 B.C.) are the most conspicuous of the buildings which the ravages of time have, at least in part, spared. The temple of the first-named king is especially marvellous from the beauty of the paintings, and hieroglyphic inscriptions which cover its walls and pillars, and which belong to the most perfect period of Egyptian art. The same temple has obtained special celebrity for its list of kings, which gives the names of seventy-seven of the Pharaohs in succession from Mena, the first king (Menes of the Greeks), to Ramses II., and is now the invaluable basis of all researches in the domain of old Egyptian history.

The second funeral temple, built by Ramses II., lies to the north of the first. It is less well preserved than the other, but its remains, consisting of fine-grained limestone and blocks of alabaster and granite, retain on their smooth surfaces numerous painted representations and inscriptions, which are of the highest value for the history, geography, and mythology of ancient Egypt. A number of gravestones from the Necropolis of Abydus have found their way to Vienna.

While we were examining the halls and chambers of the temples I saw some vultures from the adjacent desert mountains pass over our heads and circle high in the air. We instantly resolved to entice these great birds of prey, and now the question was where to find a favourable place on which to lay the carrion out.

Behind the temples are some high piles of rubbish and heaps of stones, from which one obtains an unimpeded view over the broad desert plain stretching from the

TEMPLE AT ABYDUS.

edge of the tilled land to the foot of the mountains with their beautiful outlines and lofty summits. I proceeded to roam over this plain in quest of a suitable spot, and in doing so lighted on remains of old walls and half-ruined graves—a field of the dead within a few hundred paces of the temple.

In the days of the Roman emperors a legion had perished here of disease and privation. The bodies of the Roman warriors still lie unburied in wild confusion. One may speak literally of *bodies*, for the African sun, the burning sand, and the air devoid of all deposit, have preserved the corpses and converted them into natural mummies. I came upon bodies, arms, legs, and hands on which brown dessicated flesh still hung. A grinning skull with its scalp and the dark folds of flesh on the cheeks especially excited my attention. Another, which was less appalling, I took with me as a memorial. One actually waded through skeletons and dust. It was a picture of the desert—the dazzling white plain, the sand which burnt the feet, the bleaching bones around, the trail of jackal and hyæna, the bald-headed vultures soaring above, and in the background the high and absolutely barren cliffs of the desert mountains. No blade of grass gladdened the eye, nothing tempered the fierce reflection of the burning sun on the white and yellow masses of stone, and the waste of sand rising in sharp outlines against the deep-blue sky. There is an undeniable poetry in these monotonous but majestic scenes. At last I found a low hill which appeared to offer the desired cover for our unobserved approach, and so I

quickly led a sheep to the spot, stabbed it, disembowelled it as a first dainty morsel for the vultures, and hastened back to my companions at the temple.

After we had thoroughly examined all the monuments, we eat the breakfast we had brought with us in one of the ancient halls. Our meal was scarcely finished before Hoyos and I were again under way to pay a visit to the dead sheep. We had not quite come within firing distance when a very cautious vulture perceived our approach, and with a rushing flap of his wings, rose from the ground. At least twenty of his unwieldly comrades followed him. Hoyos was so fortunate as to bring down a large white-headed vulture from among the mass. I was less skilful, and only hit a very large specimen, which, badly wounded, flew low across the plain. The ravenous creatures had severely handled the poor sheep; only his fleece and some mutilated morsels remained.

After this hunting intermezzo was over, we returned to the other gentlemen, and went with them towards the village, where we paid a visit to a blind peasant. This worthy man is one of the wealthiest householders of the place, and carries on besides a traffic in Egyptian antiquities, which he, in defiance of law, has dug up in and around the temples. Under Brugsch Pasha's directions we bought some of the better things, and had at the same time the opportunity of noticing the very primitive, not to say dirty, arrangements of the abode of a denizen of the Valley of the Nile.

From Arâbat-el-Madfûne we rode back across country

A FELLAHEEN VILLAGE WITH DOVECOTES.

to Belianeh, hunting as we went. Sundry small creatures were shot. We were especially interested by the Glide eagle—an African bird of prey with blue and white plumage, which frequents in considerable numbers the palm-groves and draw-wells.

In the afternoon we returned to the steamer, and were able to pursue our course up the stream for two hours before darkness set in. There was little variety in the view, but the fine evening and a beautiful sunset furnished us not only with glowing effects of colour, but also with the opportunity of making some interesting ethnographical observations. At sun-down the fellaheen drive their camels, buffaloes, asses, goats, and flocks to drink for the last time. The population crowds to the river bank: men and women perform, in the manner handed down from past ages, the rites of washing enjoined in the Koran; the graceful female water-bearers draw in clay pitchers, which have remained unchanged in form and material since the days of the Pharaohs, fresh Nile water for evening use; the thin blue skirts which have dipped in the stream cling to their figures and reveal their elegant outlines. Their large black eyes gaze sadly into the curling wave, and their partly opened mouths breathe melancholy songs. These are the very same people whom we saw pictured on the walls of the temples, and to us it seems as though the graves must have opened to allow the subjects of the Pharaohs to return to the banks of the holy river.

We lay to at a small village, and after a pleasant

evening on the steamer, passed the night there. At daybreak on the 2nd of March we continued our voyage, and spent the forenoon on deck, watching the beautiful but not very varied landscape. Green fields, groves of dom and date palms, some small towns, and the mountains which hem in the valley glided past us in unbroken uniformity. On the long sand-banks there was, however, this morning unusual animation. Great flights of pelicans, herons, and geese were seen; and my huntsman maintained confidently that he had seen a crocodile.

At noon we reached Keneh, a tolerably sized town of houses built of clay, and adorned with a high minaret. We landed on the broken ground of the opposite western bank of the Libyan coast. Here we mounted on donkeys, and riding past a graceful palm grove beside a very poor looking village, in whose gardens the disgusting carrion vultures were sitting on the dung-heaps, as though they were domestic fowls, soon reached the well-tilled plain.

The Nile here makes a bend and approaches very near the Libyan mountains. The border of cultivation is consequently very narrow, and after half an hour's ride we reached the great and famous temple of Dendera. Like the ruins of Abydus, it lies close to the margin of the tilled land, but is itself on desert sand.

I cannot do better on this occasion than avail myself of the words of my friend Brugsch.

"Dendera is the modern name of a much-visited temple on the western bank of the Nile, opposite to the town of Keneh, *i.e.* Cænepolis = new town, of the Greek geographers, which finds its full equivalent in the ancient name

A NILE SCENE.

Tantare. This well-preserved sanctuary, which was dedicated to the goddess Hathor, the Venus of the Egyptians, dates from the latest age of the Ptolemies and the first of the rule of the Roman emperors over Egypt. Its importance lies in the knowledge it affords of the plan and of the separate parts of an ancient Egyptian temple of great extent.

"If we take the similar and even more completely carried-out design of the Temple of Edfu to our aid, we find that the separate parts come in the following order:—

"1. Two tower-like wings in front of the temple, with the chief entrance or portal between them. Two obelisks and the colossal statue of the royal founder to the right and left of the gate made an imposing foreground in front of the vast flat mass of the two wings.

"2. The open court, with a pillared corridor—the so-called peristyle.

"3. The vestibule, with its half-open façade in front, whose characters the temples of Dendera very distinctly exhibit. Astronomical pictures and suitable inscriptions adorn the ceilings of this chamber.

"4. The banquet hall, with chambers to the right and left.

"5. The hall of sacrifice, with side rooms.

"6. The central room, also with small rooms.

"7. The adytum, or holiest of holies, stood in the middle of the innermost part of the temple, like a temple within a temple. Within it was a stone chapel containing the image of the deity of the shrine, and also the consecrated boats, in which the images of the gods were borne on the shoulders of the priests at the great festi-

vals. The adytum was separated by a special passage or corridor from the smaller rooms, of which the most important was the chamber lying immediately behind it. It formed the primal part of every temple, the axis of the whole structure passing exactly through its centre.

"From the vestibule you ascended terrace-wise to each of the succeeding rooms. The plan of the Temple of Solomon, with its colonnades, courts, vestibules, holy place (hall of sacrifice), and holiest of holies (with the ark of the covenant), corresponds accurately in construction to the Egyptian temple architecture."

By torchlight we examined all the rooms of the great building, the narrow crypts, stairs, and passages. I remained for a long time in the vast dark, pillar-supported hall. The colossal, grey, unpainted masses of stone, adorned with the richest hieroglyphics, recall the days that are past. One can imagine no more vivid memorial of ancient times than this temple of Dendera, in its mysterious beauty. In spirit one saw the priests of this mighty cultus move along in their long white robes, with their curled black beards and high caps, bearing sacrifices to the all-powerful goddess of the ancient realm of the Nile.

In the desolate corridor the bats now dwell in incredible numbers, and in the great hall sat an owl, while on the cornice a pair of ravens had built their nest. I shot the large jet-black female just as she was flying out through the door.

From the flat roof of the temple we had a beautiful

DENDERA.

distant view of the Nile and the green cultivated land on the one side, and on the other of the vast desert and the towering mountains beyond. It was a solemn picture—the grey ruins, the desolate desert, the lonely mountains; nothing green, not even a ray of sunlight to gladden the eye.

The brightness of the sky and the glory of colouring were absent on that afternoon. Everything lay in grey shadows, and the sky was darkened, not with clouds—for these are unknown in Upper Egypt—but with heavy exhalations and masses of dust, which, combined with the oppressive languor of the air, are the first indications of the approaching champsin, the dreaded storm of the desert.

We returned in the evening to our ship, hunting as we went along, and passed the night on board at the same station. Early in the morning the steamer proceeded. A heavy champsin storm was raging in the valley, the sand-clouds of the Sahara shrouding the mountains like mist.

The sun appeared as a red disc—its beams were unable to pierce the floods of dust. Everything was covered with sand, which penetrated even into the closed cabins of our steamer, and was a horrible nuisance. A depressing heavy air pervaded the otherwise so beautiful scene, and we contemplated with astonishment this, for us, novel aspect of nature.

Pelicans, sundry water-fowl, and some cumbrous water-eagles were fired at vainly from a great distance. We passed some towns, among them those of Kuft and Kus.

The character of the country remained the same; only the receding mountains made way for the much-praised plain of Thebes, famous even in the history of antiquity for its riches and cultivation.

At twelve we came to the landing-place of the rather important town of Luxor. A mail steamer and several dahabiyas belonging to European travellers were at the pier. The modern Luxor, a genuine Arab clay-built town, stands in the middle of, and is partly built against, the ruins of the old Egyptian monuments. On both sides of the Nile the land is covered to a considerable distance with the remains of the hundred-gated Thebes, and on the Libyan bank they extend into the mountains.

We landed at once on arriving, climbed up the steep sandy bank, and on the primitive Place in front of the dirty little Hôtel Luxor, hired some donkeys, on which we rode through the narrow streets of the town, passing a simple and very unsavoury bazaar, rich however in interest, owing to the various types of people frequenting it, and came to the quarter of the town inhabited by none but dancers. Luxor is known for its store of "Ghawazi"—the chief settlement of those despised outcasts. Beyond the last houses, in sand and dirt, a gipsy camp had been pitched.

We soon reached the open country, and trotted on merrily among palm woods and well-cultivated fields along a dyke.

From afar we could see the lofty gates, pillars, and walls of the famous ruins of Karnak. They stand on the

KARNAK.

cultivated land, beside a luxuriant palm wood. This tree of the south, the emblem of Africa, in combination with the dazzling white monuments which only the imagination of the most highly cultivated Eastern race could have created, makes an impressive picture.

A small village and a young plantation of trees stand at the entrance of the ruins. A flock of lively blue-faced bee-birds, with their butterfly motion, were whirring round, and we shot several of these beautiful African birds for the sake of their plumage.

Let us quote the words of Brugsch Pasha, who guided us with learning and taste through those most wondrous remains of long-forgotten times—the glorious ruins of Karnak.

"The temple of Karnak, formerly joined to Luxor by a Sphinx avenue of extraordinary length, is a grand whole, consisting of buildings of various epochs of Egyptian history. Every king almost, within a period of seventeen hundred years, felt it incumbent upon him to immortalize himself by a building of his own. In this wise the history of the empire for all these centuries is embodied in this imperial temple. The most eminent founders of these buildings were the following Pharaohs:—(1) Thotmosis III. and his sister Hatchop (*circa* 1600 B.C.), to whom the existing obelisks of Karnak owe their existence. The victorious campaigns of the first-named in Asia and Africa are commemorated in rich drawings and inscriptions, and to these science owes important information respecting the history and the geographical knowledge of that epoch. (2) Seti I. (1360 B.C.), the founder of the

great hall of the temple, supported by 134 pillars, whose sculpture and decoration recall the finished style of the temple of Abydus. On the northern external wall the scenes depicted from the wars of the king with the Arabian and Syrian people, as well as the representation of his return to Egypt, are of the highest historical value. (3) Ramses II. (Sesostris), completed the corridor of pillars just mentioned after the death of his father and predecessor, Seti I. On the southern external wall are recorded the illustrated descriptions of the battles of this Pharaoh with the King of Heth and his Asiatic allies.

"Of the smaller buildings the most noticeable are the edifices and inscriptions of the so-called hall of Bubastis (966 to 800 B.C.), as on its external wall the king, Shashank I. (the King Shishak of the Bible), has immortalized his campaign against the realm of Judah from an Egyptian point of view. To the south of the great temple of Karnak, in the direction of the river, lies the fairly preserved temple of the lunar god Chousu (a son of Amon, and of his divine consort, Mut), a work of King Ramses III. (1200 B.C.), with an imposing Pylon (gate) in front of it from the days of the Ptolemies. The Chousu temple also marks the fall of the last of the Pharaohs of the house of Ramses. The high priests of Amon, Hirhor at their head, obtained political supremacy in Thebes, and put themselves in the place of the legitimate kings. With this the glory of Thebes came to an end, and a period of contest and civil war commenced.

"A special sanctuary, in a southern direction from Karnak, was also dedicated to Mut, the wife of Amon, the

TEMPLE AT KARNAK.

Egyptian Zeus, in the neighbourhood of a lake which still exists.

"The statues of the Egyptian Juno, all of black granite, furnished with the lion's head, and representing the goddess in the sitting posture of a queen, were placed around the consecrated fountain, and even now lie scattered about, some of them in their old places. The best preserved of them have been transferred, many years since, to the various museums of Europe."

After we had rambled through the vast halls and the forest of ruins and pillars, we returned by the same road to Luxor. In the middle of the town, literally wedged in between the monuments of antiquity, stands the house of the English consular agent—an elderly, well-to-do Arab. The wily old fellow, in half-European costume, received us in the most friendly manner, and offered for sale Egyptian antiquities at exorbitant prices.

We purchased some pretty pieces, drank the inevitable ceremonial cup of coffee, and then continued our inspection of the ruins in the interior of the town. I will once more let Brugsch speak in my stead.

"Thebes was from the middle of the twenty-fifth century B.C., for full seventeen hundred years, the brilliant capital of the Egyptian Empire, its fame being deemed worthy even of the song of Homer. The town was divided by the Nile into two quarters, as stated in numerous inscriptions, and in accordance with the still extant remains of old buildings. The two quarters together were covered by the name of Uas or Pi Amon—the city of Amon, the Diospolis of the Greeks. The part

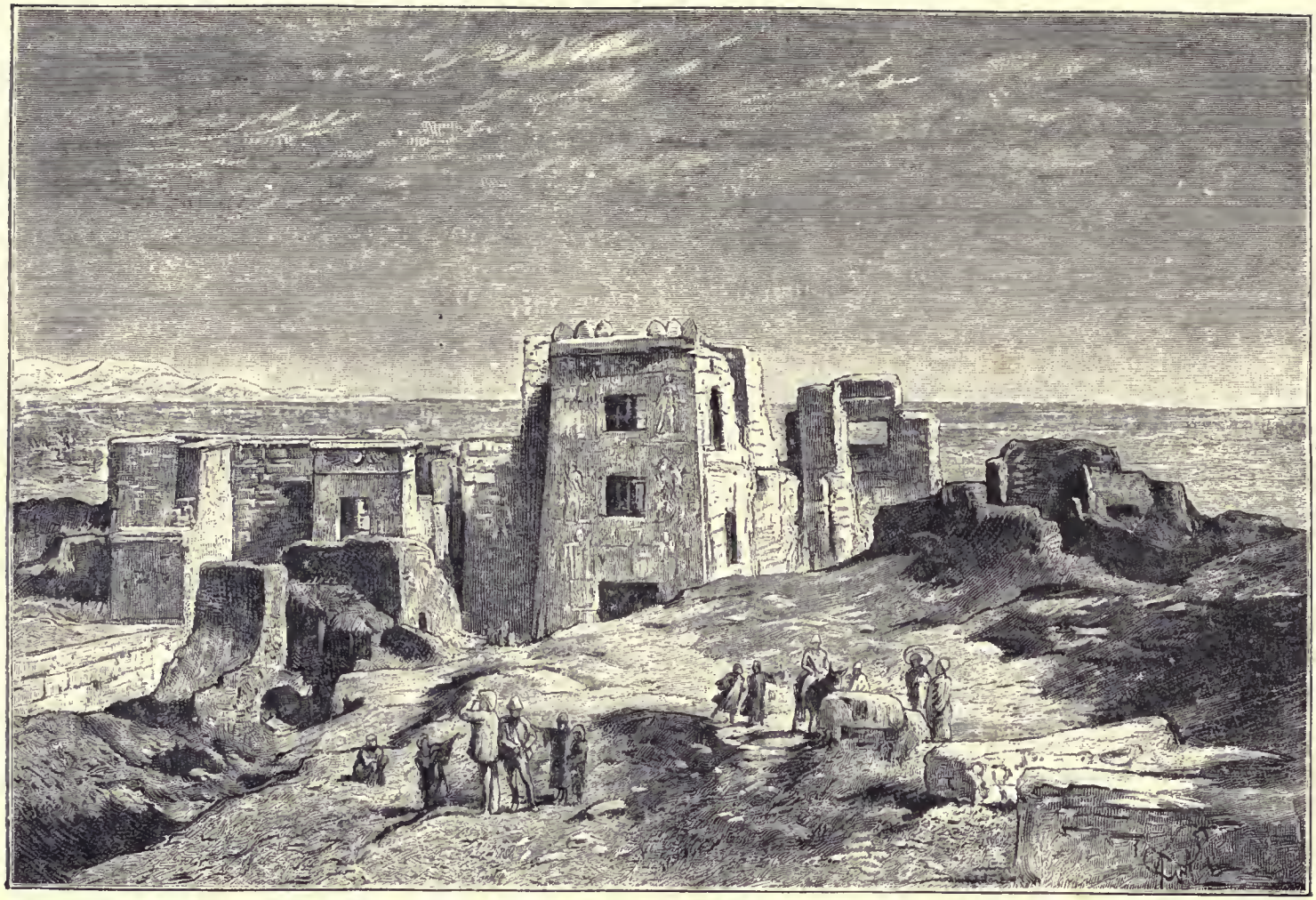
of the town on the eastern bank of the river bore the special name of Api, or with the article T-api, whence the Greek name Thebai = Thebæ, has originated.

"The ruins remaining on this side, which have been christened by the modern Egyptian inhabitants, El-Lugsor (*i.e.* the castles, usually written Luxor), and Karnak elicit even now the liveliest admiration. In Luxor the buildings of King Amenophis III. (1566 B.C.), and northwards those of Ramses II. (Sesostris), are pre-eminently to be noted. The front side of the wing of the Pylon of the temple of Ramses is decorated with a representation of the battle of Radosh, on the Orontes, in which Ramses obtained a notable victory over the King of the Hethites and his allies. Only one of the two obelisks (the eastern) has maintained its old position. The enormous dimensions of the colossal sitting statues of this king can now only be gathered from the heads which project from the ground."

While we were looking at the various monuments the greedy Arabs flocked round us from the streets with small (but, according to Brugsch Pasha, mostly forged) relics, professedly taken from the excavations, and pressed them on us in the most annoying way. We had to defend ourselves with the utmost vigour against the pushing, screaming, violently gesticulating crowd.

In a side street we found a group of Ababdehs. This is a very interesting race, not in the least Arab, and of a character wholly foreign to the Semitic no less than to the negro type.

They are held to be descendants of some remote Asiatic



race, who in the earliest days of migration—those of the Kushites—took the southern line in these wanderings of nations, and, following the coast of the Indian Ocean and the southern frontier of Arabia, arrived in Africa. These remarkable clans settled in Abyssinia and beyond it, in the territory of the Somals, and up to Assuan, and even Thebes.

The Ababdehs in particular form even now a rigidly separated class, which inhabits the mountains east of the Nile, between the river and the Red Sea, beginning at Thebes and extending southwards beyond Assuan. They are a poor mountain people, who live in the wild ravines of the desert mountains, and have maintained their type unchanged, remaining at the very lowest stage of development.

They are savages, untamed, in the full sense of the word. The copper-coloured skin, the slender figure, and the delicate features tell of their Indian origin. Their hair is black, but disfigured by greasy unguents and plaiting into various horned points supported on pieces of wood, to such a degree that it is impossible to detect its original character. Their clothing consists of some dirty, scanty rags wound closely round the body.

They all wore roughly made ear and arm rings, indeed one little boy had a nose ring. Their arms, old swords—among them a European blade, a knightly weapon from the times of the Crusaders—wooden clubs, primitive javelins, leather shields, arrows, bows and quivers, claimed special attention; but they would not readily sell any of them, and it needed the intervention of Abd-el-Kader Pasha to procure the whole lot for me.

It was a lucky chance that led to our meeting the Ababdehs in Thebes, for they seldom come to the fairs in this town. In Assuan we were to learn to know them better.

After this interesting episode the travelling party divided. The Grand Duke and I rode out again to Karnak to hunt wild beasts in the evening, while the other gentlemen remained in Luxor. An Arab hunter, Chalil by name, guided us to the vicinity of the ruins of Karnak. Just by the first houses of the little village we turned into the fields, and soon reached a sand-hill, on which stood the grave of an old Mohammedan sheik.

We were posted by the Arab at two different points, in the shade of a small palm-grove, with instructions to have our guns ready and wait in absolute stillness for coming events. The champsin had fallen in the afternoon, and a beautiful evening followed the bad day. The sun went down gloriously, steeping the wide Theban plain, the mountains of the desert—specially lofty here—and the magnificent ruins of Karnak, in the most glowing colours. A gentle breeze moved the tops of the palms, the luxuriant plants gave forth balsamic odours, the doves cooed plaintively among the shrubs, the stillness of all around was a sedative to me, and I went fast asleep. Suddenly Chalil, who was lurking hard by, shook me roughly, and told me in sharp tones that I had missed a jackal which had marched by. It had meanwhile grown dark, and the Grand Duke and I set out on our return.

On the way back across the fields I perceived the form of a beast passing rapidly. I fired on chance, and found, to

my great joy, that a jackal was my prey. With this valuable booty we soon reached the place where the asses were waiting, and trotted back to our steamer very contentedly.

Following the advice of Chalil, some of us started next morning, long before sunrise, and rode across country past the ruins of Karnak, to a pond where the great beasts of prey are wont to drink daily at twilight.

The way was long and the stillness of death reigned in the vast plain—only now and then the howl of jackals or the bark of the half-savage dogs broke the stillness of the night.

At last we reached the pond, or, to describe it more truly, the water left behind in a ditch by the overflow of the Nile. Chalil placed the guns quickly, and we watched with the keenest attention until the sun rose golden red over the Arabian Nile. Nothing had been seen but one jackal, which Herr Ráth had let slip.

The brief transition from night, through twilight, to sunrise was rich in variety of effect and glow of colour, with a magic which only the interior of Africa can display.

Many birds of all kinds came to water, and so we resolved to pass the forenoon in sport. We killed plenty of small game, amongst them several kinds of quail, a great abundance of which find winter quarters here. Rambling over the fields we reached the ruins of Karnak. Several of the gentlemen now returned to Luxor, while I remained behind, choosing an ambush among the ruins to watch near carrion for the great vulture. Unfortunately, only kite and carrion vultures appeared, at which I would not fire.

The day was ill-suited to this kind of sport, for thick clouds of sand filled the air, hiding even the nearer mountains from view. The champsin had returned in the morning with renewed violence. I soon quitted my old Egyptian ambush, and went to a small reservoir of water, bordered with slabs of stone, which lies within the ruins and is of ancient date. Several snipe and sand-pipers, probably overcome by fatigue on the journey, sat pitifully on the bare stones. A brief crusade put an end to their troubled existence.

I now rode by the nearest path back to Luxor and the steamer. We had planned for the afternoon a first visit to the monuments on the western shore, but were obliged to change our plans because of the steadily growing storm which raged, and we resolved to pursue our further journey next day, and to reserve the west side of Thebes until our return from the cataracts.

The afternoon was spent partly on board and partly in Luxor itself. I went with Brugsch Pasha to visit the German consular agent, a Copt, and a dealer in Egyptian antiquities. We found he had better things than his English colleague of the preceding day. We bought several valuable articles and put them on board the steamer, where an Egyptian museum was growing apace.

On the 5th we proceeded on our voyage at sunrise. By the advice of some Europeans in Luxor we resolved to stop at the neighbouring village of Erment, known for its sugar factory and its extensive sugar-cane plantations, and to devote some hours to hunting there.

After a two hours' voyage we had reached our point.

Some Frenchmen, officials of the factory, which is arranged entirely on European plans, received us most kindly, placed as many labourers at our service as were required to beat the sugar-cane thickets, and had a train got ready at once for our railway journey.

Passing through an avenue of fine sycamores and by the factory, in a few minutes we reached the little station of the short line of rails which connects the factory with the largest plantations.

The next thing was to collect the beaters. A troop of fellaheen coming from the factory were soon got together, and straightway packed into the waggons used for transporting sugar-cane. We placed ourselves in the last of these, and started for the plain, leaving behind us the pretty gardens of the officials, and then an exceedingly miserable fellaheen village, with a small palm wood.

After a short journey the train stopped. A narrow strip of tilled land is all that separates the Nile from the desert region, which here comes close up to it.

The nearest field of sugar-cane was to be beaten, but unluckily the plantations were too thick and too big. The beat was unsuccessful, and only one wolf appeared, which escaped from his hiding-place unharmed. We soon recognized the fruitlessness of our endeavours and returned to our train. On our way through the little village already mentioned I shot from the waggon a carrion vulture, which was sitting with others of its kind beside a clay cottage.

In the garden of one of the French officials we were shown several jackal and, as the good people supposed, wolf dens. An attempt to get the dachshunds in was

fruitless, and we returned, after but a short absence, to our steamer.

Erment has played its part in antiquity. In Greek its name is Hermonthis; in old Egyptian, Anmonth. Lying on the west bank of the Nile, and southward from Thebes, this town, with its temples dedicated to the god Month (the last of which fell a prey but a few years back to Egyptian barbarism), had the character of one of the most holy places.

After the political decline of the old imperial city of Thebes, Erment became the metropolis of the Thebais, and was the actual seat of government of the Greco-Roman authorities for this part of Upper Egypt. The fragments of a column of black granite found on the bank at Erment are now in the Imperial collection at Vienna.

The translation by Brugsch Pasha of the black granite tablet of Erment of the time of King Amenophis II. (circa 1560 B.C.—a repetition of the same inscription is in thetemple of Amada, in Nubia) runs as follows :—

"In the year 3, on the 15th day of the month Epiphi, under the government of Horus the mighty and powerful bull, of the possessor of the diadem whose power reaches far, who was crowned in Thebes, of the victorious Horus, who has taken possession by force of all the country, of the divine benefactor, of the Lord who makes rich, of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-ā-cheperu, of the very own son of the Sun-god Ra, who loves him, of the Lord of all people, Amenholp, of the god-like ruler of Hermonthis, of the friend of the great god Chnum of Elephantine.

"The divine benefactor created by Ra (the sun) is a great king from his birth up. Powerful as Horus on the throne of his fathers, the strong-armed has none who is his equal.

"That is a king of a strong hand, whose bow no man can span, neither among his warriors, nor among the princes of the people, nor among the kings of Assyria, for his strength is greater than that of all the kings.

"In his wrath he is like the leopard. If he tread the battlefield there is none that will meet him. Victorious in battle he is a bulwark for Egypt. Strong in courage he waits in the defile the hour of plunder.

"His adversaries flee before him, for his power is outstretched over all people, with their mighty men and horses, and if his foes came in millions he need not fear the God of whose path is Amon. If he is on an expedition forthwith man's strength takes possession of his body, and he is like to the God Chim (Pan) in time of terror, and no man can save himself from his arm. He had the Semites to his adversaries, and the nine peoples of the same, but all the peoples and the countries became his servants.

"They that hated the king have become subject to his magic powers, yea to the very last of them. His hands give wounds, and no arm can stay him—only in his breath is life. The King of kings, the Prince of princes has brought hither the inhabitants of the utmost ends of the earth.

"He is the only one, and a champion for those who extol him and acknowledge him as a sun in the heavens.

"His glance is terrible in the day of battle. No

bounds are set to him to the number of the people. The strangers unite, they fall to the ground at the heat, for his mouth is like a consuming fire. None of them escape; they who fall do not arise. They are like the adversaries of Bast (Diana) on the way of . . .

"But Amon gives health and blessing to him who confesses that he is his son, sprung from one body with him, to rule whatever the sun encompasses, the people and countries of the earth. As soon as he beholds them, they are his possession through conquest and mighty strength.

"That is the king who finds pleasure in his heart for the works of the gods, the building of their temples, the setting up of their images, in the increase of fresh sacrifices, bread and beer in abundance, doves and winged fowl for to-day and daily for ever. Of oxen and goats in their season (the festivals) there is no lack.

"He gives the Temple to his Lord (*i.e.* the Temple of Elephantine to the god Chnum), provided with all things, oxen, and calves, and fowl in abundance.

"This Temple also is provided for in its greatness with offerings, with bread and beer and wine. That which the Fathers and the Gods long after, he has instituted anew to the admiration of men and the acknowledgment of all people."

This fine and interesting record Brugsch Pasha found while we were hunting, and it was resolved that we should take away the black granite on our return to Erment from Assuan.

We continued our voyage without further delay, and

A CONTESTED MEAL.

soon reached a point where the Nile makes a sharp bend, and the mountains on either side draw closer, till at Gebeleh they fall abruptly to the river in steep cliffs. The picturesquely shaped ravines, rocks, and stony steeps of the barren and lofty Gebel Nisseh mountain of the Arab bank, are particularly fine.

We were on deck, enjoying the beautiful landscape, when I espied a dead buffalo on a sand-bank, surrounded with vultures. With the aid of a telescope I discovered that beside the white-headed vulture, the great blue-headed ear-vulture, a purely African bird, was also there.

Unluckily the timid birds would not let the steamer come within fair shooting distance of them. We stopped at once, and the Grand Duke and I went ashore. Some bushes on the bank gave sufficient cover, and, waiting quietly, we hoped for the return of the magnificent ear-vulture to his interrupted meal.

Nothing came, alas! but a ravenous pair of carrion vultures, of which I shot one with my fowling-piece. At the sound of the gun several inquisitive fellaheen came up (here they are quite dark and almost naked). To them we gave a commission to put some carrion daily in this spot, and in no way to disturb the birds, in the hope that on my return I might try my luck again with the ear-vulture. The worthy people promised, in consideration of a good backsheesh, to comply exactly with our wishes.

We now rowed back to the steamer and continued our voyage without further delay. After we had passed below a bare hill crowned with the monument of an old sheik,

the mountains began to recede, and gradually gave place to the broad and well-tilled plain of Esneh.

By sunset the vessel reached the large town of Esneh, surrounded with palm groves, rich gardens, and shady promenades. We put in at the landing-place and enjoyed from the deck the gay picture of the stir and bustle of Eastern life attracted to the banks by the arrival of the steamer.

The evening was cool and refreshing after the genuine African heat which had followed the champsin. After dinner we landed and were received most kindly by the governor. We rode on donkeys round the outside of the town to the famous temple in its vicinity.

Esneh, the old Egyptian Sini—called Latopolis by the Greeks because of the worship there of the Latus fish—possessed a number of sanctuaries dedicated to the ram-headed god Chnum (the builder), of which the vestibule of one of the largest is now the last relic. It lies half buried in the soil of the modern city.

An ancient Egyptian kalendar on the basis of the Alexandrian year, and the astronomical pictures in the roof, give a special value to this building dating from the Roman empire. By the light of many torches, this temple hall, though belonging, as compared with the other monuments, to recent times, looked exceedingly well, and we remained for a long time in the dark dim chamber, enjoying the interesting scene. On our way back we accepted the invitation of the friendly Mudir (governor), and were soon all sitting in a ground-floor room of the far from handsome Government building. We lay on

divans, smoked pleasantly, and drank coffee, and the first civilities were scarcely over when the doors opened and light-footed maidens came in to dance to appropriate music. The girls here were not beautiful; only one, an Abyssinian, had well-marked features and a dazzling brownish-black complexion. After a short stay we took leave of the Mudir and returned to the steamer.

We began our journey very early on the 6th of March, and soon reached the defile of El-Kab, a beautiful district where the mountains on each side advance to the river in wild and romantic outline.

After this narrow passage the Libyan desert retreats, giving place to the broad and well-cultivated plain of Edfu, while the Arabian mountains still continue to skirt the Nile. The character of the mountains also changes: instead of lofty shapely hills come wild shattered sandstone mountains whose low summits and peaks assume most peculiar shapes.

In the forenoon the vessel reached Edfu. We rode across some fields to the very poor village hard by, and through its dirty narrow streets to where, on its further side, amidst heaps of ruin and rubbish, stands the best-preserved temple of Upper Egypt and one of the finest pieces of architecture of all time.

We at once began our inspection of the building under Brugsch Pasha's guidance. Edfu is the old Egyptian Debu or Edbu, in Greek "Apollonopolis" the Great. The temple of Edfu, justly accounted one of the greatest and most extensive sanctuaries, has existed from antiquity to the present day in wonderful preservation.

The whole arrangement of the temple is carried out on the plan already described, and thus affords to the modern spectator the most faithful picture of temple buildings in the ancient Egyptian times.

This vast shrine was dedicated to Horus, the god of Light, the Egyptian Apollo, whom the inscriptions more precisely describe as the form of the Sun-god for Upper Egypt. Represented with a hawk's head, the god appears triumphing over darkness, symbolized under the form of an untamed hippopotamus. The scenes depicted on the inner side of the western boundary wall represent the battles of the god of Light with darkness and evil, in the moral sense, and recall in their order the well-known twelve labours of Hercules of Greek fable. The richness of the representations and of the inscriptions which clothe all the flat surfaces of the walls and pillars of this temple exceed in the range of their contents all the other monuments of Egypt.

The minuteness of detail with which information is given may fairly be called inexhaustible. It relates to history, geography, ethnography, astronomy, kalendars, architecture and mensuration, to the order of the service of the temple, etc., etc., and, quite apart from the fulness of mythological tradition, would provide material for many a thick volume. The length of the temple at its boundary wall is 433 feet 6 inches; the width of each wing, 100 feet 6 inches; and the height of each, 103 feet.

The court, with its peristyle supported on thirty-three pillars, is picturesque and imposing in effect. The halls, which adjoin in the direction of the axis from south to

THE TEMPLE AT EDFU.

north, follow each other in the prescribed order up to the holy of holies, in which still stands to-day the stone chapel of the divinity, which dates from the times of the last national Pharaoh.

In conclusion, we must note that, according to the inscriptions, the whole building was erected after old designs in the time of the Ptolemaic kings, from the year 237 to 142 B.C., and therefore took ninety-five years to complete.

After we had seen all the parts of the temple we mounted to the flat roof, and enjoyed thence a fine view towards the Nile and the green plain, and across a broad desert, beginning near the temple, to the pyramidal-shaped sandstone mountains beyond it.

As vultures were circling above us, I placed a carcase behind a heap of ruins, and waited on the battlements of the temple the coming of the great birds of prey. Unluckily only carrion vultures came, and I had to content myself with this poor stuff, as time pressed for our voyage. We rode back through the odious village by the same way that we came, to the landing-place.

A few minutes later our ship was steaming up stream. The country continued uniform. The eastern Arab mountains were here of a greyish white, low, and much broken in outline. They came so close to the river as to leave but a very narrow strip of land for cultivation —sometimes none at all.

The western Libyan mountains were also low, and yellowish in colour, and grotesque and wild in shape. South of Edfu they draw constantly nearer to the Nile.

The green land on this side now narrows apace, and offers to sight a luxuriant but sorely neglected soil. Towns are altogether wanting, and villages but very rare.

Great flights of storks passed northwards over the Nile valley. Birds of prey soar aloft or settle on the rocks, and the water-fowl of the river people the occasional sand-banks. In the afternoon the fine rocky defile of Gebel-Selseleh, with the sandstone mountains converging from either side, delights the traveller who gazes from the deck of his ship on this picturesque though stern and gloomy land.

In the evening, at sunset, we reached the northern point of a large richly cultivated island. Taking the eastern arm of the river, we soon saw the small but charmingly placed temple of Kum Ombu. This monument of antiquity is enthroned on the high, steep banks of the river, their declivity clothed with vegetation. The desolate temple is visible from afar, without town or human habitation in the neighbourhood, wedged in between the river and the desert. The desert here advances in the form of a high plateau to the edge of the bushes on the bank. Mountains worthy of the name there are none.

As night was drawing on we lay to below the temple; beside us was a dahabiya occupied by Europeans. The dragoman of this party, the experienced Dalmatian sportsman Paulowich, came on board, and advised us after dinner to take a bleating kid into the temple, and there, hiding ourselves well, to watch for wolves.

No sooner said than done. At nine o'clock Hoyos

KOM OMBU

and I crept up the steep bank, and, groping through the deserted temple, found on its east side a pillar which afforded cover. The wailing kid was tied up a few steps in front, and we watched for two hours with the closest attention. Nothing stirred. It was a weird though beautiful scene. The old temple with its gloomy corridors, the eternal desert unbroken save by a few ruins and stones, and illuminated by the splendid moon of Africa—not the pallid night-lamp moonshine of Europe, but a daylight brilliance by which you could see the smallest pebble, and which gave clear vision not only to the watchful sportsman but also to the artist at his work.

Unfortunately the Europeans from the dahabiya were out hunting near our ambush, and came back past the temple with the cackling hens they had taken with them as decoy; so our best hopes vanished, and we too hastened back to our steamer.

The memory of that moonlight night in Kum Ombu (*i.e.* the hill of Ombu, hieroglyphic Nubi, *i.e.* "the town of gold," Greek Ombos) can never be forgotten, with the extraordinarily picturesque remains of its half-buried temple—the metropolis of the district called later Ombites. Town and temple were hated by other Egyptians, for here Set, the old Egyptian Typhon, was worshipped in one of his chief embodiments. For this reason numerous representations of the crocodile, the animal dedicated to this deity, are found here, and it is also repeatedly mentioned in the inscriptions.

At sunrise we left the beautiful Kum Ombu, and

pursued our voyage towards Assuan. The beautiful scenery kept us on deck. Low but well-shaped hills approached close to the shore on either side, in many places leaving little or no room for tillage. Here and there luxuriant palm groves and thick underwood rejoiced our eyes, and behind rose mountain masses of rocks, heaps of stone, and stratification of the most peculiar kind.

The nearer you approach Assuan, the more the country differs from the previous Nile landscape and the rarer do towns and villages become. Some negro settlements of a tribe that has pushed northward were observed. Some miserable straw huts of tent-like construction stood under lofty date and Dom Theban palms. The blacks had settled themselves in the midst of plenty; it was a picture of African life drawn from the interior as we watched them through our telescopes, coal black and going about in a state of complete nudity among the green trees.

It was towards eleven when the landscape assumed a wilder character. The Nile in front of us appeared to be hemmed in by mountain masses. Blocks of stone, slabs of rock, and *débris* bordered the river, which grew ever narrower. The mountains on the right bank gave place to a lonely, desolate plain, scattered over with blocks of stone, out of which here and there jagged cones projected. On the left bank a tolerably high hill dips its foot in the waves of the Nile. Its summit is crowned by an old building, doubtless of Moslem origin. Soon palms appear, then green gardens, and from their

midst the battlements of the small town of Assuan, compressed between the river and the desert.

Here the river divides into two branches, and the island of Elephantine, known for its tropical vegetation, smiles on our approach. A treacherous circle of black granite reefs surrounds the charming island, and sharp angles of rock rise out of the waters, the first sign of the coming cataracts.

Wildly cleft rocks, desert and desolation, grand in feature and splendid in colour; between are the rushing river, the magnificent rock formation, and the purely Moslem town; Islam and the mixed races of inner Africa side by side; old Egyptian monuments, and the beautiful island with its tropical forms—all are before us at this moment. We gaze with admiration on the dazzling scene; the southernmost point of our voyage, the vicinity of the tropic of Cancer, the verge of the tropics.

The ship made way but slowly amidst the difficulties of the channel, and in a few minutes lay to under a steep, dusty bank. A mail steamer and several dahabiyé were already there. As soon as we arrived we left our vessel to visit the town thoroughly. It is certainly one of the most interesting spots of the whole Nile journey. It is Arab, often indeed almost Semitic in its buildings and inhabitants, one of the furthest stations of the trading and gain-loving Arab. It is Mohammedan as to the religion of the state and the town, though as to that of the country I feel a doubt.

The houses, built of clay, have completely the character of the old Nile towns. The streets are narrow and foul. Only those which lie nearest the river show some

higher houses, and a bazaar which is worth seeing. The other quarters of the town consist of miserable earth huts and irregular nooks of all kinds. The eastern side is surrounded by a wall, which has fallen down at several points; to that adjoins a large tract of Mussulman burying-grounds. Our first visit was to the bazaar. A long street is closely filled on both sides with stalls and covered overhead with boards because of the sun.

The dealers in the shops are Arabs, in their long Oriental dresses, with turbans on their heads. The people who move to and fro and bring their goods to market, cheated and deceived by the cunning Semite, are no Orientals, nor even the fellaheen, who are allied to them. The Bedouin, too, is wholly absent. The people are of purely African race; many negroes, dark-brown Nubians, the successors of the old Ethiopians, Ababdehs, and Beshas, and all the various small tribes of Kushite origin wander up and down.

We have reached the extreme limit of the East; here it only exists and thrives in the form of a commercial town, for the transmission of African produce down the Nile.

Genuine Eastern products, such as we saw in the Muski at Cairo, are not to be found here. The raw produce of the tropics lies piled up in the narrow shops.

White and grey ostrich feathers; antlers and skins of many kinds of antelopes and gazelles; covers made of skins of panthers and other beasts of prey; eggs, the fruits of tropical plants, gums, spices, African arms, sticks for camel-drivers, primitive ornaments such as the negroes

themselves wear, articles of dress for Nubian ladies—*i.e.* a string from which small cords hang, dipped, because of the flies, in fearful smelling unguents—straw hats for the wild tribes, and trifles of all kinds.

Over the doors of many houses I saw stuffed young crocodiles nailed up; and tame apes sat at the doors. I bought myself one which afforded us much amusement, but unfortunately it died at Cairo.

The life and stir of the bazaar was very interesting. The Ababdehs especially interested me by their warlike appearance, armed to the teeth, scantily clad in a few rags, and with a peculiar arrangement of the hair.

The various savages looked at us with curiosity, and the sly Arabs with crafty cunning sold us African wares at high prices, adroitly profiting by our evident interest in them.

On an open space between the houses and the landing-place the Ababdehs performed their war-dance for us. It is nothing more than the wild jumping to and fro of savages in the very lowest stage of development. The accompanying music, consisting of horrible droning pewter tamtams, reminded me of the jingle which resounds at the dances of negro slaves in Morocco, but the dance itself resembled the unbridled amusements of the reef pirates of the north coast of North-West Africa.

The worthy Ababdehs jumped about to the utmost of their bodily powers, and executed leaps of incredible length, howling and screaming at the same time. They swung and hurled swords and spears aloft, rapped with them on their leathern shields, and feigned attacks upon one another.

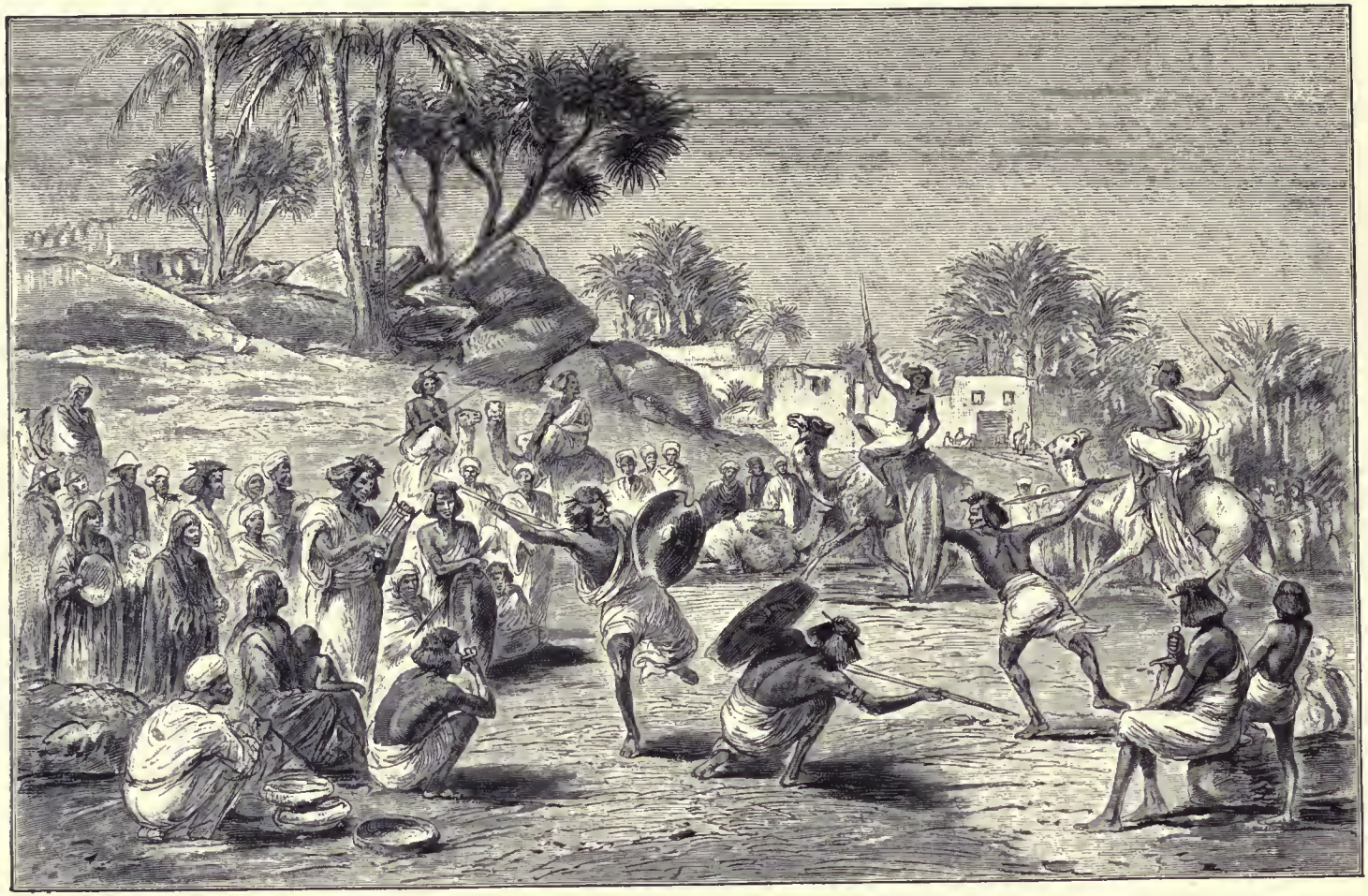
The brown, scantily clad creatures, with their hair twisted up on wooden sticks, arranged in the form of rays, and their nose, ear, and arm rings, looked most fantastic. It was a dance of savages—as wild a medley as can be imagined.

After this exhibition they rode upon their dromedaries in quick time, performing various feats. Only the young ones took part in this display; the elders stood showing their dazzling white teeth between their dark lips and grinning with satisfaction. After a time we returned to the steamer with a rich cargo of new impressions and of purchases.

During breakfast the kites, which are here in enormous numbers, hovered over the ship, greedily catching scraps of bread thrown into the water. Even shots would not scare the ravenous birds. As soon as our meal was finished we started again to make an excursion to the stone quarries, famous in the days of antiquity.

We rode quickly through the town, and at its last wretched hut the desert proper awaited us, with its white sands and its burning reflection. From its commencement at Assuan, for about half a league's distance from the river, the valley, which is broad but very uneven, and bounded by low hills adorned with the monuments of sheiks, is covered with a literal city of tombs.

Here also, at the graves of Caliphs, some windmills stand on the low sand-hills; but the other buildings bear no comparison with those of Cairo. Poor gravestones and half-ruined sheiks' graves with plain domes take the place of the splendid sepulchral mosque. On the other



A NATIVE DANCE AT ASSUAN.

hand, the burying-place at Assuan has far greater natural charms to show than that below the citadel of Cairo. The bare hills which close the valley, the white stone desert with its wild rocks, the splendid colouring, enriched by the beams of the sun of mid-Africa, have a distinguishing stamp of their own.

We rode in burning heat along the northern side of the broad valley, through the disordered maze of the city of the dead. After a time the graves became more and more sparse, and gradually the last trace of human hands disappeared.

No blade of grass is here to gladden the eye; nothing but bare stone, sand, and dust. At the same time the desert is not level, and one hill follows another.

Some singularly shaped blocks of granite indicated the nearness of the quarry. Soon we saw a cliff, and below it, partly covered with rubbish, the obelisk is lying. Respecting it, as well as about Assuan in general, I will here quote some words of my friend Brugsch.

"Assuan (old Egyptian Suan, Greek Syene) is the southernmost frontier town of Egypt. It is now inhabited by Arabs and Egyptians, and much visited by the neighbouring tribes of the desert from as far as the Red Sea. The rocks of the granite region, which begins here, are covered with rich inscriptions of all epochs, which distinctly announce the presence of Egyptian officials passing through. By command of the Pharaohs, the rich stone quarries to the south-east of the town, at the so-called 'red mountain,' were worked by thousands of labourers, who here quarried from the hard rock the stone employed for obelisks, statues,

chapels, sarcophagi, and slabs of all kinds. An unfinished obelisk lies here still on the spot, vainly awaiting its former destination."

Since the days of the Pharaohs these quarries have been idle, and the rent cliffs and the blocks which have been hewn from them bear silent testimony to the long-vanished civilization which existed in these regions thousands of years ago.

At the city of graves the company divided; one party rode home, while Hoyos and I climbed the moderately high, rocky, and perfectly bare hill which bounds the valley near Assuan.

On the top stands an old sheik's grave, with a circular arched building. Outside this we had had a carcase placed previously, as some great vultures were soaring aloft.

We forthwith took possession of the excellent hiding-place, and a few minutes after our arrival kites and carrion vultures began to peck at the dead sheep. The day was too far advanced for the great birds of prey, and our time was short, so I shot a carrion vulture.

Coming out of the gloomy tombs, we now enjoyed quietly the splendid view. To the north, immediately below us, lay the narrow Valley of the Nile, hemmed in by mountains, the stream forcing its way through the wild clefts of the cataracts. Behind us, the tropical island of Elephantine, the picturesquely lying Assuan, the dreadful city of the dead, and round about all the endless medley of mountains, valleys, plains, and plateaus, desolate and bare, stone and sand, true desert; yet all tremulous in the glaring

A RIDE FROM ASSUAN TO PHILÆ.

reflections, touched by the glowing sunbeams, dazzling white, only broken here and there by orange rocks or by black granite. Above, the eternal blue heavens, cloudless and clear as crystal. We soon got back to Assuan.

I shall once more do well to let Brugsch Pasha speak in my stead about the island of Elephantine.

"Elephantine, with its Nile gauge of Roman times and its remains of buildings of the earlier periods of Egyptian history, is now only visited by travellers because of its picturesque position at the entrance of the gate of the cataracts. Its former glory has departed since the capital of the Nubian country which once stood upon it, and the temples and statues which belonged to it, have been swept from the face of the earth.

"At this spot there was, down to Roman times, a strong garrison, which had the duty of protecting the country against incursions from a southern direction. The old wall on the road from Assuan to the island of Philae had the like purpose, that of a bulwark against predatory attacks from the south. Its remains, half covered with sand, can still be distinctly traced."

As the sun went down, and the richest colouring flooded the beautiful landscape, Hoyos and I once more left the ship.

A Nubian in his white robe, and with a long gun, and known in Assuan as a sportsman, led us through the town to the furthest houses. He advised us to pause there for a few minutes, as the wild beasts seeking their prey visit the outer parts of Assuan nightly at the beginning of twilight.

Dogs barked, children cried, a party of Ababdehs,

howling, passed to their home in the desert; but, in spite of all that, a jackal appeared on a little windmill hill, to vanish immediately behind the stones.

As twilight was coming on perceptibly, we hastened into the city of graves. A jackal ran by, and a happy shot stretched him on the ground. Near the foot of the hill, on whose top we had shot the carrion vulture in the afternoon, and not far from the last graves, there is an old tank in a little valley formed by sand-hills.

A carcase had been placed there previously, and we took our stand hard by in an ambush hollowed in the ground. The moon rose, and shed, thanks to the clearness of the air, a splendid light over the solemn, awe-inspiring landscape. The desert and the old sheiks' graves, with their domes and gloomy gravestones, brightened in the white light. The stillness of death reigned around, only broken by the howling of the village dogs and of the jackals.

We had lain barely half an hour in our very inconvenient ambush, when I perceived the rustling sound of an animal coming towards me. Soon after I saw it glide past like a shadow several times. It approached once more, and its outline becoming visible I took aim as well as I could, and fired to try my luck.

A piteous moaning was the response to my shot, and hastening to the spot I saw a large wolf making painful efforts to drag himself farther. A second load of large shot laid the tough beast low.

I now took the wolf on my back, and went one hundred paces further towards my comrade, who was hidden in another place. The seemingly dead beast was heavy, and

WOLF SHOOTING AT ASSUAN.

the heat of the night considerable, so I laid my booty down and waited till the Nubian huntsman should come up.

The wolf had not lain many seconds on the ground before it began to move again, and struggled till it got on its feet, but another shot put an instantaneous end to its existence.

We went now with our grand spoil, consisting of wolf and jackal, back to the ship, where we supped. The Grand Duke and Eschenbacher had been in ambush in a dome-shaped building on the other side of the burying-ground, but unfortunately met with no success.

On the 8th of March we started at seven in the morning, most of us mounted on donkeys, for only Hoyos and Pausinger wished to try the ride on camels. Riding round Assuan, we got by a short cut through the graveyard to the desert. Valleys, hills, sand, rocks, and ravines followed each other in pleasant alternation.

A deep ravine led us into the narrow Valley of the Nile, shut in by jagged varied hills with blocks of black granite on their sides. At a stroke, as it were, we beheld a splendid view: dark, frowning masses of rock, the river rushing rapidly through the narrows, the green island of Philæ, with the lofty ruins of its temples, and southward, the valley growing broad with its tract of rich vegetation along the banks of the Nile. All this unrolled itself in a moment before our eyes. We were in Nubia. Near the island lies a miserable Nubian village of clay huts, called Shellâl. Natives more or less clad crept out of their wretched dwellings.

We passed along by dark rocks and sad sycamores and

palms, till we reached a little plain, on whose bank lay some boats. Some Nubian soldiers, in pure white uniforms, but of European cut, stood on guard. For the first time we enjoyed close at hand the memorable and enchanting sight. The lovely island of Philæ presents itself surrounded with masses of dark-coloured rock which rise directly from the water. A large, high boat, rowed by several Nubians singing to keep time, took us across to the island.

The boat might, so far as its antiquarian shape went, quite well have dated from the time of Cleopatra. A pavilion with soft couches, and red curtains to protect from the sun, increased the droll appearance of this frigate of the Nile.

In a few minutes we had reached the steep bank of the island, and hastened across the slope, with its thick bushes, towards the beautiful temple.

The temple buildings of this holy island, known to the old Egyptians as Pilak, are of comparatively recent date, for they were built under the Ptolemies and the Romans, after old models. The stone quays of the island are built with a practical knowledge which bespeaks a thorough acquaintance with river architecture, which, especially in the neighbourhood of waterfalls, and with strong currents, is not without difficulties.

Though the sanctuaries of the island are on a somewhat smaller scale, their whole effect, with their colonnades and hypæthral buildings, amid the ruins of houses which have fallen in, and palms and soft green bushes, is one of indescribable beauty. The light surfaces of the temple rise in wonderful contrast to the dark masses of rock

PHILÆ.

which here abound on the opposite side of the stream. Above us the blue vault of the southern sky lifts its dome, whose resplendence illumines the whole scene. All is light in this lonely half-vanished world of the days that are gone.

The patroness of Nubia, the goddess Isis, had the reputation of special sanctity in this place. Egyptians and Nubians sacrificed at her altars and venerated her with equal devotion. The brightly painted walls and pillars of her temple give even now the idea of cheerful worship which found an outward expression in light and colour.

When the temples of Isis were deserted and forgotten the nascent faith of Christendom built here one of its oldest churches, to which the Nubian Barabras made pilgrimages with pious ardour. Now they have abandoned the Christian faith of their fathers, and the memory of their former creed only lives in their language in the word Kiraye (Greek, Kuriake) for "Sunday."

The Barabras have become Moslems in the full sense of the term, but their old home, with its central point Philae, has remained the same.

After we had visited all parts of the temple we went across the remains of many old walls, and through rubbish and ruin, to the extreme southern point of the island.

A grey rock slopes in steps towards the river from beneath an old Egyptian platform. Thick luxuriant shrubs and tall grass grow over the dark stone.

With sorrowful heart I clambered to the utmost verge of the steep brink, and looked out over the holy Nile, the

broadening valley, and the fields of Nubia. A large section of our journey was completed; we had now reached our southernmost point.

The tropic of Cancer, the frontier of Nubia, the tropical air, and by night in the firmament the topmost stars of the famous Southern Cross, had lured us; they had drawn us onwards, but we could follow them no longer. Northwards we must go, and in melancholy mood we scrambled back to the temple of Isis.

TEMPLE AT PHILÆ.

CHAPTER V.

From Philæ to Siut—Memphis Sakkara—To Cairo.

In the little kiosk, one of the ancient pavilions of the temple which is still perfectly preserved, we ate the breakfast we had brought with us. This pavilion, standing on a high embankment with a terrace in front of it, rises proudly above the foaming river.

From the gate of one of the pillared halls we enjoyed a view of exceptional beauty and interest over the distant country. There is an indescribable poetry in this desert, and in the luxuriant green island which rises in its midst from the waters of the sacred stream and bears the glorious memorials of ages which have long passed away. Philae is a picture which can never be forgotten, but stamps itself for ever as a point of light on the memory.

We descended from the temple to the bank, and went down the river towards the cataracts in the archaic boat already described. For a long time we could still see the rocky island, the black granite, the blooming plants, and the lofty temple. The brown oarsmen chanted melancholy songs which harmonized with the grandeur and pathos of the scene.

Before the actual commencement of the cataracts, where

the river divides into branches, we put in, and walked along the rocky bank to a point which afforded a view over the wild rocks and tossing waters. The cataracts are not waterfalls, but rapids. Thousands of rocky islets, cliffs, and reefs fill the bed of the river for more than a kilometer. Through these the river, foaming and roaring, makes its way. It is, without question, a grand scene, and its peculiar charm is enhanced by the striking black colour, and the shape of the reefs and shoals of rocks which rise through the white froth of the flood. It is interesting, too, to see the ordinarily sluggish, turbid Nile converted for a brief space into a raging mountain stream.

The moment we had reached the best point of view, a number of naked Nubians appeared, jumped into the waves, and, avoiding the rocks, allowed themselves to be swept along through the most furious and rapid of the arms of the river. In a few seconds they were carried, swift as arrows sped from a bow, a long way down, and then scrambled out of the water to come to us dripping and clamorous for backsheesh. Returning to the boat, we were rowed a short way up stream, and then, mounting the asses which awaited us, rode back to Assuan by the same way by which we had come in the morning.

The excursion had taken the whole day, and it was late in the afternoon when we reached our steamer. We dined at once, and after dinner Hoyos and I went again, as twilight came on, to the hiding-places which we had occupied the day before. My huntsman urged us to do this, because, while we were in Philæ, he had found fresh tracks of hyænas by the remains of the carrion.

NUBIANS SWIMMING THE CATARACTS.

The night was fine, and I proposed to fire at nothing less than a hyæna, to wait till they came, and therefore to remain out far into the night. Several jackals appeared, but were left unmolested. As midnight drew near, and I was already having a sore struggle with sleep, I saw, thanks to the clear moonlight, some human beings creep by not far from my ambush, and heard immediately after several shots, and the familiar cackle of the unlucky decoy fowl.

Now that the absolute stillness required while watching for the hyæna was at an end, instead of waiting uselessly I went home, meeting by the way the dragoman Paulowich, who had unfortunately been with Baron Seckendorf to the same spot as I. Hoyos at his post, which lay close to the town, had killed one jackal and wounded another. The Grand Duke, as well as Eschenbacher, had been at one time literally surrounded by howling jackals, but owing to the awkward lie of the ground had been unable to fire. As I returned at midnight I had a lovely view of the picturesque town of Assuan, the river, and the fairy land of the Elephantine Island, all in a magic flood of purest moonlight.

At eight a.m. on the ninth of March the steamer left Assuan, that delightful and thoroughly central African town, ethnographically so full of interest. We glided down the stream with the greatest rapidity, through scenes now well known. The hours on deck went quickly by, and the return voyage afforded the desired opportunity of arranging at our writing-tables the notes we had collected, and committing to paper our recollections of travel. At noon we were sitting in the cabin, when the steamer stopped suddenly and

violently, and we could distinctly feel how the heavy vessel was digging itself into the mud of the bed of the river. We had frequently run aground on the voyage up stream, as every Nile steamer does in consequence of the shifting of the sand-banks, but never had we run aground so hard as we did on this occasion, owing to the force of our downward course.

The old admiral declared it would take at least two hours to get his ship afloat again. We therefore went on shore at a point called Kom-el-Emir, where high, steep, rocky mountains come close to the stream, and a beautiful and brief defile immediately gives place to a cultivated plain.

The travelling party separated for sport in various directions. I tried at first, by clambering on the bare rocks, to creep up to some large birds of prey, but did not succeed, and so I preferred to look for small game in the bushes of the plain and on the bank of the river. Besides several water-fowl, I got during this short expedition a miniature dove, that wonderfully coloured dove of Central Africa, the size of a lark and adorned with a long tail—a charming and wholly tropical creature.

While looking on the sand-banks for shore-birds, we noticed at the end of a couple of hours that our steamer was ready to pursue her voyage; so we rowed back at once, and resumed the journey which had been interrupted by this pleasant expedition.

In the evening, after sunset, we lay to at El-Kâb on the eastern bank. A slender strip of tilled land separates the river at this point from the somewhat narrow desert, beyond

JACKAL HUNTING.

which splendid mountains rise. Soon after our arrival we resolved to employ the favouring moonlight in hunting beasts of prey, and went off in various directions to choose suitable points for our evening stations.

Pausinger and I, accompanied by a fellaheen, walked across the tilled land, past a wretched village, out into the desert. We saw in dim and misty outline the ruins of the ancient Egyptian town Nechebt (called Eileithyia by the Greeks). The strongly built outer wall of unburnt brick overtops everything else, and shows that this place was a considerable fortress in antiquity. There are also here, on a ledge of the mountain, some rock tombs, a rock temple founded by Ptolemy Euergetes, and further on a small sanctuary of Amenhotep III., dedicated to the goddess Nechebt.

The desert is much impregnated with soda in this part, and at every step the broken crust crackles. We went nearly to the foot of the mountains, hid ourselves there between two big rocks, binding a bleating kid a few paces in front to a stake which we had brought with us. A quarter of an hour had hardly elapsed when a Bedouin appeared, wrapped in a white cloak, riding on a camel and singing plaintive songs. The strange rider on his tall steed was a striking object in the monotonous desert. The wailing kid appeared to excite the Bedouin's attention. He stopped, considered the surroundings, began a conversation with himself half aloud, and then rode on his way without discovering us.

When all was again quiet, I heard the rustling of an animal creeping up. The kid moaned and jumped about

in terror. Immediately after, seeing a black body bigger than a wolf approach the lure, I took exact aim and fired. A furious howl of pain followed the shot. I hastened to the spot, but found only the track, which led to the mountains. Vexed and disappointed at this, and convinced that I had hit a hyæna, we returned to the steamer. I desired my huntsman to go out at daybreak next morning and follow the track of the wounded beast.

When we reached the steamer the other gentlemen had already returned. The Grand Duke had seen jackals, but unfortunately shot none, while Hoyos had been so lucky as to kill one.

On the 10th the sun stood high in the heavens ere I awoke, and we had already been going down stream for more than an hour. Asking for my huntsman, I learned that he had found the wounded animal a few hundred steps from where it had been shot; but it was, alas! no hyæna, but one of those half-savage and most vicious village dogs which in Egypt wander the whole night through in the neighbourhood of towns, looking for prey. My huntsman saw also a very large lynx within a few steps of him, which disappeared into a hole in the old wall of El-Kâb.

May I be allowed here to say a few words about the race of dogs in Egypt? I have made the curious observation that in this country the village dog, the African wolf (*Canis lupaster*), "Abu-el-Hossein" or "Dib" of the Arabs, and the jackal (*Canis aureus*), "Talib" of the Egyptians and "Waui" of the Syrians, mix races through cross breeding.

We shot no two wolves nor any two jackals which were entirely like one another, either in size or colour.

A WOLF DECOY.

In Palestine this diversity is even more distinctly noticeable. On the whole, the Asiatic jackal is larger than the North African, and amongst several which were tolerably like each other, I shot one which could not be compared with any previous specimen, either in size or colour, and yet one could not describe this abnormal creature as a wolf.

The dogs of the East, however, often bear traces of savage origin, which is in no way surprising when one remembers their uncontrolled, ownerless life on the one hand, and on the other the nightly prowlings, frequently from dusk to dawn, of wolves and jackals in the immediate vicinity of the towns and villages.

I go so far as to assert that in those parts of Africa and Asia where dogs, wolves, and jackals inhabit a limited area, the jackal of pure race, as a true species, does not exist. The dog and the wolf are better preserved; but the *Canis aureus* of scientific books I have sought in vain as a distinctly marked breed.

Let us now revert to our travelling adventures. The steamer proceeded till ten in the forenoon, when we stopped at Dabbabieh, by the sand-bank on which, in our upward course, I had seen the large eared vulture sitting. On landing we found the fellaheen, who had punctually obeyed our orders.

A small reed hut had been erected; and the bones of sheep and dogs showed that the vultures had had their daily bait. We had great difficulty in ridding ourselves of the inquisitive fellaheen, who, proud of their performances, now wished to be present at the sport.

Some carrion vultures soon appeared, three hooded vultures followed them—the middle-sized black African vulture, with dark, bald head. I had never seen this very loathsome-looking bird before, and hastened, therefore, to shoot a specimen. At the shot the fellaheen hurried up from all sides, looking at my spoil with curiosity, and clamouring for backsheesh.

The large vulture was soaring in circles overhead, and the right hour was at hand for its pursuit, and we might have obtained great success; but, in spite of this, we were obliged to retire, as we could no longer protect ourselves from the people. New arrivals came from all sides; so we called the steamer to the bank and continued our voyage.

In Erment, where we arrived in the afternoon, we had to remain for a short time, in order to get the famous piece of granite on board. During this pause I succeeded in shooting forty-six field-pigeons, which were passing from one side of the river to the other, taking their way above our ship.

We soon resumed our journey, and by sunset we were again at Luxor. Our steamer had scarcely touched the landing-place below the hotel when Chalil appeared with some donkeys, and some of our party rode as quickly as we could on the well-known road to Karnak, in order to look out for jackals at various points.

I had taken a live hen with me, and seated myself beside one of the ancient ponds, enjoying the beauty of the evening. I pinched the hen perpetually, in order that its cry might attract the wild beasts. Unfortunately, instead

A RIDE ACROSS THE STREAM.

of jackals some Englishmen came, who looked at me with astonishment, but soon went on their way.

When it had grown quite dark a big bird swooped down on the pond like a phantom. I fired at it on the chance of hitting, and found a grey heron lying dead on the bank. After that I left my place and rode back to Luxor. The other gentlemen had returned without any game.

Next morning early we rowed to the opposite Libyan shore, in order to make the distant and very interesting excursion to the kings' tombs. We rode on asses, at first across a fertile plain. Fellaheen were toiling industriously in the fields; carrion vultures sat in numbers beside the scattered mud cottages; camels, long-eared goats, buffaloes, asses, and sheep browsed on the yellowish pastures. The road led past some pools, with water still remaining in them from the time of the inundation. We crossed a shallow and very sandy arm of the Nile to a poor little village, where the last palms and shrubs gave place to the desolate sand of the desert. The foot of the lofty mountains was soon reached, and a narrow valley shut in by steep slopes and cliffs opened before us. The bridle-path at the bottom leads to the kings' tombs, and the gentlemen took this way.

The Grand Duke and I resolved to proceed to the same spot by a short cut across the mountain. Guided by an Arab, known in the neighbourhood as an excellent sportsman, we climbed over some hills of sand and rubble, and began the actual ascent beyond them.

A narrow path wound upward along the cliffs, among

slabs of rock and rolling stones. To the right and left we saw innumerable graves and funeral caves. The lower declivities of the whole line of mountains to the west of ancient Thebes are hollowed through and through with the burying-places of centuries.

A wolf sprang out of one of these hollows and fled up the slopes. The distance was, unfortunately, too considerable to allow of firing at him with small shot. We now endeavoured to climb over the ridge of the mountain by different paths, in the hope of getting a shot.

The ridge was soon surmounted, and a beautiful view opened before us into the green Valley of the Nile, upon the great river, the town of Luxor, the ruins of Karnak, and the Arabian mountains opposite—a wild assemblage of peaks, points, ravines, valleys, cliffs, heaps of sand and rubble, slabs of stone and blocks of limestone, all in dazzling white or shades of yellow, without a vestige of vegetation, glittering with the most brilliant reflections, and scorched through by the rays of the African sun. One can scarcely imagine a more grand and sombre picture of the true desert mountain. In the sand I found the tracks of hyænas, wolves, and jackals, and innumerable burrows of different wild animals. Vultures sat in the clefts of overshadowing rocks, and swifts floated above the desolate mountain tops.

A wolf ran across the path in front of me, but so far off that my shot took no effect. The Grand Duke had no better luck with a jackal. Following a narrow path, we made a difficult descent into the principal valley, where, as previously agreed, we were to meet the asses. We rode

through the desolate ravine, closely bounded by the glaring white mountains, to the kings' tombs at Biban-el-Moluk, where, in a *cul de sac* of steeply falling slopes and cliffs, valley and path alike terminate, and the dark chasm opens which leads down into the sepulchres of the earliest dynasties. Armed with torches we entered those shrines of a buried past.

I am indebted to Brugsch Pasha for many valuable notes respecting this spot; so I will now allow him to speak. "The kings' tombs of Biban-el-Moluk are in a side valley of the mountain, on which Nature herself seems to have impressed the stillness of death. Here lay, buried in deep caverns, the successive generations of the most famous kings of the Theban dynasties, from the eighteenth downward. The grave of Seti I., a true temple of the dead, chiselled out of the rock, is reckoned the finest amongst these remarkable structures. Steps, which descend with perceptible tracks for the carriage of the sarcophagus, lead into the dark depths, from passage to passage, from chamber to chamber, which, in spite of all the inroads of decay, still display pictures and inscriptions in the most perfect colours. By the dim light we follow the long series of scenes, which take us into the realms of the dead in the world beyond, and bring the different regions of the lower world before our eyes, depict the joys of the blessed in paradise, the torments of the damned, the starry heavens, and the subterranean voyage of the vessel of the sun in its course from west to east, from death to life, through night and darkness; in a word, unroll for us in picture or by word, with the utmost detail, the mysterious pages of life beyond

the grave. The guiding thread through the labyrinth of the doctrines of old Egyptian sacred lore is the conception of the resurrection of the soul after the death of the body, and its return to the source of light whence it sprang. Light and happiness to all eternity await the good; everlasting darkness and the pains of hell recompense the evildoers."

In a chamber, formerly carefully closed, in the tomb of Seti I. (circa 1350 B.C.) we saw the likeness of the so-called cow of heaven. Beside it is a long and highly important hieroglyphical inscription, relating to the annihilation of the race of man and the reconstruction of a new order of the world, which supplies the key to a right understanding of the ancient Egyptian theogony.

The translation of this mysterious record is as follows: "There was a king of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Light-god Ra, the god who is Being itself. Whilst he reigned as king men and gods were united. And men began to devise wiles against the Light-god Ra, in order to be rid of him. For his royal majesty had grown old. His bones were of silver, his flesh of gold, his hair of pure sapphire. And his royal majesty saw how he was mocked of men. And his royal majesty spoke to those who were his servants: 'Call hither to me my eye and the Cloud-god Shu, the Rain-goddess Tafnut, the Earth-god Keb, the Sky-goddess Nut, and at the same time the father and mother who were united with me at such time as I found myself in the primordial waters, and likewise also him who bore my godhead in himself, the god of the primordial water, Nun. Let him bring his retinue with

him. Say unto him, "Bring them hither, and tarry not. Look not at the men, and turn not their souls away. Come to the Palace of Heliopolis, together with the gods, who gave their consent that I should betake myself from the water-source to the place which I now occupy."' And the gods were brought. And the gods cast themselves on either side of him to the ground, to do their homage to his majesty, that he might say his sayings before the father of the oldest gods, who had made men and begotten the nobles. And they spake thus to his majesty: 'Speak to us that we may understand.'

"And the Light-god Ra spoke to the god of the primordial water, Nun, 'Thou eldest god, out of whom I became, and ye primordial godheads, hear ye now. The men who were made out of my eye, they speak against me. Say—what would ye do? Verily, I will wait, and will not destroy them until I have heard your saying about it.'

"And the majesty of the primordial water, Nun, spake and said, 'My son, thou Light-god Ra, thou god who art higher than him that is thy father, and greater than him who begat thee, where abide the men who speak such words against thee? For great will be the terror of those who devise wiles against thee, being beside thee, because thine eye is turned upon them.'

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'Go to, they have fled to the mountain, because their soul was full of dread because of my nearness.'

"And the other godheads spake to his majesty: 'Send out thine eye. Let it strike for thee those who have

devised wiles after the manner of evil-doers, and have not gone out up the stream thither whither thou wouldest.'

"And the Light-god Ra sent forth his eye, and it descended in the form of the goddess Hathor; and this goddess returned after she had destroyed the men upon the mountains.

"And the majesty of this god spake: 'Be welcome, for thou hast accomplished that which had to be accomplished. The men are fallen to destruction.'

"And this goddess spake and said, 'I swear by thee that I have executed judgment on the men, and that it was good to my soul.'

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'I will execute judgment on men through thee in the future in that I make them miserable.'

"This is the origin of the name of the Goddess of Violence, Sokhet. The changing night rolled on, and they trod on the blood-streams of the men of the town of Herakleopolis, who had been destroyed. And the majesty of this god spake and said, 'Call me hither messengers quick and swift; shadows with bodies.' And when the messengers were forthwith brought unto him, the majesty of this god said that they should go to the town of Elephantine and bring him the fruit of the mandrake in great abundance.

"And the fruits of mandrakes were brought unto him, and they were delivered to the miller who abides in the town of On, that he might grind the fruits of the mandrake. And behold, maidens also were there, who spread out the corn for the preparing of beer, and there were the fruits of

the mandrake in the pitchers shaken in and mixed with the blood of men, and seven thousand pitchers of beer were prepared from it.

"And then came the king's majesty of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Light-god Ra, in company of the other divinities, to look at the beer. And behold the earth was bright, and none of the men had been destroyed by the goddess, who had gone up the stream at the appointed time. And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'These are the good. I will therefore be the protector of these men.' And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'Bear with the hand those pitchers to the place where the goddess has made a massacre among the men.'

"And the majesty of the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Light-god Ra, gave light during a whole night, to let those beer pitchers be poured out. And the fields in all the four quarters of heaven were flooded with the moisture, according to the will of the majesty of this god.

"And the goddess went out in the early morning. And when she found the fields overflowed her countenance was glad. She drank, and her soul rejoiced; but she did not know that the drink was the blood of men.

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said to this goddess, 'Welcome thou Palm' (hence the origin of the merry maidens in the Palm city, *i.e.* Marea at the lake of the name near Alexandria).

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said to this goddess, 'There should be consecrated to her, at the new year, pitchers to the number of the maidens' (who had

brewed the beer). This is the origin of the consecration of the beer pitchers according to the number of the maids at the feast of Hathor, which is celebrated by all men on the first of the year.

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra spake to this goddess, 'Does not sickness arise through the hot breath of a sick person?' This is the origin of the saying, 'the sick man has renewed his youth' (*i.e.* has infected another).

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'As I live my soul is weary of being with men. I have destroyed them, and there is none that remains. Not short, but long has been my arm.'

"And the divinities who were in his train said, 'Go not hence because of thy weariness, for thou hast the power to do as pleaseth thee.'

"And the majesty of this god spake to the majesty of the god of the primordial water, Nun, 'My body will increase in weakness which has now begun, unless I go where none other can reach to me.'

"And the majesty of the primordial water, Nun, said, 'The son of the Cloud-god Shu shall be a stay to his father through his labours; and the daughter, the Sky-goddess Nut, shall go to the heights to bear her father.'

"And the Sky-goddess Nut said, 'How shall that be, O thou my father, and thou god of the primordial water, Nun?'

"Thus the Sky-goddess Nut spake before her father to the god of the primordial water, Nun. Then was the Sky-goddess Nut changed into a great cow, on the

back of which the majesty of the Light-god Ra might be carried.

"After the men who had gone up the stream knew what had happened, they stood and looked at him as he sat on the back of the cow.

"And the men spake and said to him, 'Thou Light-god Ra, forsake us not; we will slay thine enemies which have devised wiles against thee. They shall be slain.'

"His majesty went in into his palace, but those who followed him remained with the men so long as the earth lay in darkness. But when the earth grew light and morning rose, the men came forth armed with bows and lances, and shot at the adversaries of the god. And the majesty of this god said, 'Your sins are forgiven, the victims are slaughtered.' (This is the origin of the slaughter-sacrifice.) And this god spake to the heavenly goddess Nut, 'I have laid myself on my back, raise me up.' She understood the meaning, and the heavenly goddess Nut stretched herself out. This is the origin of the phrase, 'lay thyself on thy back, stretch thyself.'

"And the majesty of this god said, 'Now have I departed from men. I have gone up and held my survey.'

"And the majesty of this god held his survey from within outwards. And he said, 'Seek for me strong bearers in the form of a mass of men.' This is the origin of the phrase 'mass of men.'

"And his royal majesty said, 'How peacefully does a broad field spread out.' This is the origin of the name 'field of peace.' 'I will pluck herbs in it;' hence the origin

of the name 'Pluckfield.' 'I will provide the inhabitants with all things.' This is the origin of the name of 'the thing-star' among the stars.

"And the heavenly goddess Nut trembled because she was so high up. And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'I have devised bearers to support her;' hence the origin of supporting bearers (*i.e.* Karyatides).

"And the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'My son, thou Cloud-god Ra, place thyself beneath my daughter, the Sky-goddess Nut. Be to me the guardian of the supporting bearers who dwell in darkness. Take thou the heavenly goddess on thy head and be her guardian.' This is the origin of the tendance of a daughter's son, and the origin of the custom of a father putting his son on his head."

The following statement has been communicated respecting the cow, i.e. a description of the picture: the supporting bearers, "the mass of men," stand before her shoulder-blade, supporting bearers upon her back, which is painted over in all directions with bright colours.

On the belly are nine stars. The figure of the god Set is behind—another image of the same beside the legs. The Cloud-god Shu stands under the belly, made of strong stone. His two arms bear the stars. The inscription containing his name between the arms is—"*The Cloud-god Shu himself.*"

A ship stands there. Oars and a small temple are in it, and above it the disc of the sun. The Light-god Ra stands in it in front of the Cloud-god Shu, and

by his hand; another reading is, "behind him beside his hand."

The udders of the cow are placed in the middle by its left leg.

The surfaces of the cow are covered with inscriptions; those towards the middle of the hind leg are—"The outer heavens," and "I am where I am," and "I do not let her turn back." The inscription below the ship, which stands in front, is, "Rest not, my son."

Those which are written in the opposite direction run, "Thy bearing is life-like;" another, "The eternal is expressed therein," and "Thy son is yonder;" another, "Life, happiness, and health be granted to these thy nostrils."

The inscription behind the Cloud-god Shu, by his arms, is, "Her guardian;" that which is behind him, by his feet, and written in the opposite direction, is, "The truth;" another, "They enter in;" and another, "I am the daily protector."

The inscription which is under the arm of the figure which stands beneath and behind the left leg runs, "The closer up of all things."

That which stands over the head of the figure at the hind quarters of the cow and near its legs is, "Guardian of her going out."

That which is behind the two figures who stand at the cow's leg, and is written above their heads, runs, "The old man who sings praises at his going out," and "The old man who adores at his coming in."

The inscriptions over the heads of the two figures

which stand between the fore legs of the cow are "Listener," "Hearer," and "Sceptre of the heavenly height."

"And the majesty of this god said to the god Thot (god of understanding), 'Call me hither the majesty of the Earth-god Keb with the words, "Come and set forth at once."

"And the majesty of the Earth-god Kęb came, and the majesty of the Light-god Ra said, 'There has been a battle because of thy worms (*i.e.* of men) which tarry for thee. It will be for their weal that they fear me as long as I exist. Thereby shalt thou know their virtue. Make thee ready and go where my father the god of the primordial water, Nun, abides. Say to him—

"'"Preserve the worms on the earth and in the water." Make forthwith writings for every zone in which thy worms dwell, saying, "Your keeper is he who embraces all things." If they shall know that I have gone far away, it is for their weal that I should rise upon them as the light of the sun. A healing is needful. It is the father whom they need. Be thou the father on this ever-during earth.

"'Also they shall be shielded because of their wise thoughts, and the judgment of their mouth shall be to their salvation, for my own wisdom is contained therein as salvation. Who has acknowledged them shall be safe, for my protection will be given to none because of the greatness which has been given him before me.

"'I will unite them to thy son Osiris, and will preserve

their children (to the astonishment of their princes), whose virtues are such that they have acted according to their love to the whole world, and according to the wise thoughts which dwelt within them.'

"And the majesty of this god said, 'Call me the god Thot' (of understanding), and he was called. And the majesty of this god said to Thot, 'Behold! great is the distance from heaven, where I have set up my throne, and where I must dwell to dispense the light of the sun. Thou glorious god, in the deep, and in the world of tombs, where thou art scribe, and punishest those who dwell there, and whose acts and deeds have been of sin, thereby that thou keepest far from me those who followed evil—which fills my heart with shame—be thou in my place, my representative, or wherefore art thou called Thot, the representative of the sun? I will bid thee send the princes (in thy name)." This is the origin of Ibis, *i.e.* the messenger bird of Thot. 'I will let thee stretch thine hand to the face of the ancient gods, who are greater than thou. It will be well if thou stillest my thirst.' This is the origin of the water-bird of Thot. 'I will let thee embrace heaven and earth with thy glory, as a beam of light;' hence the name of the 'enfolder' for the moon. 'I will let thee drive back all the barbarians;' hence the name of 'the expeller,' for the dog-headed ape; and this the origin of his office as leader of armies. 'Be thou, therefore, my representative for all visible things that through thee may be manifested, and all men shall praise thee as God.'

"If any one says this decree to himself, let him rub himself first with oils and ointments, and let him raise

the perfuming pan in his hands, backwards, to both his ears.

"Let him wash his mouth with holy soap. Let him put on clean garments.

"Let him cleanse himself with water of the flood. Let his feet be clothed in shining white sandals. An image of the goddess of Truth, painted green, shall lie upon his tongue.

"If it shall please him to say it (the decree) to the god Thot, let him purify himself in a nine-fold purification, three days long.

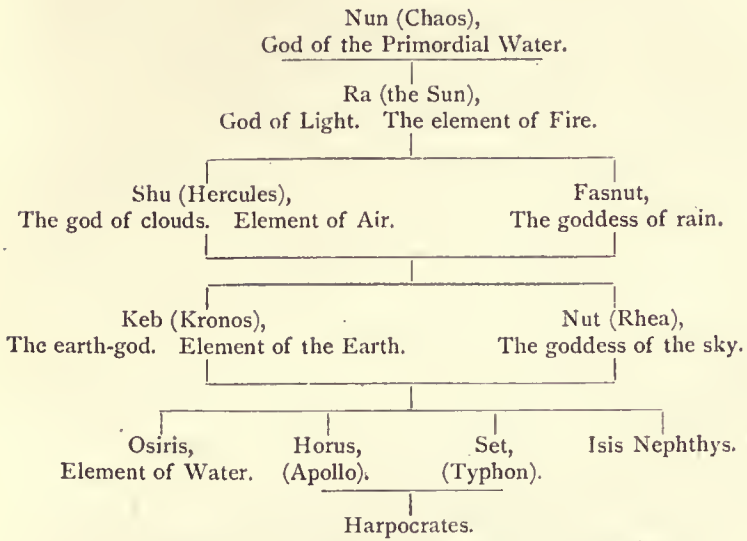
"In like manner shall the priests and others do. If any man will repeat it, let him observe the following instructions in the use of this piece of writing:—

"Let him take his stand in a circle which separates him from that which is without.

"Let him set his eye upon it and turn all his limbs towards it, and let his feet not go forward. If a man shall so say it, he shall be as the Light-god Ra, on the day of his birth. His goods shall not be minished. Nothing shall go out his house, but shall endure in the right way a million-fold."

Thus ends the exact description of the heavenly cow and all the mottoes which surround it.

The mystic strain which runs through the dogmas of this religion of thousands of ages past is very interesting, and the gorgeous wealth of description marks these doctrines as belonging to a southern, and especially an Oriental cultus. I wish to add in this place the theogony of the old Egyptian divinities, as gathered from these monuments.



After we had thoroughly inspected all the chambers of these most remarkable tombs of the kings, we made a frugal breakfast outside the entrance. A laborious climb by a narrow path across the mountains to Mêdinet-Habu followed our short rest, and we came again to the wretched stony desert, now exposed to the burning heat of the midday sun. Some very steep rocks and cliffs had to be clambered across; and it was only after a long walk that we reached the summit, and soon afterwards the region of the rock graves. Through wreck and ruin and past houses crumbling to decay, all of Moslem times, we reached the cultivated land, where, under the shade of a wall, our horses were waiting. A longer road than that we had taken in the morning brought us past the very striking Colossus of Memnon—which far exceeded our expectations—down to the banks of the Nile. We reached our steamer by boat in the afternoon, and dined at once. Some Arab

huntsmen had persuaded me to visit a station near Mêdinet-Habu in the evening, in quest of beasts of prey. Followed by my huntsman, therefore, I rode off after dinner, and once more took the long way across the tilled land and past the Colossus, to the wretched village of Mêdinet-Habu, which consists solely of mud-huts. A tolerably broad desert plain, which separates the cultivated land from the foot of the mountains, opens immediately behind this village.

Some much-trodden tracks, marked by the footprints of hyænas, wolves, and jackals, connect the mountain with the level sporting ground below. On such a track I hid behind some large stones. The sun was setting; the sand of the desert, the rocks of the mountains, the ruins, the palms, and the villages of the plain were flooded with the richest colours. A large yellow-brown Pharaoh-owl took its noiseless flight from its dark hiding-place in search of prey. Soon after a jackal appeared, keeping the beaten track very closely.

I shot at the beast as it trotted carelessly forward, but unluckily it was too far off. It tumbled over, but at once got on its feet again, and hurried back towards the mountains. I found, indeed, a red streak, but a brief search had no further result. Time, also, was running short, as twilight had already set in, and I had to hasten to the proper station for the hyænas.

Led by the Arab, I rode through the desert, which seemed to extend further and further into the plain, till we came to a small sand-hill. The ambush had been well chosen, and the dead ass was a conspicuous object on the white sand.

MEMNON.

The deepest stillness prevailed in the monotonous country round. The mountains rose in dim outline, and the yellow desert seemed interminable. I heard the stealthy prowl of the jackal several times, and saw shadows flit by, and once even distinguished the form of a wolf; but the much-wished-for hyæna did not come.

The right hour for this timid beast is the first after midnight; but on this occasion also sleep so overcame me that by eleven o'clock I was unable longer to resist it. I left the ambush. The Arab let me go with a reproachful look, and resolved to wait, armed with his gun, for the hyæna.

A long but lovely ride lay before me. The moonlit nights of Egypt belong to the most bewitching memories which I have brought with me from the glorious land of the Pharaohs. The Colossi of Memnon stood ghost-like and grand by night in the dark green of the landscape. Near the Nile a wolf ran across a few steps in front of me; unluckily my gun was not loaded. It was very late when I reached the steamer and my much-desired rest.

Early on the 12th, we all rode the same way to Mêdinet-Habu. Long rows of storks stood on the sand-banks and in the water-pools; and I shot snipe and sand-pipers while mounted on my donkey.

After an hour's ride we reached the village of Mêdinet-Habu, where the Arab hunter was already waiting to tell us that he had happily *missed* the hyæna about one o'clock at night. I did not believe him, and resolved to look at the spot myself, and also to bestow my attention on the vultures, which, according to the report of the Arab, were assembled there in numbers.

Unfortunately, by the time I got to the spot, the large birds of prey had already finished their meal, and sat inert, but unapproachable, a few hundred paces off in the desert. The ass was horribly pulled to pieces ; whole portions were gone, and what remained was covered with feathers and dirt by the vultures.

I had done the Arab wrong. I immediately found the hyæna track, leading on the one side to the carrion, and on the other to the desert. On the way back to Mêdinet-Habu I noticed some quite recent tracks of the gazelle.

As soon as I had joined the rest of the party we began our survey of the wonderful and beautiful Ramesseum, a temple of the dead, in good preservation, which lies near the village.

I shall do well to quote, in his own words, some notes on the monuments of this part of Thebes, which I owe to my friend Brugsch : "The west side of Thebes, no less rich in monuments than the eastern quarter of the town, was considered the abode of the dead—the necropolis proper. In the rocky limestone of the plain, as well as in the pierced and hollowed declivities of the precipitous adjacent mountains, millions of worthy Thebans found their last resting-places. In the plain, at the foot of the steep cliffs, sepulchral temples rose in all directions—their doors always opening to the east, which gave the necropolis the character of a most sacred region. The temple of Gurna, which still exists at the northern end of the long range of sanctuaries, and which was erected by Ramses II. to the memory of his but little known grandfather (of the same name), and his own sepulchral temple, the so-called Ram-

esseum, are instructive examples of the plan and decoration of such structures—structures whose most glorious example is shown in the already-described sepulchral temple of Setis I. (the father of Ramses II.) at Abydus.

"The Ramesseum at Thebes served both as a memorial of victory, and for the perpetuation and transmission of the heroic deeds which the king had performed in his wars with the Hothites. The gigantic fragments of a red granite statue of the king are strewed on the floor of the old temple, by the southern wing of the Pylon.

"Further south stand the solitary guardians of the city of the dead—the two famous Colossi of Memnon, soaring into the blue ether of the Theban skies, silent witnesses of long-past glorious days in the history of the Egyptians. They once adorned the space in front of the great gate of a sepulchral temple of King Amenhotep III., which has now disappeared, almost without leaving a trace, from the face of the earth. They were the work of the renowned officer of the royal household, Hi, the son of Hapu.

"Still further south, the funeral temples of the Pharaohs, Thotmes III. and Ramses III., rise to a considerable height from amidst hill-like piles of rubbish. Ramses III. is the rich King Rampsinitus of Greek tradition; his temple is noticeable for the numberless delineations and inscriptions designed to celebrate the victorious campaigns of this king against the Libyan-Ionic confederation. If we further mention the terrace and the rocky chapel of the Thutmessides in the north-western corner of this great Theban necropolis, we shall have exhausted the list of these funereal temples of the kings, whose purpose it was to preserve in the most

vivid manner, for the future generations of the world, the memory of the past."

When we had completed the survey of this famous city of the dead, we rode across the plain back to our steamer. We had now to take leave of beautiful Luxor, the glorious remains of hundred-gated Thebes. The Theban plain lay wrapped in the mists of the hot noontide, and framed by its setting of lofty blue mountains. It was a wonderful picture for our farewell greeting.

We spent the afternoon on our voyage, passing pleasant hours on the deck; a cooling breeze came over the river, and one lovely landscape after another met our gaze. At six p.m. we put in at Keneh, and this time landed not on the western bank of Dendera, but on the eastern, by the modern city.

We employed the evening in hunting in the neighbourhood. Hoyos and I rode across the rich and, at this place, broad plain, and then followed the course of a canal much frequented by game, where we shot a variety of birds. We rode through the water-channel at a shallow place, and returned towards the town, in whose neighbourhood, and beside smiling gardens, a palm-forest rears its proud tops.

Kites, hawks, black-winged falcons, the large raven, crows, screech-owls, and all kinds of small birds, sought the shelter of this forest to roost. Knowing this, we hid ourselves behind the thick stems of the date-palms, and had easy and plentiful sport.

When twilight followed a fine sunset, we rode back along a dyke into the tolerably large town.

SHOOTING IN THE PALMS AT KENEH.

The narrow streets of clay houses, whose architectural ornamentation and high minarets bespoke the importance of the place, were full of life. A lucky chance led us through the crowded streets to the brilliant bazaar, covered with matting and well lighted, and whose busy traders pressed eagerly and noisily round us. Following the long line of stalls we escaped from the dust, steam, and stench which, especially in the evening, pervade Eastern towns, and hastened back to our steamer. The other gentlemen had also returned with some game, so that, with our liberal contribution, the short hunting expedition at Keneh made a very good show.

We continued our voyage on the 13th, in splendid weather. From sunrise to midday we made no halt, and arrived where the mountains of Gebel Tuk come close to the eastern bank of the stream. The look of the country pleased us, and we resolved to get some exercise by landing on the broken banks. No village, no house was near, only the wildly cleft mountain rocks, separated from the river by a meadow of a hundred paces' width at the utmost.

Scrambling among the heaps of stones and bare rifts, I found many tracks of jackals and some burrows, and therefore turned my dachshunds in and let them search the deep gullies, but unhappily with no result.

I also failed in my efforts to creep up to the birds of prey sitting on the hill-tops and rocks. In those ill-starred attempts at sport I found some old hollow tombs, and in them, together with bones, the remains of a mummy —perhaps merely the flesh and muscles, parched by the hot

dry atmosphere. Returning from the mountains we shot some quail, which had paused in the narrow meadow, weary with their long journey.

After a stoppage of scarcely two hours we went on our further voyage. Towards two, the steamer arrived at the large and well-situated town of Sohag. We landed at once to explore the neighbourhood.

The Grand Duke and I went round the most distant quarter of the town, by the barracks of the small garrison, and sought by some large pools for various kinds of birds.

The many lookers-on, and the flocks of buffaloes and camels coming to water, drove us thence; and following the dyke of the famous Canal of Joseph, we came past scattered houses and flourishing fields and gardens to a wood of high tamarisks, sycamores, and palms.

This excellent cover served as a sleeping-place to great numbers of birds, and soon after sundown we shot many of the astonished slumberers. A dwarf eagle, several kites, falcons, crows, two owls, and a lot of palm-doves became our prey in the course of a few minutes.

In the matter of landscape, too, this forest, consisting solely of African trees, had many charms, and we left most unwillingly the perfumed, rich, green shade, whose abounding vegetation recalled the glowing fancies of the "Arabian Nights." Keeping along the dyke we soon reached the town, and riding through several narrow but busy streets got back to our steamer.

Mudir Ali Pasha had kindly lent me his large snow-white donkey, named Abu-Gebel, a remarkably fine specimen, of purest Arab breed; and as I had been very much

pleased during my ride with the excellent paces of the animal, he gave it to me. We had now to find quarters for the ass on the deck of the ship; a stall was put up

OUR FELLOW-PASSENGER.

for him, and he soon made his entry into our moving home.

We started very early next day on our further voyage to Siut. The steamer made its last station at one

stretch. We arrived there at noon. An avenue leads from the landing-place into Siut; it is the most important and considerable town above Cairo, is the seat of a Mudir, and has a considerable trade and superior buildings. It is true the houses are even here built of clay, but they are higher, and decorated with better Arabian ornaments, than the other more southerly towns of the Nile. The minarets and the handsome gates of the town at once strike the traveller; shady sycamore avenues and fruitful gardens surround the town in the direction of the river.

We rode through some narrow streets, and between the stalls along the whole length of the very noticeable bazaar, which the caravan route from Darfur, which terminates here, keeps richly supplied with ostrich feathers and ivory. The red and black pottery of Siut are also a specialty. The stir and activity which prevailed in this bazaar interested me much. The inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile, from all the provinces of Egypt, in their gay and varied costumes, were side by side with the genuine commercial fellaheen.

We crossed the town, and from the opposite side, passing along a dyke and over the well-known Canal of Joseph, reached the foot of the steep mountains. At Siut the mountains come nearer to the river, and the broad plain of cultivated land above and below is narrowed for a short space. We climbed straight up a steep and narrow path to look at the caves and sepulchral chapels which stand half-way up the mountain among the rocks and rubble.

This place had a certain importance in ancient times. Ossiut, the largest and most important town of Upper Egypt,

takes its present designation from the old name of Siaut. Anubis, the jackal-headed divinity, formerly had her temples and altars here. All animals of canine race were sacred to her—the wolf especially—hence the Greek name of the town Lykopolis, "the city of the wolf." In the caves of the mountains which lie behind Ossiut, and which are a spur of the Libyan chain, the embalmed bodies of animals of the above family are still found in good preservation, and in close proximity to famous mausoleums which date from the times of the thirteenth dynasty (B.C. 2200), and which belonged to high officers of state of that period. We entered one of these chambers hewn in the rock. It was large, but beyond its peculiar shape we found nothing worth looking at inside it.

Our party now divided; some of the gentlemen strolled with their guns towards the town, while I clambered through a narrow gorge to the ridge, and obtained a beautiful view over the town, the Valley of the Nile, the Arabian mountains opposite, and the orange plateau of the Libyan mountains behind me.

I descended by another path into the valley, down steep rocks and among blocks and heaps of stone, passing many funeral caves and some skeletons, and finally reached the Mohammedan burying-ground. This very large Moslem city of the dead, with its many fine monuments, deserves to be visited. It extends westward from Siut, and reaches at one end to the blooming gardens of the cultivated land, and at the other to the desert waste.

I walked back into the town, and lingered in the streets of the remoter suburbs, watching the ways of the people, and

also shot some carrion vultures between the houses; they had assembled in great numbers in the vicinity of the flayers' yards. In the afternoon I returned through the better quarters of the town, to dine on board the steamer.

At sunset we all rode once more to the foot of the mountains, and posted ourselves at different points. Some of the gentlemen went to the graves in the rocks, while I concealed myself in one of the buildings of the Mohammedan graveyard. It was a beautiful evening; perfect stillness reigned around, and only a gentle breeze stirred the leafy tops of the sycamores.

Unfortunately no four-footed game came to my ambush; on the other hand, I watched more than twenty large vultures in the distance, who came one after the other to roost in a high cliff. It was amusing to see how the birds quarrelled over their perches for the night. Naturally enough, none of them desired to sit below the others, and it was a long time before they all succeeded in squatting one beside the other in a long fissure in the rock.

I had to leave the graveyard at the end of an hour, as the time for our journey drew on. At the Canal of Joseph I joined my companions. They had seen jackals and a large wolf, but all, unfortunately, in the rocks, and out of fire. The Grand Duke had also seen a vampire (the bird is as large as a raven) at the moment when the disgusting creature was coming out of a tomb.

We rode quickly back to the landing-place, bade a hearty farewell to our worthy dark-hued admiral and the brave ship which had been our abode during days of enjoyment which can never be forgotten, and went to the adjoining

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE VULTURES.

railway-station. The train soon steamed away from Siut to the north, and sweet sleep quickly settled on the travellers. When I woke, early on the morning of the 15th, the sun was shining into the carriages, and we were already in the neglected little station of Bedrashên. We breakfasted in the dirty waiting-room, and then started on the ride to Memphis. The road ran between marshy pools, well-kept fields, and great palm-forests, to the little village of Mitrahenne, which lies hidden in the plenteous verdure of African vegetation.

I will now let Brugsch take my place. "The tales and traditions of the glory and the greatness of the old town of Memphis, or, as it is called in Egyptian inscriptions, Mem-nofir, *i.e.* 'good pasture,' have for ever passed away. The temples and the houses of the old kings of Memphis who had taken up their residence there have vanished from the face of the earth, and not one single stone of the ruins which remain awakes the recollection of the first and earliest founders of the town. The space enclosed by tumbling earth-walls, which extends by the palm-girt village of Mitrahenne (old Minet-ra-hannu) to the north and south, marks the centre of the vast abode of the Memphites, the former site of the national sanctuary. Here stood the temples of the god Ptah, the great artist and maker of all created things. The sanctuary of this god, protected by strongly fortified lines, which bore the name of 'white wall,' or 'white fortress,' formed the citadel of the town, in which the palladium of the empire was vigorously defended against all external and internal foes, throughout the whole period of Egyptian history.

"The few remains of antiquity which are still extant on the much and oft-traversed ground of this sacred spot belong to edifices of later times; temples by the erection of which certain individual kings of Theban origin sought to give proof of their pious sympathy for the ancient sanctuary of the kingdom. Ramses II., the adoptive father of Moses, also called Sestura (*i.e.* the Sesostris of classical tradition), born 1350 B.C., stands at the head of these royal founders. The remains of the buildings initiated by him, which are partly extensions of older ruined temples, and partly special buildings in their neighbourhood, now lie scattered over the ground. His own statue, of colossal size, which once stood before the gate of the great Ptah temple, one of the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture, worked in fine marble-like limestone, now lies overthrown in a pit which the Nile water fills to the brim at its annual overflow.

"The features of this famous Pharaoh vividly recall those of his portrait,—the fine statue in the museum at Turin. The numerous fragments which lie around the statue of Ramses, and which bear the names of his successors, and in particular that of his son, the next king, Mineptah (the Pharaoh of the exodus of the Jews), show that these kings paid due homage by dedicating gifts of all kinds to the supreme divinity of the earliest Egyptian history.

"A sacred bull, the Apis (old Egyptian Hapu), was dedicated to the same god Ptah as his living embodiment, and was kept beside the great temple, in one of its outer courts, tended with the utmost care, and worshipped. On each occasion of the death of the sacred bull its solemn

interment was arranged at great expense, and its carcase, well embalmed and adorned with rich decorations, was borne on a car to the place of the Apis graves."

We rode from Memphis, beyond the cultivated land, up into the great Libyan desert, to the Pyramids of Sakkara, and past Mariette's house to the Apis tombs.

The country here has exactly the same character as that at the Pyramids of Ghizeh. These Pyramids can be seen from those of Sakkara, as well as Cairo, its citadel, and the terraced forms of the Mokattam mountains.

We penetrated, provided with torches, into the subterranean labyrinth of passages of the Apis tombs. They seemed interminable, and the air was dry and oppressive. "In the most brilliant period of Egyptian history, as also later, under the foreign Ptolemean princes, the bulls were placed in gigantic sarcophagi of the hardest stone, and laid in separate compartments of the underground galleries. They are placed in chronological order one after the other, each grave having its own inscription. The Apis tombs of Memphis, which are now made accessible to strangers in the most convenient way, contain twenty-four of these colossal sarcophagi. The series of bulls buried here began with the middle of the sixteenth century B.C., and closed at the time of the Emperor Augustus.

"The animals which lived before that period found resting-places after death in the terraced Pyramid of Sakkara. In its interior there is a large vaulted space with separate passages and niches. The bones of bulls which remain in them distinctly indicate the purpose of this Pyramid."

We breakfasted in the small house near the Apis tombs which had been built for purposes of study by the famous Egyptologist, Mariette, lately deceased; and then went to the curious low-terraced Pyramid to hunt jackals. The Arabs had scarcely begun to climb the stones when down came a jackal in full flight and was shot by me. After this little sporting interlude we visited the other Pyramids in the neighbourhood, and the small recently opened one of King Pepi I.

Permit me here to quote some notes about Pyramids in general, those of Memphis and Ghizeh, and also about the Sphinx, for which I am indebted to my friend Brugsch.

"The old national god of Memphis, Ptah, in his special capacity of king of the dead and protector of the departed, bore the name of Sokar. In this capacity he was absolutely identical with the god Osiris of the whole country. A sanctuary dedicated to him on the site of the present village of Sakkara bore the old Egyptian designation 'house of Sokar,' from which the Arabic name of the village Sakkara is directly derived. The graves of the Memphites, which are grouped round the Pyramids in regular order, and the oldest of which belong to the period of the Memphite kings, were under the protection of this king of the dead. A whole city of the dead arose on the soil of the desert. Long rows of funeral chapels built in stone, the so-called 'houses of eternity,' formed by their continuity the streets of the city. Underneath them, in deep shafts, were the actual chambers in which the departed rested in their wooden or stone coffins. The best-preserved mausoleum of the times of the Memphite kings

MEMPHIS.

is that of a certain distinguished Egyptian named Thi. He lived in the middle of the fourth century B.C., and prepared a chapel for himself in the vicinity of the Pyramids of those kings under whose sway he had held his post of officer of state.

"The richly coloured, delicate, and carefully executed pictures on the walls of this mortuary have a high value from the multitude of the scenes from life which they place before our eyes in the most vivid way—the agriculture and industries, as well as the sacrificial rites, of these remotest periods of human history.

"These pictures owe their existence to the belief that in the world beyond, the earthly goods of a wealthy and distinguished landowner would still belong to the departed. Navigation, cattle-breeding, agriculture, the overflow of the Nile, the handicrafts from the cobbler to the joiner, painting and sculpture, and, to crown all, administration down to the humblest clerk; nothing is forgotten to give to the pictures the impress of the most life-like exactitude. The wife and children take a prominent place in these scenes. The first is especially favoured with the most flattering qualities, which culminate in the expression, 'Her beauty was proverbial, and sweet was her gentleness to her husband.'"

In the cities of the dead of Memphis, which extend in unbroken succession from Abu-roash to Fayum, the old graves of the Memphite kings rose visible from afar at the edge of the desert plateau. These kings ruled in Egypt from B.C. 4000 to B.C. 2500. Although a large number of these tombs have ere now been levelled to

the ground, those that remain are amply sufficient to enable us to form a correct judgment as to their style of building, and the mode of its execution. The grave-chamber has mostly a pointed roof formed by two limestone monoliths, which lean against each other, sloping upwards. This must be regarded as the essential point of every pyramid. The covering of limestone blocks piled over it takes the form of a pyramid. The angles of a pyramid were called in old Egyptian Pir-am-us; hence the Greek name Pyramis.

The pyramid was added to according to the length of the reign of the Pharaoh who built it, so that with his advancing age the pyramid grew likewise. The different heights of the Pyramids represent, therefore, the length of the reigns of their royal founders, while their local arrangement following each other from north to south presents to the eye of the spectator their chronological order also.

The entrance to the Pyramids is always turned to the north. The door is blocked by a drop-stone of granite; an oblique and then a level passage terminates in the grave-chamber itself, in which the mummies of the Pharaohs lie on the western side in a sarcophagus which is usually of granite. The stair-like shelves of the Pyramids were filled with stone blocks polished on the outside, and when fitted together appeared as a smooth surface, which presented itself in triangular form from the base to the point as a complete whole.

The greater number of the Pyramids had been opened in early time by treasure-seekers. The Persians under Cambyses, the Romans, the Arabian Caliphs, have all sought for buried treasure. In our days the attempt has

been made anew to penetrate the interior of the Pyramids of Sakkara."

According to Brugsch Pasha we were the first Europeans who had visited the Pyramid of King Pepi since it had been opened.

Even in classical times the three great Pyramids of Ghizeh were reckoned among the wonders of the world, and they still excite the admiration of our own *blasé* contemporaries. The enormous mass of stone employed in their construction, and its even distribution as provided for in the execution of these gigantic monuments, has not its equal anywhere else. The largest of the three Pyramids was once four hundred and fifty-one feet in height. Its cubic contents are estimated at not less than seventy-five millions of cubic feet. It has been calculated that the stone employed in building it would suffice to put a wall six feet high all round France. The inscriptions name King Chufu, *i.e.* the Cheops of classical authors, who ruled in Egypt 3700 B.C., as its builder. The Pyramid which his son and successor, Chafra (King Chephres of Greek traditions), erected in a south-westerly direction from that of his predecessor retains its old coating in the upper part.

At its foot there existed a special sanctuary, in form like a temple, and built of blocks of limestone, granite, and alabaster, and which was connected, by a long road leading to the east, with the so-called Temple of the Sphinx. The remains of this road are in almost entire preservation, and have been lately cleared from the sand of the desert. The grounds of the Temple of the Sphinx, in which, at the bottom of a now filled-up well, several statues of King Chafra were

discovered, is a point of special attraction to European travellers. But no inscription adorns the granite and alabaster walls of this gigantic structure, and its purpose remains an unsolved riddle

The following table places the list of the kings who built the Pyramids and the buildings themselves in a convenient form.

Pyramid of	Name.	Builder.	Greek Name.	Dynasty.
Abu Roash	Cha	Pharaoh Snefru	Soris	IV. 1
Gizeh	Chut	„ Chufu	Cheops	„ 2
	Uer	„ Chafra	Chephren	„ 3
	Hir	„ Menkara	Mycerinus	„ 4
Zanit-el-Arian	Kebeh	„ Scheps-kaf	Sebercheres	„ 7
Rigah	Ab-set	„ Userkaf	Usercheres	V. 1
Abusir	Chaba	„ Sahurah	Sephres	„ 2
	?	„ Keka	?	
	?	„ Nofra	?	
	Menset	„ Ranuser	Rathures	„ 6
Sakkara	Nuter-set	Menkahor	Meruheres	„ 7
	Nofer	Tatkara	Tatcheres	„ 8
	Nofer-set	Unas	Onnos	„ 9
	Tat-set	Teta	Othoes	VI. 1
	?	Userkarā	Usercheres	
	Men-nofer	Pepi I.	Phiops I.	„ 4
	Cha-nofer	Hunemsaf	Menthesuphis	„ 5
	Men-aneh	Noferkarā (Pepi II.)	Phiops II.	

The Sphinx lies with its lower part hidden deep in the sand. The inscriptions give the figure the name of Hu, and describe it as a symbolic embodiment of the Sun-god under his name of Hormachu, *i.e.* Horus, in the realms of light. The features of the figure, which are unfortunately much damaged, represented those of its royal author.

A long inscription between the outstretched fore feet of the lion's body, now covered in the sand, records a wonderful dream of one of the later Pharaohs of Egyptian history. The last, by name Thutmes IV. (buried *circa* 1530 B.C.), causes what follows to be related of himself.

THE SPHINX.

"See, he was wont to hunt for his pleasure on the territory of the province of Memphis, southward and northward, where he fired with brazen arrows at the mark, and hunted the lions of the valley of Gazelles. He came here in his chariot, whose horses were fleeter than the wind. With him were two of his servants, and no man knew who they were.

"And behold when the time of rest was come which he granted to his servants, then he employed it to decorate the figure of the Sphinx of the god Hormachu, beside the temple of the god Sohar, at the city of the dead, and the goddess Ranuti by sacrificial gifts of corn and flowers, and to pray to Isis, to her who commands the wall of the north and the wall of the south, and to the goddess Sochet of Xois, and to the god Sutek. For a mighty spell rests from ages past on this venerable spot, and even to the regions which the divinities of Babylon (Old Cairo) inhabit, and where lies the sacred way of the gods, to the west side from Heliopolis. For behold the Sphinx form of the great and lofty god Cheper rests upon this place, and the greatest of the spirits and the most mighty god tarries here. To him all the dwellers in Memphis, and those in all the cities which are in its dominion, lift their hands to worship before his face and to bring him sacrifices.

"One day it befel that Prince Thutmes came here on his journey about the time of midday. And after he had laid himself down in the shadow of this god, sleep laid hold of him. Dreaming in his sleep at the moment that the sun stood in the zenith, it seemed to him as though the majesty of this mighty god spoke to him with his own mouth, as a

father speaks with his son while he spake thus: 'Behold me, and consider me well, thou my son Thutmes. I am thy father Hormachu, the god Cheper-Ra-Tum. The kingdom shall be given to thee; thou shalt wear the crown of Egypt on the throne of the god of the earth Keb; the whole earth shall belong to thee, in its breadth and length, lighted by the beaming eye of the Lord of all. The riches from the interior of the land, and many tributes from all people, shall belong to thee, and thou shalt rejoice in length of life for many years. The best shall be thy portion, for my face is turned to thee, and my heart belongs to thee. The sand of the desert on which I have my being has covered me up. Answer me, that thou wilt do that which is my wish. Then shall I know that thou art my son and defender. Come nearer, let me be united to thee.'

"Upon this the prince awoke, and what he had just heard was repeated. He understood the word of this god, and kept it to himself in his heart while he thus spake: 'In very deed I see the dwellers in the temples of the town of Memphis, how they bring sacrifices to this god without doing anything to protect from the sands the work of King Chafra, the image which he has set up to the god Tum-Hormachu. . . ."

The text is injured here, and has become illegible. The conclusion is nevertheless easy to guess. Thutmes has the Sphinx cleared of sand, and is in consequence crowned King of Egypt. The fact is of small historic value, but all the more interesting is the deduction that even in the sixteenth century B.C. the body of the Sphinx lay as now, half buried in deep sand.

I will here add to these historical quotations some notes respecting Fayum, as it extended to the southern boundary of the old territory of Memphis. The modern name owes its origin to the old designation Pa-juma, *i.e.* the lake land, with reference to the once most famous and now vanished Lake Moeris.

Lake Moeris lay formerly in the south-eastern part of the oasis of Fayum, an artificial reservoir united with the Nile by a broad canal, and a system of sluices served for the reception of the surplus water of the overflow.

The water conduits delivered the needful irrigation to all the principal parts of the oasis, and converted this once fruitless basin in the course of time into a garden of God. In consequence of a lack of care on the part of the Government the lake disappeared after its last waters had found an outlet in the natural lake of Birket-el-Karun. The whole country which surrounded Fayum was reckoned by the old Egyptians as satanic, and for this reason it never appears in the sacred lists of towns and names of districts.

Here was the kingdom of Set, the Satan of the Egyptians, and here the centre of worship of the crocodile, so hated by the rest of the Egyptians, the servants of Osiris. To the crocodile a special temple service was devoted in the town of Crocodilopolis, in the neighbourhood of the Medinet-el-Fayum of the present day.

Before I leave the most noteworthy and important parts of Egypt which have drawn our attention for the last two chapters to the hoar traditions of the departed days of the rule of the Pharaohs, I will add the subjoined list.

THE POLITICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION OF EGYPT ACCORDING TO THE STATEMENT ON THE MONUMENT.

A. Pa-to-ris, or the Land of the South.

Province.	Arabic.	Greek.	Sacred Animal.
1. Tepah	Alfih	Aphroditopolis	Cow
2. Smenhur	Isment	Ptolemais	Ram
3. Chinsu	Ahuas	Heracleopolis Magna	Ram
4. Pimaza	Pemdige	Oxyrinchus	Beaked bandolus (fish)
5. Habennu	Hebe	Hipponus	Dogs
6. Kasa	Kaïs	Cynopolis	Dogs
7. Hibonu	Minieh	Hiu	Ram
8. Chimunu	Aschmun	Hermopolis Magna	Ibis
9. Kus	Kos	Cusae	Dogs
10. Siaut	Ossiut	Lykopolis	Dogs
11. Nientbaki		Hieracoupolis	Falcon
12. Shasholf	Sholp	Hypselis	Ram
13. Tebu	Atfi	Aphroditopolis	Cow
14. Apu	Abu	Panopolis	Ichneumon
15. Abidu	Harabat	Abydus	Beetle
16. Hau	Hon	Diospolis Parva	Cow
17. Tentaris	Dendera	Tentyra	Cow
18. Kobti	Kift	Koptus	Ram
19. Ni-amon	Lugsor-Karnak	Thebae	He-goat
20. Nechab	El-Kab	Eileithyiapolis	Vulture
21. Teb	Edfu	Apollinopolis M.	Falcon
22. Ab	Assuan	Elephantine	He-goat

B. Pa-to-enchit, or the Land of the North.

Province.	Arabic.	Greek.	Sacred Animal.
1. Kosem (Goshen of Scripture)	Fakus	Phakusa	Hawk
2. Am	Far-ama	Pelusium	Serpent
3. Pibast (Pibeseth of Scripture)	Tell-bast	Bubastis	Cats
4. To-mchit (No-amon of Scripture)	Damiat	Diospolis	He-goats
5. Bindad	Amdid	Mendes	He-goats
6. Chimum	Ashmun	Hermopolis	Ibis
7. Zaan (Zoan of Scripture)	San	Tanir	Falcon Gull
8. On (On of Scripture)	Matarieh	Heliopolis	Ox
9. Thabennuter	Samanud	Sebennytus	Falcon
10. Kahebes	?	Cynopolis	Crocodile
11. Hatarihab	Etrib	Athribis	Ox
12. Pusisi	Abusir	Busiris	Ram

B. PA-TO-ENCHIT, OR THE LAND OF THE NORTH—*Continued.*

PROVINCE.	ARABIC.	GREEK.	SACRED ANIMAL.
13. Pitom (also in Scripture)	Tell-el-Kebir	Patumus	Eel
14. Sontinofer	Alexandria	Gynaecopolis	Crocodile
15. Chasun	Hasse	Saïs	Ram
16. Sai	Sa	Prosopis	Cow
17. Zokpir	Shebshir	Apis	Crocodile
18. Ni-ent-hapi	?	Letopolis	Ox
19. Sochem	Ausim	Memphis	Hawk
20. Menofir (Noph of Scripture)	Munf		Ox

After we had scrambled into the Pyramid of King Pepi I. with some pains and difficulty, we left the desert and its ancient monuments and rode back into the cultivated land.

The road led past a plantation of areca, a very attractive plant for hunting reasons, and we resolved to have it beaten by our servants and some fellaheen, but unluckily the owner suddenly appeared and desired us not to trespass on his property.

This inflexible personage was an old negro, a eunuch of giant size, but thin, with rather flaccid features, and robed in long wide garments—one of the ugliest and most offensive-looking men that I ever remember to have seen. In his respectable career he had acquired a great deal of money, and now spent his old age on his own extensive estate. Avoiding a dispute with this individual, we rode at one stretch to Bedrashên, whence the railway brought the whole party in less than an hour to Cairo. After this long expedition, full of the most delightful experiences, we re-entered the beautiful City of the Caliphs.

CHAPTER VI.

A Day in Cairo—Damietta—Port Said—Through the Canal of Suez to Ismailia—From Ismailia to Cairo—Four Days in Cairo—Journey to Suez—The Red Sea—Journey to Ismailia—Stay there—To Port Said.

We drove from the station through the beautiful avenue of trees, across the great Nile bridge, into the ancient City of the Caliphs, whose streets at this hour, late in the afternoon, were full of life.

Carriages and horsemen, swift-footed runners, Western bustle and activity by the side of caravans of camels, veiled fellaheen women, braying asses, water-carriers, and blind beggars—all this glides rapidly past, and glad were we again to enjoy the life of Cairo. Through the European quarter and over the canal bridge, we soon reached the Shubra Avenue and our own Kasr-en-Nusha.

After a bath and dinner the magic of African moonlight tempted some of us out, and we drove in hired carriages into the town.

We stopped at the Esbekiyé Garden, and went through the balmy plantations, by the pond, and round amongst the artificial waterfalls, rocks, and kiosks. People were sitting at most of the restaurants—chiefly Levantines belonging to the commercial classes—young men passing the time in drinking, listening to music, or playing at cards.

This garden is an extraordinary boon to the Çairenes, especially in the hot part of the year. It is beautifully laid out and well kept, and luxuriant and blooming by favour of the climate. Its moment of greatest perfection is at the full moon; and yet we were not satisfied. The moonlight of Cairo seemed to us pale and dim compared with that of glorious Assuan.

From the Esbekiyé Garden we made a round through the old Arab quarter. We had unwittingly chosen a very favourable evening. The Moslems were celebrating the feast of the great El-Hosseïn, and thus we enjoyed, in the streets near the mosque dedicated to him, the very striking sight of an Oriental popular festival at night.

Great crowds moved up and down in the narrow streets. The shops and Arab coffee-houses were open, and lighted lamps and candelabra were fastened to the houses, and bright carpets stretched across the streets. Glass lustres, lighted, hung from coloured cords over the middle of the streets, and all the houses were more or less brilliantly decorated according to the wealth of their owners. Everything was gay with light, colour, and the most incredible variety of trifles.

Moslems of every class and trade elbowed each other; country folk in their blue shirts, screaming water-carriers, wailing cripples and beggars, Bedouins in white burnous, portly merchants, fine gentlemen in gay and flowing apparel with green turbans on their heads, in token of descent from the Prophet, soldiers and dealers of all kinds—all moving together towards the mosque, which was bright with all its lights streaming from the widely opened door.

From thence the crowd moved towards the upper part of the street, where serpent-charmers, conjurers, rope-dancers, dancing women, and similar performers had improvised in the open street an Eastern fair.

Brugsch Pasha, who accompanied us on this occasion, dissuaded us from going in our European dress into the mosque, which at that hour was thronged by religious fanatics; so we pushed our way to the shows and jugglers, where we could watch the genuine national life of the people. The street is a gentle ascent, so we could obtain from the top a survey of the whole medley, the strange colouring, and the lights. It seemed almost too wild and frantic for the Mohammedan East, and reminded me forcibly of a Viennese ballet which represents a Chinese popular festival.

After a time we went back to the European quarter, where the coffee and wine shops were still busy. Here, as elsewhere in the south, night is turned to day, and we saw rich and poor Levantines in European dress, but with the fez on their heads, playing at billiards, engaged at the card table, or listening to the band.

Next morning we paid a visit to the Viceroy, to thank him for the great hospitality we had received on our voyage up the Nile. This was no official visit, so we drove quietly in the forenoon through the still empty streets to the palace. We spent a quarter of an hour with the Khedive, drinking the customary coffee, and smoking excellent cigarettes. He inquired with much interest about our experiences on our delightful Nile voyage.

We returned from the palace by the shortest road to

THE FESTIVAL.

Kasr-en-Nusha, to put on our shooting suits, and after a brief pause the whole party started on an excursion to the vice-regal country seats of Gezireh and Gizeh outside the city.

The gardens are of quite unique beauty, with lakes, water-works, fountains, kiosks, hidden green alleys, and shady paths, a richness of verdure and a wealth of flowers of almost overpowering perfume such as only this climate could produce. The refined taste and luxurious habits of Orientals inured by the heat of the climate to inactive lives could alone devise such a thing. The gorgeous visions portrayed in the sensuous fairy-tales of the East were here realized; and here, as in the fairy-tales, enjoyment was made the sole purpose of life. The menagerie, so famous under the last Viceroy, unfortunately no longer exists, and we found only empty cages.

The house itself did not please us so much. The building was vast, of no particular style, but almost wholly European, a bit of Arab decoration here and there alone telling of the East. In the interior the great staircases and halls, and, above all, the innumerable rooms, seemed Western; but they were at once over-coloured and bald-looking. Some divans beautifully covered, cool marble pavements, little window niches, vases with running water, and charming baths, reminded us that we were in the East.

The many palaces in and around Cairo are almost all uninhabited. Some old princesses wear their dreary lives to an end in them, and as keeping the buildings up would cost enormous sums, they are allowed to fall to

decay—a process likely, from the hasty and reckless mode of building them, to go on pretty quickly.

We visited every corner of the gardens and houses, and then drove to the Pyramids of Gizeh. The heat was oppressive, and a strong wind blew the sand of the desert into nose and eyes; so we were glad when the long road along the dyke was left behind, and we reached the foot of these giant structures.

The purpose of this second visit was a jackal hunt, and the ascent of the great Cheops Pyramid. Some Arabs began at once to search the venerable piles. Only two jackals were found: the Grand Duke killed the one, and I fired at the other, but from too great a distance, and the wounded beast dragged itself painfully off into the desert.

The third small Pyramid was quite empty, and so we were soon at liberty to address ourselves to the ascent of the huge mountain of stone. My companions accomplished the toilsome but not perilous task in twenty minutes. I wished to give the Arabs who crowd round the tourists, and hoist them from step to step, a little brisk exercise, and jumping from stone to stone I reached the very summit in nine minutes. From the small platform there one obtains a fine view over the green Valley of the Nile, the wide-stretching fertile plain of Lower Egypt, the orange-coloured deserts on both sides, and the beautiful town of Cairo, with its sea of houses and its high minarets.

The sun was declining. In the yellow mist of the heated atmosphere, thick with whirling sand, its disc looked like a fiery ball slowly disappearing in the Libyan

desert; dark shadows lay on the eastern mountains, and the old citadel, as well as the Mokattam mountains, shone in rosy tints like our Alpine glow.

Some of the Pyramid guides especially expert in running, went, in virtue of a handsome backsheesh, in eight minutes down from the top of the Cheops Pyramid and up to the summit of that of Chefrên, the upper part of which, having no steps, is very dangerous to climb.

After this display of activity we too climbed down from our lofty station. On the way a young guide, with a fine and genuinely Arab countenance, told me that he was no Egyptian—not one of the miserable fellaheen—but had the honour to spring from a noble stock in Algiers, and as a man who had seen the world, knew not only Tunis but also Morocco, where the true Arabs live, and not the wretched mixed races of the Valley of the Nile. The good man seemed to feel much irritation with his present compatriots, and gave his feelings full vent as he saw that the conversation interested me.

At the foot of the Pyramids we had to look on at a performance by some Bedouins. They rode past each other at full speed, discharging their guns. Neither the men, their horses, their clothes, nor their arms were handsome or genuine. Wheresoever the great army of Baedecker-reading tourists turns, there one finds trickery, exaction, and these so-called national displays. The Pyramids are as much a station for tourists as the Rigi; and the hired Bedouins, with their foolish tricks, belong to the same category as the wooden chamois which you find stuck up in Switzerland.

The evening drew in, and we had to hasten home by the road by which we had come, and through the streets of the town, which at this hour were very animated. The moment dinner was over we drove to the railway to set out on our expedition to Menzaleh.

Some gentlemen had assembled in the station at Cairo to bid us farewell—among them our friend Brugsch Pasha. Baron Saurma was also present and ready to accompany us to Lake Menzaleh. In a few minutes Herr Zimmerman, our faithful attendant on all our railway journeys, told us that it was time to start.

We talked a great deal for the first hour in the train, and then one after the other betook himself to rest. In order that our sleep should not be broken, they were so good as to allow our carriage to stand in the station at Damietta, which we reached during the night. When we woke, therefore, before sunrise on the 17th of March, we found ourselves alone on a siding.

As soon as all the party had assembled, we went down to the bank of the canal, and were taken in a small steamer to the opposite side.

The town pleased me very much. It is genuinely Arab, and yet the parts which border the canal reminded us at once of a Dutch or Belgian seaport. The many little sailing vessels going up and down, with their jolly masts and flags, make Damietta look like Antwerp translated into Arabic.

We went on foot from the quay to the house of our consular agent, a wasted and intensely droll old man, who was extremely kind to us. The interior of the town

is thoroughly Eastern; the streets, if possible, dirtier, narrower, and more decorated with wooden nooks and notches than most Arab towns. Where there is no water running past the houses, the old Dutch character disappears.

Damietta has, however, undeniably more of a northern air (if the word be allowed in Africa) than the Arab quarter of Cairo, or the towns of Upper Egypt. One realizes that it might sometimes be almost *cold* here, and the presence of the sea makes itself felt in dew. The houses are more solidly built, better roofed; in a word, arranged to be more and longer lived in. At our worthy representative's everything was in splendid order—European rooms with Turkish rugs, Arab servants, and the perfume of the East, the horrible attar of roses, pervading the whole house. In everything it could be seen that the owner was a genuine Levantine.

After a hasty breakfast, during which our small stock of luggage had been placed on pack-horses, we started anew. Some of us were mounted on asses, two of the gentlemen got into an old-fashioned coach, the pride of the place, and in a few minutes the little caravan was in motion to the regulation yells of the donkey-drivers. We went through some streets, and then reached by a good road between gardens, country houses, small palm woods, and along a canal, the shore of the lake. Three miserable little fishermen's huts stood on the sandy beach. Behind us were lofty palms, thick hedges, and blooming verdure; before us lay the broad, boundless grey-brown lake, with its flat dunes and marshy shores, the image of drear monotony and sleepy dulness.

At Lake Menzaleh I could really not believe myself to be still in the Egypt hitherto so rich in colour. The weather was not favourable either; the moisture of the sea was perceptible, and a disagreeable cold wind made sport with the grey rain-clouds, and the whole sky was veiled in gloom. Here we seemed to be in the north once more, and we thought with sorrow of the never-to-be-forgotten sun of Assuan. This very unlovely lake might just as well have been appended to one of the plains of Northern Europe; it was dull and tiresome enough to have filled the position worthily.

A flotilla of small sailing dahabiyé lay in front of the fishing cottages. I think that the reef pirate of antiquity can have used no worse boats; our Istrian trabakels are frigates compared with them. We had to choose for ourselves among these wretched vessels. The Grand Duke, Baron Saurma, the chaplain, and I took possession of the biggest, and two gentlemen went in each of the others. Another followed as cook's galley, and in it went the provender and the cook.

It will suffice to describe the arrangement of one of these boats. They were all of them bad. In front there was a platform round the mast; on this were some cane seats and a small table. Here the day had to be spent, and here at night the two huntsmen and the crew had to sleep. On lifting the hatch you opened a small receptacle which served to store the luggage. In the centre of the vessel, down two steps, there was a small cabin with glass windows. This cabin was divided into two parts—in the outer there were two narrow beds and nothing

else, and in truth there was room for nothing more; in the other there was a kind of press, into which, with the exercise of some dexterity, one could climb, but it was so low that one could only lie down. Two mattresses filled the scanty space. Here two small men with limbs which did not object to being doubled up would have to lie beside each other. The rest of the crew had to sleep on the top of this cabin. The helm hung behind.

The crew were all fishermen of the lake, in wide, gay robes, with turbans on their heads, not too clean and smelling of stale fish. Not one of them was of Arab type; they had dun-brown skins, broad faces, and flat noses, and were of muscular build, but not so thin and sinewy as most Arabs. At the first glance one saw that they were a foreign stock; and, in fact, the borders of Lake Menzaleh are inhabited by the descendants of the ancient Hyksos, one of those Kushite tribes who were the overthrowers of the fourteenth dynasty, and who have kept their race unmixed. We had to live on our small vessel in the closest contact with these scientifically interesting, but personally unattractive people.

Just before our start a blinded pelican was brought on board as decoy bird, which however struck far and near with its beak, and was so dirty that we sent it back to land in a few minutes.

Each vessel had a small boat fastened to it and the voyage began. These people handled their sails very skilfully, and by the help of a strong west wind the little fleet glided quickly over the water. The Lake of Menzaleh is one of the largest brackish-water lakes in the

world, a colossal lagoon, separated by a narrow line of dunes from the sea. Its western and southern boundaries are long reaches of marsh, and to the east it finds its outlet at the inner dyke of the Canal of Suez.

Leaving Damietta you have to the north the yellow line of dunes; to the south, in the far distance, the green margin of the *terra firma;* to the east the prospect is extensive, and land and water melt into each other as at sea. At first we saw but few islands, and those at a great distance.

The depth of the lake throughout its forty-five square miles is nowhere greater than would reach the hips. The bottom is stiff clay. In storms, which are sometimes very violent, drowning is precluded by the fact that one can stand and walk in all parts of it, so one gets at worst a copious bath.

In the winter months this lagoon is literally covered by migratory birds of all kinds, and especially ducks and geese. In the second half of March one could only reckon on the home birds and some late-travelling northern species. The sea and imperial eagles, which frequent the lake in great numbers in winter, were also absent, and only some spotted eagles were seen among the islands.

We agreed to separate at first and take different lines, but all to keep within sight, and to meet at noon at a given signal for luncheon. We soon saw some pelicans swimming, but an attempt to get near them in a small boat failed as usual, and we pursued our way in the dahabiyé.

After a short sail we got into the region of the islands.

The central part of the lake is entirely filled with absolutely flat islands, great and small, most of them set in a circlet of sand-banks. On these are flocks of pelicans in incredible numbers—great red and white patches larger than the islands themselves, and sparkling gloriously in the sun-beams; living islands visible for miles off: thus are the great swarms of birds to be seen in Africa.

Slowly and cautiously we approached one of these many thousand-headed companies. We searched carefully with the telescope; only pelicans, not a single flamingo was to be seen, and these we had especially hoped to meet with.

When we were at a distance of at least five hundred paces, the birds began to grow uneasy, to stretch their long necks, and move their wings. At the word of command four rifles gave the astonished birds their morning greeting.

Much disquiet, lively flapping of wings, and a general flutter up was the reply. The white island transformed itself into a gigantic cloud which cast a perfect and compact shadow on the water. Now began a smart single fire, which, strange to say, took no effect. The distance in this kind of shooting is always an enormous one, and the mass of birds, which looks so close and serried, has nevertheless many intervals and gaps in it in which balls may easily go astray. One solitary pelican shot in the first volley floated dead on the water; one of our sailors waded across to fetch it.

The further we got inside the islands the more lively the scene became. Sea-mews and sea-swallows, with the

common wild duck, disported themselves on the water in quantities. Spoonbills, divers, and smaller ducks which one could not distinguish in the distance, swam around. Grey, silver, and king herons stood on the islands, and flocks of smaller indigenous birds of various kinds swarmed on the sand-banks. No island offered sufficient attraction to induce us to halt. It was not till midday, after the fleet had assembled, and all the gentlemen on our dahabiya had profited by the breakfast prepared in the galley ship during the passage, that a larger island, adorned with a white tower, presented itself to our eyes.

This was an old sheik's tomb of a saint much esteemed on Lake Menzaleh. A miserable fishing hut stands beside the ruined building with its round cupola and lantern-like slender minaret. A narrow channel separates the island from another islet.

We resolved to stop here and shoot on foot. The herons of various kinds disappeared in a moment at our first attempt at approach. On the other hand, we found on the shore a quantity of smaller birds—the avoset or scooper, that very remarkable black-and-white coloured bird with long spindle legs and upturned beak, ruffs also, and four or five different kinds of the family of strand-runners. We separated, rambling in different directions. The shots soon cracked merrily, and in less than half an hour the little island had been completely shot over.

The islands themselves are so peculiar in their formation that they deserve a few words of description. They are almost all very narrow but long, covered with shells, one might almost say formed out of them. The

whole surface is overgrown with thick dark-green tamarisk bushes. The shores are flat and sandy, and in some places clay comes to the surface. Feathers lie about everywhere —the down of the great pelican and of the rosy flamingo, together with that of the most various water-fowl.

Some islands, especially those which are surrounded by large sand-banks, seem to be completely plastered over with thick layers of guano, and in the clay one can see the footprints of all kinds of marsh and water birds. At one place I also found the track of an ichneumon. After our brief but successful sport we continued our voyage eastward.

We wished this day to get as far as the region of the flamingoes, and, in fact, we soon saw between the islands a long rosy bank of this singular creature. It was a lovely sight. A narrow tongue of land had to be crossed; so we stopped the dahabiyé, and urged the other gentlemen, as the afternoon was already far gone, to disperse among the islands, and to meet at this point for night quarters.

Our small boat was drawn across the island, to approach the flock of birds from the opposite bank. When we had got within about four hundred paces of them, unrest and movement began to show itself among the flamingoes, who had hitherto stood motionless. Thereupon we gave them the first volley. Forthwith a marvellous rosy cloud sailed upwards into the far distance. One specimen was left behind, half standing, half swimming in the water. We saw with the glass that the bird was wounded, and, glad to get it, had ourselves rowed towards it. As the boat drew near the wounded bird began to beat its wings, and, fluttering

low over the water, disappeared from our sight behind the islands.

Much disappointed, we continued our voyage to a long island with a large white sand-bank; some smaller game was shot on the way. Our purpose now was to seek suitable points for our evening stations, for the water-fowl had begun already gradually to assemble.

Unluckily this very suitable looking island was already occupied. An old and very ragged bird-catcher sat in a hut built out of small branches. His child crouched beside him—an urchin covered over with flies, gnats, and every description of vermin. He had connected himself by cords with some large eel-nets near the bank.

A poor blind and most melancholy looking pelican was tied to a stake, as decoy bird, and likewise some ten or twelve blinded cormorants. It seemed indeed to be a most suitable spot, for the ground was covered to such an extent with putrefying fish, guano, and feathers, that a European could not long have held out there. The poor bird-catcher appeared to be no way pleased at our visit, and muttered some grumbling words into his shaggy beard.

We did not incommode him long, but rowed quickly off to a long narrow island which lay opposite. On arriving, different points were assigned to each of us. The thick bushes afforded capital cover, and there was soon complete stillness on the island. The flight of birds began. Cormorants, spoonbills, some heron, several moor-buzzards, and small shore birds of various kinds came by, but mostly too far off. A few were shot, but on the whole the shooting was not a success. Flamingoes, alone or in parties of as

NIGHT ON LAKE MENZALEH.

many as ten, also passed to and fro, but out of shot; the great flocks were not seen till after sundown. The flamingo on the wing is a most ridiculous object. Its long neck, and its feet, which it carries horizontally, look like a long staff to which two wings are hung.

The wind increased in the evening, and the waves beat hard on the shore of the island. The clouds broke somewhat, and we enjoyed the sight of a fine sunset. The western heaven was a red purple, its hue was reflected by the lake, and the sun sank slowly into the tremulous waves.

We set out for our vessel as soon as it was quite dark. We had first to march knee-deep through the thick bushes of the long island ere we reached our boat at its western point.

After a short passage we arrived at the narrow island close to the shore of which our dahabiyé lay strongly moored. All the gentlemen were there. Each one had brought some game, and no one much. No one had got a flamingo, in spite of the numerous shots sent from immense distances after this exceedingly shy bird.

The evening was chill, and we had to dine on our dahabiyé wrapped in our cloaks. Some lanterns illumined the strange picture; the little flotilla beside the narrow islet, in the dark night, on the desolate lake, far from any human abode, made a most singular impression. The perfect stillness was only broken by the monotonous splash of the waves and the hoarse voices of the Arabs.

Conversation soon died out, and Arab and European snoring, harmoniously blending, was the only sound. I

shall never forget the night in this narrow cell. We had fallen on a perfect menagerie of vermin, and gigantic fleas devoured our poor bodies.

On the 18th we left our dahabiya, while it was still quite dark, resolved to scatter ourselves once more among the islands, and to await the morning passage of the birds. I had myself rowed to a narrow island, crept up in the grey dawn to a small group of flamingoes—failed with a shot from a huge distance, and thereupon hid myself in the thick shrubs. A variety of birds passed, and I bagged several, among them a glossy heron. Clusters of flamingoes, forming positive clouds of thousands of these rosy creatures, went by in the most various directions up and down, but all out of range.

When the time was over we gathered again at the sailing boats. It was a most unpleasant day; the sky was thickly covered with clouds, a keen strong wind blew across the water, and scuds of rain drenched us periodically.

As a side wind carried us towards the southern part of the lake, we saw from time to time gigantic troops of pelicans and flamingoes standing on the sand-banks. We made for one of these companies in the boat, and in so doing passed an island entirely covered with sea-mews and spoonbills. A salvo was again given to the flamingoes without result. Colossal clouds of birds rose, to settle together in the far distance.

We stopped at one of the small islands to breakfast on the shore. As the storm was still increasing a council was held. Our first plan was to go back to Damietta, but the Arabs declared that with the wind as it was, they must row

and tow us, which would be a very tedious and laborious proceeding.

We had also already reached the centre of the lake. From our present southern outlook we could see with the naked eye, in the far distance, a minaret and the palm trees of the little town of Menzaleh.

The sailors advised us to give up the old programme, and to make for Port Said. This was a very serious alteration of the plan of our journey, but it appeared to be the only rational course, especially as the chief steersman promised, with the then favourable west wind, to reach Port Said at full sail the same evening.

Said and done; we got on board our vessels, and the light dahabiyé sped swiftly between the islands without stop or stay. The eastern parts of the lake are even richer in wild birds than the western. We saw quantities of shovel-birds; also many species of ducks, and flocks of sea-mews; herons likewise, and cormorants. A group of pelicans were fired at successfully, and a splendid specimen found its way to the deck of our dahabiya.

In the afternoon the dazzling white lighthouse of Port Said appeared on the horizon. We saw some flocks of flamingoes standing in the distance, and others sailing slowly away. The sky cleared, and we enjoyed the warm sunbeams, and again had a fine and striking sunset.

Our crew handled their sails very skilfully. They were excellent and extraordinarily laborious fellows, to whom we grew quite attached in the two days.

By the time twilight came we could distinguish the houses of the town and the dyke of the Suez Canal, and by

dark we had reached our goal. A few hundred yards separated us from the shore, but the water was too shallow, and so not only the whole of our baggage, but we ourselves, had to be carried across by our brave Arabs to the bank of the canal.

We had sent the swiftest of the dahabiyé forward with a letter; so a small steamer was already waiting for us at the canal, and our consul and the port captain, a Dalmatian by birth, were on the shore. We saw the Canal of Suez for the first time, and Asia lying on its further side. The first sight of this quarter of the world was not very beautiful. Asia presented herself in the form of a dyke.

The steamer brought us quickly to a quay not far from the hotel. There were none but Europeans in the streets, and everything that we saw would have been just as characteristic of an English seaport. The hotel was a large and perfectly modern one, very well kept, and put me in mind of Switzerland. Not the shadow of a reminder of the East. With the exception of an English family, we were the only guests this evening. Soon after our arrival an excellent supper was served, and by ten o'clock we were all safe in our beds.

We left the hotel next morning, and betook ourselves to a Suez Canal steamer. The commander, a testy old man, and the whole crew were French. As a general rule the Canal of Suez and all that belongs to it is a portion of France herself.

At first we could see over the banks of the canal, obtaining to the west a view of Lake Menzaleh, and to the east that of the Asiatic plain of Pelusium.

The idea of moving along between two quarters of the globe is exciting; but one ends by getting used even to imposing ideas, and wearies of the tedious reality. Gigantic flocks of pelicans and flamingoes stood by thousands and thousands on the marshy southern parts of Lake Menzaleh. We fired across at them, but with no other effect than that of raising a living cloud larger than it is possible to conceive.

After the lake on our right had come to an end, the surroundings were desolate indeed. The high banks shut out all view, and earthworks right and left, however well constructed, did not present a cheerful picture.

The only variety was meeting with a large English Indiaman, which had awkwardly got athwart the canal and blocked the way. Our captain thought we could pass, and went boldly on. A severe wrench and some small damage to our ship's sides, and there we were caught by our English neighbour. We toiled for half an hour to get free. The rough English captain kept his back turned to us, as though the matter did not in the least concern him. At last there was a slight move, a creaking and groaning of the jammed vessels, another wrench, and we were free. We had floated the English vessel too by the shock, and so each ship went her opposite way.

Later we got every now and then, from the captain's bridge, a view over the bank across the Arabian desert, the character of which is totally different from that of the Libyan one. It is all much lighter, almost white, stone as well as sand; flatter too, at most waving in gentle sandhills; the numerous small, round, dark-green shrubs also give it a peculiar aspect.

After a passage of many hours we reached the salt lake of Ismailia and the town of that name—a wholly European place. The yellowish-white deserts which surround the lake, too, are mostly quite level. Far off to the south you see the fine range of the Ataka mountains. The region is undoubtedly stern and monotonous; but the dark blue of the salt water of the lake is in striking contrast to the light-hued desert shore, and the whole makes a remarkable combination of colour.

On the short drive to the station we had occasion to admire the wealth, industry, and good taste of the French. They have succeeded in evoking from the desert a charming little sea-bathing place, with clean white houses, with green jalousies, good roads, shady avenues, and well-cared-for gardens. When our train started we passed some small marshes, then traversed the desert, which is here completely Arab. Further on lay a small lake with reeds about it, and a few wretched cabins were in its neighbourhood. When the desert hills near the line were low enough to admit of a distant view, we saw to the south the lofty Ataka, and further on the mountains of Ammon. This chain is the same whose western spur is formed by the familiar Gebel Mokattam.

After a time the desert seemed to retire, and at last disappeared from sight, and we were once more in the rich cultivated land of Lower Egypt. We passed the town of Zagazig and several smaller places. Soon the lovely City of the Caliphs came into view, golden in the beams of the setting sun. We took the shortest road from the station to Kasr-en-Nusha, where we devoted the evening to repose.

Early on the 29th we resolved to make another shooting party to Heliopolis. The weather was perfect, the air fresh and warm. After a long drive on the same bad road by which we had travelled a month before, we reached the "Tree of Mary." The dachshunds were set loose to search for jackals and ichneumons in the small gardens and thick cactus hedges near, but we soon perceived how fruitless the search would be, for the season of quails had come, and we heard shots in all directions. Eastern Sunday pleasure-seekers, Levantines of all degrees, with not much of the sportsman about them, ransacked bush and field, so that it appeared advisable to vacate the ground.

There is a small *restaurateur* near the "Tree of Mary," among gardens and shady trees—a favourite retreat of the Cairenes. Here we breakfasted, and then went on between fields and gardens to the ostrich farm. This establishment lies on the verge of the desert, and belongs to a company which seems to do a very good business. Everything, at least, is most comfortably arranged. The director, a German Swiss, showed us the birds' quarters, the open sandy spaces, the inner courts, the artificial hatching apparatus, and all his ostriches, stately birds, both young and old, of two different species, and in the full beauty of their fine plumage.

After we had seen all we took the shortest way to the well-known orange gardens at Heliopolis. We found some wolf tracks, but the beasts were not at home on this occasion, and so we vainly searched all the bushes and grounds of this beautiful orange grove. On our way

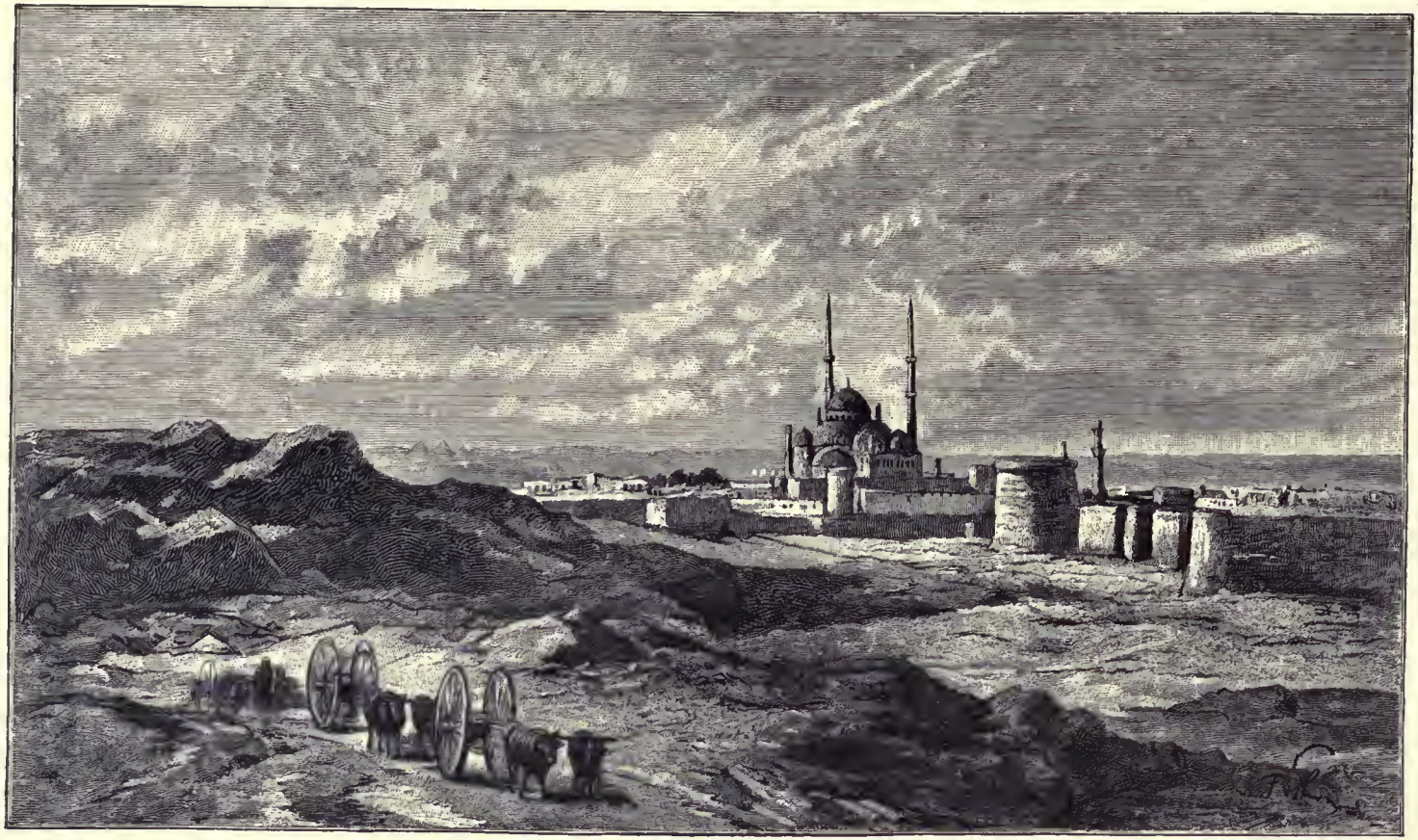
we stopped several times, and made fruitless attempts in different gardens and one sugar-cane field; but Diana was not friendly to us this day, and we returned to Cairo with empty bags.

When we got home I indulged in an extraordinarily refreshing genuine Turkish bath, called Hammâm. One must have gone through this performance in the East itself, where, with all its phases and manipulations, it lasts an hour, to understand the passion of the Oriental for his bath and all that belongs to it, and on which he will spare no expense. The Eastern bath-servants, a special class, are indispensable to its perfection, and the baths, appointed as you find them in the houses of wealthy Orientals, give a quite indescribable sense of enjoyment.

On the 21st of March we drove in the morning through the old town up to the famous citadel. Several gates on the steep hill-side had to be passed. The sentries on guard received us with the gay strains of the Egyptian General March.

The citadel of El-Kala is a mass of buildings, strongly fortified towards the town by the native rock. Since the explosion of 1823, modern buildings, erected on the same spot, have almost entirely supplanted the old fortress of Saladin of the year 1166, which was built out of ancient Egyptian ruins. After passing through the first gate, Bab-el-Gedid, and the vestibule of the second, Bab-el-Wustani, you catch sight of a second square surrounded by military and government buildings, and the small palace of the Viceroy.

The most important and interesting object for the



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

traveller, the great alabaster mosque Gama Mehmet Ali, rises in the centre of the citadel. It was built by the famous founder of the present dynasty, the valorous Mehmet Ali, on the site of an old ruined palace. Visible from afar, the slender minarets soar upwards, an emblem of Cairo. After we had put on the slippers which lay ready, we entered the colossal building. The size of the square chamber, the lofty cupola, and the various smaller ones around, and the walls lined with the yellow alabaster of Beni-Suef, impress one at first sight; but on closer examination one feels how inferior the architectural details are to those of the old mosques. The fountains, too, are heavy and without beauty. Some handsome rugs for kneeling worshippers, and the richly decorated praying-place turned to Mecca, drew our attention to the south-eastern side of the building, where, beside this holy spot of the Moslem, the sarcophagus of Mehmet Ali stands. It is covered with rich gold-embroidered curtains, and surrounded by a railing. At the head, in accordance with the precepts of their creed, a stone turban is fixed.

We were allowed to pass inside the railing to look at the coffin which contains the remains of the great man. The son of a scavenger of Kawala, a thorough soldier and Oriental, wild and undisciplined, of iron energy, and cruel withal, but endowed with great gifts of intellect, was called to found an empire, a caliphate of the olden time. He marched through Palestine at the head of his valiant army, taking as his exemplar Alexander the Great. Had not the Western powers intervened, the rebellious Pasha would undoubtedly have marched to Stamboul to

seize the caliphate. But thus opposed, he had to content himself with Egypt, and turned his whole care and energy to this land.

The citadel which Mehmet Ali built is the lasting monument of his diabolical cruelty. He distrusted the Mamelukes, who were serving in Egypt as a body of mercenaries faithful to the Sultan. So one fine day, when all were assembled in the courtyard of the citadel beside the mosque, he ordered them to be massacred—all but one. This one, a brave Turk, sprang in full armour on his bold horse over the boundary wall of the platform, rushed down the steep cliff, and lighted on the soft heaps of rubbish below. The warrior and his faithful steed rose, saved as by a miracle, and escaped the pursuit of the enraged Pasha.

We saw this blood-stained ground, and looked from the platform on the splendid view over the ancient City of the Caliphs, with its houses and minarets, and far across the cultivated land, through which the Nile winds like a silver thread; beyond the green level the Pyramids rise, and behind them the sparkling yellow sand of the boundless desert. Behind, and immediately below us, the dark steeps of the Mokattam mountains, and the wild confusion of the tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes, and the ruins of the old and decaying parts of the city, make an interesting picture.

The small vice-regal castle which adjoins the square is simply arranged, and is only interesting as having been the residence of Mehmet Ali. His room, even his bath, is all kept in the same condition as when he inhabited the building. Egyptians do well to cherish and reverence the

memory of this remarkable man, for he effected much for their country, and had his heirs carried on his work and inherited his intellect and his energy, Egypt would now play a greater part than her present one.

They showed us, in an out-of-the-way corner of the citadel, the so-called Well of Joseph, made by Salaheddin Jûsuf, who is often erroneously confused with the Egyptian Joseph. A water-wheel turned by buffaloes raises water from this very simple and ancient reservoir.

We had now completed the survey of the citadel, and taking leave of the civil and military authorities, and of the dervishes of the mosque, we drove down the hill into the town. The well-stored and famous library of the Khedive occupies a large and suitably arranged building in one of the old streets. The director of this institute is a German, and his industry and scientific training have brought method and order into the former chaos of its rich materials. The Eastern part of the collection naturally most excites the interest of the stranger. We found copies of the Koran in all the Mohammedan languages of Asia, and some from the earliest times of Islam, set up in a singularly beautiful style. The Khedive and his predecessors caused the mosques to be inspected, and the most valuable of the old sacred books brought to this library to preserve them from destruction. Some beautifully written and painted Persian books were shown to us. The outward form and the getting up, as well as the manner in which the costume, harness, and armour of the Persian knights are depicted, reminded me strongly of much of the work of the Western Middle Ages. Besides Korans, we saw volumes which

represent by word and in pictures, campaigns, battles, hunting, and even landscapes; many of these Persian scenes were not only of historical, but also of artistic value.

After we had looked through the library so far as our limited time allowed, we continued our drive, and passing through the stir of the crowded Arab town and hastening along some European streets, we soon came to the great square of the vice-regal palace.

Opposite to the palace and the barracks stands a newly built college. The present Khedive bestows the utmost care on this institution, which he himself founded, and had requested us to visit. We went through the class-rooms in which the scholars were at work under European teachers. They are mostly the sons of rich Cairene Moslems, but amongst them were two boys of the Viceroy's—fine, lively, healthy-looking children. We were shown the living, eating, and play rooms. The institution is entirely arranged on a European plan, but a taste for luxury in embroideries and furniture was displayed, which is foreign to the purposes of a school.

We next paid visits to the two Consuls-general, Barons Schâffer and Saurma, in their charming houses, and then drove back to the Arab quarter. We stopped at a very narrow street, not practicable for carriages, and went on foot to the door of the Hôtel du Nil. The situation of this excellent hotel, in the middle of the old town, is beautiful, and the court, converted into a garden with fine plants and shady trees, lends a further charm to the scene. The owner is an Austrian, and thus several countrymen, in

addition to our own party and Abd-el-Kader, Brugsch Pasha, and Baron Saurma, met in a pretty kiosk for an excellent breakfast served in common.

We spent some pleasant hours there, and an Arab conjurer amused us by some very clever tricks. His assistant, a little boy, called out before each trick in broken German, "Come here, devil." This display was followed by a serpent-charmer with very big spectacle-serpents, sundry lizards (among them the grey Geko), and uncanny scorpions, all of which he brought from under his broad cloak. Then came a man with well-trained fat monkeys, a goat, and several dogs. These are, as a whole, the same familiar performances that are given in every fair in Europe, but the brown figure of the conjurer in his ample robe, the dignified deportment of the Oriental, and the general effect of the gay scene, lend a special charm to things in themselves tedious or childish.

On reaching home we put on our shooting suits, and the Grand Duke and I drove, with Baron Saurma, through the town and across the Nile bridge to the neighbourhood of the vice-regal country houses. In a sugar field there we stationed ourselves with a bleating kid well hidden among the tall canes. Alas! neither wolf nor wild beast came. Saurma had often had good sport at the same place and in the same way, but Diana was to-day again unkind, and when it became dark we drove home. It was a splendid evening, and on a wonderful sunset followed the glory of an African spring night. Insects chirped and whirred, bats skimmed round the trees whose tops were gently murmuring. An ocean of stars glittered in the

firmament, and only the ceaseless bark of dogs and the cry of the water-fowl as they went to the Nile broke the grandeur of its repose.

The town was lively enough, and we had to push our way through restless crowds to reach Kasr-en-Nusha.

We drove early next morning to the great barracks of Kasr-el-Nil, and went on board the steamer *Feruz*, which lay below—our good old ship, associated with the glorious memories of the happy plains of Upper Egypt. The brown admiral again commanded his good boat, and in a few minutes we were in motion down stream.

One learns first justly to estimate the richness of colour and the imposing aspect of nature in Upper Egypt when one has returned from it to revisit Cairo and Lower Egypt. These, which on first arriving were so enchanting, now look colourless and pale to eyes which have beheld yet greater charms.

Our excursion on this day was to the famous "barrage du Nil." We first passed old houses leading down to the water; next came the expanse of water itself, where several vice-regal yachts lay side by side with the mail steamers and a vast fleet of dahabiyé. On the left bank stand country houses with luxuriant gardens; on the right, the town, the Shubra Avenue, the castle of the same name, and the tall trees of the great park. These interesting scenes soon disappeared, and the monotonous cultivated province of Lower Egypt could be seen across the low and broken banks of the stream.

We saw some solitary wild geese and a great number of ducks. The water-fowl were otherwise but sparingly

represented. We then steamed past several long sandy islands, and the curious bridge-like building of the bar came into view.

The arms of the Nile divide here—that of Damietta from that of Rosetta. It is the southernmost point of the Delta. The tongue of land which divides the two branches is united to the mainland by the iron bridges and the gigantic weirs built by Mehmet Ali. Their purpose is to keep back the river at the time of low water, so that the innumerable canals of the Delta may be supplied with water then, as well as during the inundation.

The results of this enterprise, which at the same time paralyzed the navigation of the Nile, are said to bear no proportion to the great outlay incurred. A fort was built at great cost on the tongue of land between the weirs. This isolated fort lies very low, and is little better than a toy. A few old-fashioned guns, and a barrack with a small garrison within, maintain its warlike aspect. The most remarkable feature of the whole are the very fine and tall rows of trees which adorn this otherwise desolate spot.

We had to see it all, and were taken round the fort as well as the weirs. After our survey the steamer set out for home. We stopped at a long narrow island covered with sand and bushy thickets, and searched it for game. Besides some small water-bird, I shot a specimen of the beautiful pale-chested harrier. A shallow clayey branch of the river divides the island from the mainland, and across this ford are driven great flocks of sheep and goats which feed on the bushes. On the banks of the Nile we found several poor fishing cabins.

We soon quitted this shooting ground and returned to the steamer, where we breakfasted on our way home. The black coffee was hardly swallowed and the cigarette smoked ere we reached Kasr-el-Nil, and, taking our last farewell of the beloved *Feruz*, went on shore.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, always unwearied in his kind attentions, knew how much it would gratify me to see the turning and howling dervishes, and as no Friday (the day on which they perform their special devotions in the great mosques) was at our disposal for Cairo, he obtained from the Khedive an order for our admission into the convent of these fanatics.

We drove through the whole city to the remotest part of the Arab quarter. The carriage stopped at a narrow alley, and we climbed a steep ascent to a wall. On entering the gate we found a simple little cloister with a garden. By a wretched wooden staircase, and a gallery, we passed to the reception-room. Its walls were plain and bare; three divans and some rugs were its only decoration. Two young men whom we took for servants had shown us up. In a few minutes the director of the convent appeared—an old man broken down by fanatical penance and mortification. His outer man was dismal indeed: thin, pale, the colour of wax, like a corpse; his sharp features, pallid lips, lifeless eyes, and bony hands, and his bent carriage, as well as his hollow voice, were ghastly and spectral. His dress consisted of long coloured robes trimmed with fur, a bright sash, and a cloak which dragged on the ground behind, and which, despite the fearful heat, he held tightly together with trembling

hands. He wore a high green felt cap with a green ribbon twisted round, the colour of the Prophet. This marvellous headdress is like that of the Persians.

With ceremonious politeness he pointed us to a seat, and placed himself stiffly on a divan, as though he were a wax figure. Servants brought coffee in dirty cups and cigarettes.

After a brief formal interview he invited us to visit the sacred hall in the mosque of his subordinates. We entered a very remarkable building by the gallery which runs along the house; it was a lofty circular dome with old Eastern ornamentation. A narrow gallery on wooden pillars ran round the walls. This is the place for the faithful spectator and for the musician. Below us we saw a circus like that of a riding school, with a fencing about three feet in height and padded boards above. The floor of this circle was strewn with fine sand as in a riding school, and on one side lay an old Turkish rug. We had not sat for more than a minute in the gallery, anxiously awaiting coming events, when the old high priest crawled with effort into the arena and seated himself cross-legged on the rug. About twenty men followed him, all in the same high caps, but in tight-fitting white vests, of Turkish cut, and open in front; underneath the vest was a sash, and a wide skirt like a lady's crinoline. They walked in singly with solemn step and folded arms, bowing profoundly to the squatting priest. They then ranged themselves round the wall of the arena.

The aged high priest next said a prayer in his hoarse

voice, during which he bowed repeatedly in different directions, his disciples following his example. When this was at an end the music suddenly broke out wildly. The instruments were the same which we had heard in the bee-dance in Upper Egypt, only that the copper tamtam and the fiddle, which is not unlike our Dalmatian "gusla," played a greater part. The melody was wild and warlike.

At the first notes the men stepped into the circle, and bowing once more to the old priest began to turn. None touched the other, and each remained in his own place. At first they moved slowly, but then ever quicker, till the long skirts stood out almost level. The music grew rushing and wild, and their faces more excited. They hummed like pegtops round on one spot, both hands stretched apart, the one closed and the back turned upward, the other open showing the palm. This signifies the right hand bears the sword for the faith, the left implores the gifts of God.

Looking on makes one dizzy, and European blood runs cold at such sights. This height of fanaticism is appalling. Without moving an iota, in the same attitude these people turn with incredible rapidity. Their features are convulsed, the eyes turn out; the thin hands, and pallid cheeks set in their short beards, cut in Turkish fashion, betray all the painful signs of nerves disordered by depraved religious feelings. An old man in a dress like that of the squatting high priest crept in among the turning dervishes, regulating their movements. These first devotions lasted a long time. Then the music

THE TURNING DERVISHES.

stopped; pale and convulsed, each dervish strove to gain the wall for support, and, accompanied by profound bowings, another prayer was said. Then the music struck in again and the turning began anew.

How long this ceremony may last daily I cannot say, for at the end of half an hour we left the convent. I will not deny that I was glad to see again the sun and the laughing sky, and the stir of the street, and to escape from the cold, dungeon-like, dreary hall of the mosque, and the sickly and degenerate fancies of its inhabitants.

These dervishes are celibate monks, and live in common in one house. Several of these horrible sects sprang up in the later days of Islam—not where its cradle stood among the intellectually highly gifted Arabians, but in the north, among natives of Asia Minor and Mongolian tribes. The Osmanli in Asia and Europe were fitting recipients for such degrading superstitions, and the Softas have always played a considerable part among them in times of religious excitement and of war.

Turning and howling dervishes have existed in Cairo for a long time, but the first especially are shunned by the Arabs, who rightly hold their rites as morbid and unwholesome deviations from the sage maxims of the great Prophet. All those whom we saw there were Osmanli of Europe or Asia Minor, and displayed the full Turkish type.

We next drove through the Arab quarter into the European town, past the vice-regal palace of Kasr-el-Ayn, now inhabited by the Viceroy's wife, and over to the oldest

part of the city, where there are literally more heaps of rubbish, tombs, ruins of old mosques, and filth of all kinds, than there are habitable houses. At the end of a narrow street, closed up by ruins, we stopped and entered through a gate a court adorned by shady colonnades lined with plants.

Another ancient circular mosque struck us by its ruinous appearance. An old man, portly and with a friendly smile, a round turban on his head, and robed in gay and genuine Turkish apparel, received us. We followed him through a narrow door to the interior of the mosque. The stones were covered with sheepskins; old rusty armour, lances, swords, sabres, jagged swords, and, in their centre, an already much tattered green banner, hung on the walls. These consecrated weapons must have drunk the blood of the unbelievers to be hung in this holy place.

When a war for the true faith begins, the dervishes of this sect (a far more warlike order than that of the turning dervishes) take the armour down, unfold the green standard of the Prophet, and run howling through the streets, vowing war and death to unbelievers, and rousing the Moslems to the holy war. In the old Turkish wars these people played a great part, and Islam still guarantees that they shall always find a field for their activity.

We had hardly got into the mosque when the pious men came in. The old man who had received us placed himself in the centre on a sheepskin; his subordinates made a circle round. He prayed aloud, the same thing over and over again, which every one repeated after him. Music, like that of the turning dervishes, struck in, and its wild melodies were accompanied by constant movements in

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

which the upper part of the body was thrown backwards and forwards; these dervishes called, moaned, groaned, and howled the same words in quite inarticulate sounds. The whole scene was painfully dismal. The men wore long bright robes like dressing-gowns, with a simple cord round the waist. In contrast to all other Moslems they had no covering on the head, and long shaggy hair and beards. When they threw their bodies backwards the hair reached the ground, and when they pitched forward the hair fell in wild disorder over their faces. Their eyes turned, and their bodies twitched convulsively, and foam and froth covered their lips; one big man especially, with a black beard, was a type of the wildest fanatical ecstasy.

We did not stay long in this oppressive atmosphere, and the old high priest and all his underlings followed us out. In the open air they all covered their heads, for the most part with brown caps, and proceeded to serve some very unsatisfactory coffee in their primitive arbour.

I inquired their descent. Like the turning dervishes, they all spoke Turkish; none of them were Arabs. The old high priest was from Greece, a pure Osmanli. The others were Turks from Stamboul, Roumelia, and the other Balkan provinces; Moslems, too, from the Crimea and Asia Minor, and one Kurd from Bagdad, with a huge green turban, were present.

We took leave after a short stay and drove back to Kasr-en-Nusha. Time pressed, for we were to appear on this day, without uniform, at a small private dinner at the Khedive's. We came home soon after dinner, as the Viceroy had to go in the evening to the Hussein Mosque

in honour of a religious festival, and we were glad, after our interesting but exciting day, to betake ourselves to rest.

I drove on the morning of the 23rd to the tombs of the Caliphs. Where the carriage-road ends, at the last house, we mounted on donkeys, and riding through the tombs soon reached the foot of the high cliffs of the Mokattam mountain. We took the same path as some weeks before. The cliff was climbed, and in a short time we were crouched in a narrow and most inconvenient ambush.

At the end of three long and perfectly eventless hours some kites and carrion vultures appeared. They had just begun their meal when I heard the heavy flap of the wings of a great bird. The lesser guests scattered forthwith in alarm, and a large white-headed vulture lighted with half-opened wings on the back of the ass, and began his breakfast without delay.

Without a moment's pause I laid him low with a shot, and creeping out of the cave shouldered my heavy booty, and climbed down the rocks, cliffs, and heaps of stones to the place where the servants and the asses waited. By noon we were at Kasr-en-Nusha once more.

After breakfast and a short rest the Grand Duke and I resolved to pay a visit to the Shubra garden. Taking our guns we got into one of the droskies of the country, and drove through the magnificent Shubra Avenue to the high garden wall. A great piece of ground is enclosed, and the castle stands among lofty trees and thick shrubs of almost tropical growth; it is surrounded by ponds, kiosks, and flower-beds. A considerable space is given to kitchen-gardens, orange-groves, and even green corn. The

moister spots were richly peopled by flocks of grey heron, while on the high pines which adorn an artificially made hill near the castle the plump aigrettes build in incredible numbers.

We gave these different herons an unpleasant time, and then, alas! had to leave this enchanting garden hurriedly, just when its whispering boughs were steeped in the golden light of the setting sun, in order to be in time for dinner. We cast covetous glances at the shrubberies and waving fields of corn, for I could easily guess how favourable this spot, enclosed by walls and perfectly still, must be for beasts of prey. A few days later, Saurma, taking my advice, went to shoot in this Shubra garden, and killed a lynx and an ichneumon.

On reaching Kasr-en-Nusha we dined with the two brothers Saurma. The younger brother and Prince Taxis had only returned the day before from a long and very fatiguing expedition to the mountains of the Red Sea, where they had vainly sought the Arabian ibex.

On the 24th of March the whole party drove out early on the road to Heliopolis, to the extreme verge of the town, where a large tent was placed on an open space decorated with flags. There were a quantity of people present, and the Austro-Hungarian colony was there in full force, for we were celebrating in festive fashion the laying of the stone of an Austrian hospital. Catouli-Bey, a wealthy Jewish merchant who is under Austrian protection, had, in the most munificent way, found the whole of the money for this good work, and was himself present in the old Hebrew dress. The ceremony was duly performed amidst cheers

and national music. It was a thoroughly patriotic festival, held far from our dear home, in another quarter of the globe.

At the close of the ceremony we drove direct to the Khedive, to take leave of him and tender our thanks. He quickly returned the visit at Kasr-en-Nusha, and accompanied us to the railway. We left our castle in the Shubra Avenue with sorrow, and drove sadly through the streets.

A battalion of infantry stood on the open ground in front of the station, presenting arms when our national air was played. Many of our country people were on the steps, with Egyptian officials, Brugsch Pasha, the brothers Saurma, and Prince Taxis. We took leave of the Viceroy, to whose unremitting courtesy we owed so much, and of all our friends, and the train moved slowly out of the station. It was painful to look our last on the beautiful City of the Caliphs, the steep cliffs of Mokattam, the lofty citadel, and the magic of the Pyramids. We were bound for new regions and other lands.

We travelled by the same line as a few days before. First we passed through cultivated land, with towns, many of which have the charm of historical association; for example—Shibûn-el-Kanâtir, a modern Arab town, near which, on the so-called Tell-el-Yehudiye, or Jewish Hill, a fortified town stood in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries before our era, and in which, under the government of Ptolemy Philometor, a Jewish temple was erected by the high priest Onias, for his country people who had been driven out of Palestine. Further on is Bilbés (old Egyptian

Pilabes), a famous town, especially in the Middle Ages, which was the residence of the Arabian governors of the eastern division of the Delta. Then comes Zagazig, a large place, known for its commercial activity, where many Europeans and Levantines have settled; near it is a mighty hill of ruins called Tel-Basta, beneath which have lain for centuries the last remains of the temples and houses of the town of Bubastis, so celebrated in antiquity (old Egyptian Pi-bast, *i.e.* house or abode of the goddess "Bast," in Hebrew Phi-beseth). Here the goddess above named was worshipped in a vast and splendid temple. Her images in stone and bronze are still dug in quantities out of the ruins. She is represented as a slender and young woman, who bears a sistrum in one hand and a basket in the other, and instead of a woman's head she has that of a cat, cats being consecrated to her. In the inscriptions she is often described as the local form of the peace and health bringing goddess Isis.

Eastward from the town of Bubastis (which was the capital of the province called after it, Bubastites) lay in ancient times the southern half of the adjoining province of Arabia, of which we possess but few records in the classical writers of antiquity. It is the land to which the name of Goshen is given in Holy Scripture.

The railway crosses this territory in a straight line to the east, and follows the Sweet-water Canal into Wadi Tûmilat. At the entrance to this last, at Tell-abu-Solimân, are the ruins of the town of Pithom or Patumos, at which the Israelites before the exodus were compelled to labour. In the eastern part of the Wadi, towards the Crocodile

Lake, a monument of Ramses II. is found near Mas-Chûta, together with sphinxes, inscribed stones, and the remains of old brick buildings. Lesseps and the greater number of scholars have identified this site with that of the town Ramses of the Scriptures; and the name of Ramses has for this reason been given to the railway station.

Leaving the Wadi the line passes to the terminal station of Ismailia. Its further course across the desert along the western shore of the Bitter Lakes, both northern and southern, affords some interest from the view across their shining blue waters, and to the westward by the sight of the picturesquely shaped Mount Geneffe, whose quarries, especially in parts where the stone is almost of the quality of marble, are extensively worked at the present day. At last we catch sight of the dark and imposing Mount Ataka, and soon after the azure blue mirror of the sea tells that we approach the port of Suez.

One is surprised as one enters the station by the sight of the harbour alive with the ships of all nations, among which the Indiamen claim the first place, both in size and equipment. The town, which we reached late in the afternoon, is tasteless and unimportant; its wretched hotels and the private houses of the consuls, in no style at all, give it a Western character; nor do the numerous wharves and harbour buildings enhance its beauty.

The great historic importance of the scene alone gives it real interest, and lends a charm to the smooth surface of the Red Sea, and the picturesque but sad and gloomy coast which surrounds it. We were tired by the hot journey, and went direct to our hotel to dine.

There were but few guests in the neglected English hotel; only some English men of business taking brief rest on the great highway between Europe and India, and an unfortunate but extremely amusing missionary, a Saxon lieutenant in the Reserve and preacher all in one. He desired to convert the natives in the interior of Africa, and was well up in the theory, both of the importance of his mission and of the country to which he was proceeding, but in practice he seemed devoid of tact, experience, and above all of money, and to be awaiting in the hotel at Suez what favourable chances might bring. We rose early on the morning of the 25th of March, and after a hasty breakfast left the hotel and went through the town to the landing-place of the steamers.

I am indebted to my friend Brugsch Pasha for such an admirable description of this district, that I cannot do better than quote the letter, so rich in scientific observation, of this eminent scholar.

"On the north side of the town there is a small hill piled with ruins, whose Arab name Tell-Kolzum (Hill of Kolzum) recalls its more ancient name Clysma, which was that of a well-built harbour-fortress, formerly existing on this spot. With the decay of the old canal the town lost its importance, but its memory is still kept alive by Arab authors, who often employ the name Bahr-Kolzum to designate the present Gulf of Suez. Instructive as may be a visit to the modern harbour, with its works, dykes, and the mouths and sluices of the sea and sweet water canals, it can only tell us of the chief doings of our own day in the domain of mechanical engineering applied to water.

"As the unknown is wont to charm more than the known, and the past stimulates curiosity more than the present, and as tradition yields more matter for enjoyment than well-ascertained historical facts, so the pilgrim on the shores of the Red Sea lingers gladly in thought, lost in reflection on the times of which history appears to have kept no trace. Where was the spot of the sea at which Pharaoh and his host were overwhelmed by its waves? Where is the road by which Moses led his people through the desert to Mount Sinai? These are questions which force themselves on the Christian traveller in this land. Inquirers into past and present have only been able to answer them with more or less of probability.

"The one fixed point which has aided their inquiries is the site of the Wells of Moses, which lie on the Asiatic side of the Bay of Suez, not far from the coast. These springs are in a fertile oasis. Warm, salt, and bitter waters bubble forth from funnel-like openings built up of Cypris shells. The largest of these springs is built round like a cistern, and is held to be the true Well of Moses which the Jewish law-giver called forth from the rock, and whose bitter waters he made sweet by a branch thrown into them.

"When the sun falls low at evening and sheds a purple glow over the mighty masses of Mount Ataka, and the sea between the coasts of Asia and Africa sends its transparent emerald waves with gentle beats on the shore, and when the colour slowly fades and loses itself, first in violet, then blue, and at last dissolves in grey mist, then is this simple and yet grand picture of nature first realized in its

full effect. Indescribable repose fills the soul, and awakens, even after a return to our northern homes, with their varied scenes and natural beauty, that deep longing for the East which stirs the heart with tremulous emotion as for its true home.

"Here, at the Wells of Moses, is Asia; there, on the opposite shore of the narrow sea, Africa. What a flood of historic associations does not this sight of the boundary lines of two continents awaken, reaching back to dim antiquity. We see in the earliest times of human history the tribes of Ham starting from Asia, the cradle of our race, and, possessed by the instinct of migration, wandering westward across that bridge of nations, the Isthmus of Suez, enter the Dark Continent to settle on the rich soil of Egypt, journeying up the stream to found cities and states, and to leave behind them mighty monuments as records of their presence.

"Memphis appears to have been the earliest station of the Asiatic immigrants. The Pyramids are fitly called the boundary stones of the world. In the second rank, according to the stages in the advance southward of the forefathers of the Egyptian race, come the monuments of Middle and Upper Egypt, bearing eloquent witness to that oldest civilization in its progress up the Nile. Another stock, also from the family of Ham, experienced in sea-craft, chose the water-way, and, coming from the east along the coasts of Persia and Arabia, passed into Africa. These are the red-brown Cushites, the Ethiopians of classical tradition, the navigators of the ancient world. On the coasts of Araby the Blest, in Africa, in the land of the Somali of

the present day, in Abyssinia, and in the fruitful valleys of Nubia, they made themselves new homes, living in constant conflict with the Negro races, who held the Upper Nile as far as Assuan and the adjoining territories in occupation.

"A swarm of Cushites, advancing from the coast of Arabia northward, settled in the land of Canaan and on the eastern shores of the basin of the Mediterranean. Sidon, Tyre, Byblos, were the first places at which these Cushite immigrants, the predecessors of the Phœnicians, made their sea-stations. Another group, of like origin, came by sea up the Persian Gulf, landed on the banks of the Euphrates, and soon became the ruling power in the great plain which extends from the Euphrates to the Tigris. The earliest record of this migration is connected with the name of the great hunter Nimrod, a son of Cush, who, according to Biblical records, founded a powerful kingdom on the above-named territory. Again, they were Cushite tribes who, two thousand years before our era, invaded the eastern Delta from Arabia, and founded there the Empire of the Hyksos. For five hundred years they maintained their ground in the Delta under kings of their own stock, pressed southwards, following the course of the Nile as far as Thebes, and were only conquered after severe contests by the kings of Egyptian race. The museum of Boulak possesses a rich store of statues which demonstrate the presence of the Cushite rulers in Egypt in the most impressive manner, and enable us to study the distinctive type of the race in the portraits of these Cushite conquerors which have been preserved to us. After their

expulsion the peninsula of Suez saw the Egyptian armies march eastward to avenge the tyranny of so many centuries. The victorious Pharaohs advanced to Babylon and Nineveh, subdued the numerous territories and tribes on their way, and ruled for more than four hundred years over the greatest and most powerful empire of Western Asia.

"To ward off attack from the east the peninsula of Suez was provided with walls and fortifications which began near Pelusium, east of Port Said, and extended to Heliopolis. The permission of the Pharaohs was necessary before any of the Semitic race could pass the fortifications, especially in time of famine, to seek food for themselves and their cattle in the rich pasture lands by Lake Menzaleh. Jacob's journey into Egypt gives an insight into the requisite official steps preparatory to a settlement in this part of the Delta. With the decay of the power of the Pharaohs the Isthmus of Suez became the scene of constant movement of the tribes in its northern part. Incursions, attacks, and battle upon battle occurred in the vicinity of Pelusium at the outer line of defence, and foreign armies marched up by the Pelusian bank of the Nile as far as Heliopolis and the ancient strongly fortified seat of government at Memphis.

With the blocking of the Pelusian mouth of the Nile by the draught of the Mediterranean waters from the Syrian coast, and the neglect of the canals and waterworks on the eastern side of the Delta during the darkest times of Egyptian history, cultivation retreated from this former garden of God, and the fields and plains once so rich in

vegetation became sandy wilds and unfruitful deserts. The waters of inundation which had chiefly filled the Pelusian branch were now borne to the western side of the Delta, and the Canopic branch became a powerful stream. The city of Alexandria, built in the neighbourhood of its mouth, attracted to itself the commerce of the world under the Ptolemies and the Romans, and raised itself into the centre of all intellectual progress in religion, philosophy, and literature. Its ancient importance has increased in our day, at least in the matter of commerce. The cutting of the Isthmus of Suez has, it is true, tied up one of its main arteries; but the apprehension so often expressed, that Port Said would one day take the place of Alexandria, is nevertheless quite unfounded.

"The favourable position of Alexandria to the west, which admits of quicker intercourse with European ports than Port Said can offer, its immediate vicinity to the now cultivated parts of Lower Egypt, its waterways and railways, its markets and exchanges, and generally its provision for the comfort of life, convince us that, in spite of all difficulties of access to the harbour, Alexandria must be regarded as the one important commercial town in the future of Egypt.

"Port Said could only acquire a like position if the adjacent continent of Asia were to enter into a commercial competition with Europe—a prospect which must lie in a very remote future. The Isthmus of Suez is historically extinct. Its importance was in a past whose last trace the desert has entombed in sand. The passage of the canal offers no special interest. The number of kilometres

marked along it from Port Said to Suez suit the character of the desert which is traversed by its blue waters. The only spot which claims notice is that known by the ancient name Kantara-el-Chazne, *i.e.* the Bridge of Treasures, in the north of the Dattel Lake. It marks the passage of Egyptian caravans into Asia.

"In the earliest times of Egyptian history a strong fortress stood on this spot lying on both sides of the canal which united the Dattel Lake with Lake Menzaleh. A bridge led from one side to the other, as a picture of the time of King Seti I. (father of Ramses II., Sesostris) on the outer north wall of the great temple of Amon at Karnak distinctly shows. At this point began that eastward region to which the Egyptians gave the name of Hazian or Hazion. The Greeks transformed the name into Casion, and the Romans to Casium, by which they designated the mountainous part of the desert near the ancient Lake Serbonis (now only a marsh), which advances as a promontory into the Mediterranean. A sacred shrine stood here, dedicated to the guardian of the district, Zeus Casius. The Arabs on their part give to this old name of Hasion an inventive involution, *i.e.* Chazne, 'treasure,' which has kept its place in the above-mentioned names, Kantara-el-Chazne, or the 'bridge of treasure.' Lastly, we must observe that the old 'way of the Philistines,' as it is called in the Scriptures, by which the armies of the Pharaohs and of foreign conquerors advanced from Kantara to Palestine, lay between the Mediterranean and Lake Serbonis, while in later and recent times the preference was given to the south of the lake for the desert or caravan highway."

We must now turn from the valuable remarks of the most learned of Egyptian historians to the chronicle of our own movements.

A French canal steamer took us over the beautiful blue-green waters of the Red Sea to the Arabian coast. We stopped at the nearest point to the Wells of Moses, and soon the whole party were merrily trotting across the desert on small donkeys. We had trodden Asiatic ground for the first time, and we greeted with due solemnity the most beautiful of all continents. The Arabian desert differs wholly in character from the African. Dazzling white takes the place of orange hues, only broken here and there by small shrubs.

The Springs of Moses, which we reached in half an hour's ride, form a real though very small oasis. A luxuriant garden blooms around the springs, which gush forth from funnel-shaped holes. Palms and bushes, tall grass and broad-leaved plants, delight the eyes. A few huts serve as dwellings for some poor Bedouins.

Besides some swallows, I only saw lizards and extraordinary numbers of the chameleon, thin as a leaf, and changing colour at every moment. The tracks of hyænas, wolves, and jackals showed that beasts of prey came there at night to drink.

The Bedouins whom we found at the springs were in wretched rags. Their primitive flint guns had long cords twisted round them, which had to be lighted and let burn until they came in contact with the powder in the pan. The poor sportsmen must therefore wait for several minutes in expectation of the joyous event. We got them

THE SPRINGS OF MOSES.

to discharge in our presence these weapons, which really baffle description by their absurdity.

These people differed much in appearance from the true Bedouin type. To me they seemed dark-complexioned Jews. Figure, countenance, and carriage were entirely Israelitish, and involuntarily one thought of the posterity of Hagar cast out into the desert of Arabia, and which had become the predatory hunting Ishmaelite. Thus in the most mythical forms of the traditions of early Oriental history there lies a germ of fact of the highest importance.

From a bare hill near the springs we got a fine distant view across the dazzling white Arabian desert, with its stony ridges and valleys, southwards to the high mountains of Sinai, and to the west across the Red Sea to the African Mount Ataka. Heavy clouds were in the sky, and gave to the gloomy scene a still sterner aspect.

After a short stay we returned to the coast, and looked for some time for shells on the sandy shore. The Red Sea is famed for its richness in shells, and in a few minutes we found an incredible number of beautiful specimens. Time pressed, and we had soon to return to our steamer, on which we passed Suez and entered the canal. Here as elsewhere we had on each side the dreary banks of the canal, with occasionally a glimpse of the equally dreary desert. To describe the Suez Canal would be an unprofitable task, so I prefer to let Brugsch Pasha once more speak, as one who can enliven with historical reminiscences the gloomy landscape.

"A visit to the ancient bridge of nations which severs Africa from Asia no way repays the traveller by scenes of

natural beauty passing before the eye, and inducing him to halt. On the contrary, a sense of dread fills the soul at the sight of the barren desert, full of sand-heaps, from the midst of which red mountain masses rise, whose rent, jagged, and cleft lines are sharply defined against the blue ether. Only the brilliant light, and the transparent and marvellously tender hues which the Eastern sun pours on the landscape, lend even to the desert that poetic charm which attunes the soul to repose, and steeps it in half-conscious brooding thought. But the sea of light and colour whose waves strike the desert soil entrances the eye and the mind, and amply compensates for the want of the bright children of spring, who resign to the world of light unlimited sway over the ground, and have modestly retreated to the black soil on the banks of the Nile.

"Egypt has been formerly rightly described by writers of antiquity as a gift from its mighty river. The geological investigations of modern science have only confirmed this view. After the Nile in its northward course has penetrated through granite and sandstone, and formed the waterfalls of the cataracts in the most obstructed part, it enters the region of pebble formation, and makes its way to the sea by those long reaches which now form the Nile Valley proper. North of Cairo the sea was a wide bay, whose left or western side touched the Libyan, and the right the Arabian desert. Geological investigations based on the prehistoric remains of animal and vegetable life found in the soil of the desert during the making of the Canal of Suez, have furnished indefeasible proofs that the Isthmus of Suez was once the meeting point of the two

seas. The waves of the Mediterranean flowing from the north washed the mouth of a self-made natural canal, while from the south the waters of the Red Sea broke through the low-lying portions of the Arabian desert, and united with the advancing current from the northern sea. The united waters divided Asia from Africa for a space of nearly seventy miles.

"In the course of time the surging of both seas necessarily brought about the deposit of the sand they bore along with them, and a bar was gradually formed which grew into a dune and then into a mighty dyke. This it is which, lying in the middle of the isthmus, or somewhat north of it, now rises to a height of sixteen metres, and is known as El-Gisr, *i.e.* the dyke, 'the threshold.'

"This threshold, the highest point in the track we are describing, was thus the only bridge by which the isthmus could be crossed by land. We must assume that the formation of the Delta went on at the same time. The mud deposited at the periodically recurring floods of the Nile resulted in the first instance in the formation of the cultivated land of Upper Egypt. In like manner deposits were formed in the broad basin between the Libyan and Arabian deserts, and extended to the present northern boundary, and thus in the strictest sense of the words the Delta came into existence as a gift from the Nile, whose beneficent waters pass through it in three principal and five minor branches on their way to the Mediterranean. The opposing current of the Mediterranean, deflected and beaten back from the Syrian coast, has prevented the formation of land on the eastern coast of the Delta. The

surging waters from the sea have mingled with the currents from the mouths of the Nile, and made that large basin of shallow water with its many islands which extends from Damietta to Port Said, and now bears the general name of the Lakes of Menzaleh. The waters of these lakes are, or rather were, in communication at this southern corner with the Dattel Sea (Birket-el-ballah); southward in the same direction came 'The Threshold,' El-Gisr, of which we spoke above. The waters of the Red Sea fed the basin of the next following Crocodile Lake (Birket-el-Timsah) and the Bitter Lakes, which were in direct connection with the Gulf of Suez by means of the strip of canal of the 'Crocodile's Tail.' It is therefore no wonder that the position of these lakes between the two seas and near the Nile awoke in the very early period of Egyptian history the idea of connecting the lakes by a canal with the river, and so indirectly restoring the communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

"According to classical tradition Ramses II. (Sesostris, the Sestura of inscriptions) was the first king who made a navigable waterway by a canal from the Pelusian arm of the Nile to the Crocodile Lake. This canal traversed the natural depressed level of Wâdi Tûmilât. The ruins of towns and monuments which have perished, but which bear the name of this king, place the existence of this canal beyond all doubt. In later times the canal appears to have fallen in, and been dried up until 600 B.C., when King Necho made a plan to restore the connection between the Nile and the Red Sea. He however abandoned his enterprise (in which 12,000 Egyptian labourers perished) when

an oracle warned him that he was only working for the barbarians, *i.e.* for foreigners. The Persian kings Cambyses and Darius I., a hundred years after Necho, were less alarmed at such monitions, and completed the communication between the Nile and the Red Sea. The remains of this canal were found in our own day in the cutting of the isthmus, and the ruins found close at hand of buildings with Persian inscriptions mark three stations on the long line of water which led from the Crocodile Lake to the Gulf of Suez. A further extension of the system of canals was made under the Ptolemies. A branch canal was carried from Phakusa (now Fakus) on the Pelusian arm of the Nile into Lake Menzaleh; from thence the Dattel Lake could be reached, which in its turn was connected with the Crocodile and Bitter Lakes. In this way the Mediterranean and Red Seas were united at their nearest points, and a waterway created, which for the then commercial traffic of the world was of the greatest value. Under the Romans these works fell into decay, until Amru, the well-known general of the Caliph Omar, made it his business to restore the old sea-way and to place Cairo in communication with Suez by a canal. In the eighth century of our era this canal was no longer navigable. In the year 1671 Leibnitz, in a plan which he submitted to Louis XIV., set forth the importance and necessity of canal communication between the two seas. His proposal obtained no attention. When General Buonaparte made his famous expedition to Egypt the importance of a communication between the seas did not escape him. The execution of such a project failed through the faulty calculations of the engineer Lepère,

according to which the level of the Red Sea was 9·908 metres higher than that of the Mediterranean. The possibility of direct communication appeared thereby to be an insoluble question, until at length, in the fourth decade of this century, accurate measurement showed the huge blunder in Lepère's reckoning. After Lesseps had obtained the concession from the Viceroy Said Pasha for the cutting of the isthmus, the difficult work was begun in April, 1858, and on the 16th of November, 1869, the opening of the maritime canal was celebrated with lavish splendour. The cost of its execution amounted to nineteen millions sterling.

"A necessary preliminary to the works of the canal was the creation of a sweet-water canal for the supply of the labourers at the canal, and hereafter of the Port of Suez, with potable water. In the vicinity of Kasr-en-Nil a canal was carried in a straight line from the Nile to Heliopolis, and thence in a north-easterly direction. Wadi Tûmilât was cut through, and finally the western side of the Crocodile and Bitter Lakes was selected as the line of the canal to Suez."

We may here close the interesting notes which my friend sent to me, and return to the canal and our French steamer. We soon reached the Bitter Lakes, which have a certain undeniable charm in the matter of scenery; the contrast between the dark-blue waters and the dazzling white of the desert cannot fail to arrest the traveller's attention. In the narrow reach of the canal between the Bitter and Timsâh Lakes we observed a jackal close to the bank, looking for shell-fish. Some fruitless shots were sent at him. By the deep-blue waters of Lake Timsâh we again enjoyed the splendours of an African sunset.

The houses of Ismailia appeared on the sandy shores to the north, and our steamer soon reached the quay of the great French Suez Canal station. M. Lesseps, the famous originator and founder of this gigantic work, which unites two seas, awaited us with his son and several officials of the French company. I was very glad to make the acquaintance of this still vigorous, laborious, and inflexible old man. We drove to his charming country-house, situated in a small garden. His beautiful daughter-in-law, a Cairene Greek of the wealthy family Sinadino, received us there. Her brother, an agreeable young man, and an English lady were also present. We dined soon after our arrival, and the evening passed in cheerful social intercourse.

We started very early next morning, M. Lesseps at our head, and took the railway for a short distance in the direction of Cairo to the station of Maksama. We halted there, but had difficulty in getting our numerous horses out of the train. The excited creatures neighed and plunged about, and much time was lost in the preparations for our hunt. A tribe of hunting Bedouins had pitched their tents near the station, and at our arrival these magnificent men came out of their resting-places. They came on horses and camels, the sheik in front, riding an exquisite chestnut mare.

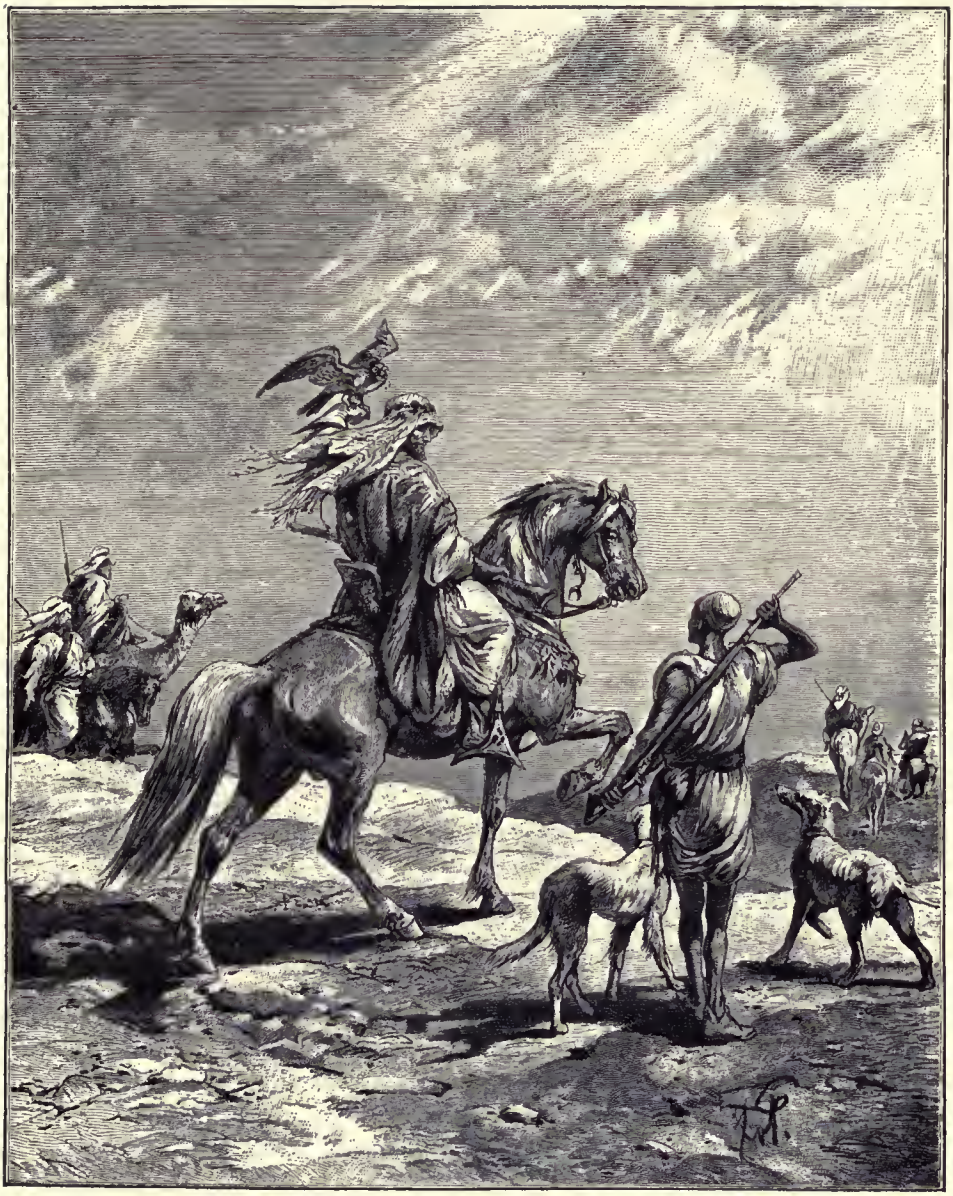
M. Lesseps had been so good as to invite this tribe, which is renowned for skill in the chase, to the neighbourhood of Ismailia, that we might see a Bedouin hunt for the gazelle. The ride through the desert was in truth most picturesque. The sheik was in front, in a pure white burnous. His saddle trappings were handsome, a curved

sabre was girt on his loins, while on his gloved hand stood a noble falcon with a bright hood on its head. On foot, horse, or camel, the crowd of Bedouins followed, armed with long guns, sabres, and daggers—all in white flowing robes. Brown martial forms they were, with most expressive faces. Some remarkably fine long-haired Asiatic greyhounds accompanied their masters, and several young falcons, not yet worthy of the master's hand, were carried behind us.

The tribe with which we were now moving through the desert not far from the railway, has been wandering in Africa for some time, but belongs properly to Arabia, as one can easily tell from the noble stamp of the horses and the richer armour and dress of the men. We rode in a long loose line through the hills and vales of the desert. Gazelles were to have been hunted, but we should have been thankful to see even a desert hare.

All efforts were fruitless for two hours. The Bedouins began to ride forward impatiently, to search a wider field. One of these suddenly started a gazelle out of some thick shrubs, and away in wild disorder went every one after it; the dogs were loosed, and as the scattered horsemen gathered from all sides, some even riding up against the fleeing animal, it no longer knew in what direction to make for escape, and ran terrified round amongst the horses. One Bedouin brought the chase to a speedy end; riding at full gallop he sent a ball after the gazelle, which was rushing away with irregular bounds, and laid the animal low in a moment.

The attempt to get a desert hare had next to be made;



THE HAWKING EXPEDITION.

but as the heat was very great and our chances few, we set off on our return to the railway-station. In order to display the skill of the falcon, the sheik let his noble comrade fly at a pigeon, which in a few seconds fell to the ground, struck with deadly force by the falcon's claw.

We soon reached the station, and after a frugal breakfast in the carriages some of the party went back to Ismailia, while the other gentlemen accompanied me on board a small steamer to make a trip to the Sweet-water Canal. We halted at a ruinous old house, and crossed the sand dunes to a strip of marsh which, closely bounded by the desert, runs parallel to the canal up to the Crocodile Lake near Ismailia.

One of the French gentlemen, a most pleasant man and ardent sportsman, guided us into this hunting-field, in which he had often pursued noble game. In the first moor we found the beautiful African golden rail, which was quite new to us, and shot a considerable number of them within a few minutes.

On the wetter ground there were many snipe and several kinds of marsh and water runners; ducks, too, and spurred plover; quails were put up in the long grass; the locusts were also very interesting, the biggest of their kind that I have ever seen. These insects flew up with a loud humming when one was still at some distance, so that in order to examine one of them near I was obliged to shoot it like a quail—a strange shot, verily!

In the narrow valley, bounded by the desert, the sun burnt fearfully, drawing mephitic vapours from the marsh. After several hours of fatiguing sport we returned, richly

laden with game, to the Sweet-water Canal, and went again on board our steamer, which quickly took us to Ismailia. Soon after our return we dined, by desire of M. Lesseps, on board one of the French steamers, instead of in his house, and we retired early to rest.

The next morning we all went to the small but beautiful church, where a Franciscan said Mass for the whole French colony. M. Lesseps then took us through the streets and gardens of the little French town. The old man showed us with manifest pride all that he has evolved, almost by magic, from the apparently unfruitful desert.

The hour for our departure had come. We took leave at the quay of Count Lesseps and Herr Zimmerman, to whose attention we had been so much indebted on all our railway journeys in Egypt; and accompanied by the younger M. Lesseps, his wife, and some French gentlemen, were soon in motion. The journey was rapid, and the dreary scenery was neutralized by interesting and eager conversation.

I shot some curlews and a carrion vulture from the deck of the vessel. In the shallow parts of Lake Menzaleh, pelicans and flamingoes stood by thousands, shining red in the bright sunlight.

At Port Said the Austro-Hungarian colony gave us a brilliant reception. Surrounded by gaily-decked steamers and boats, we rowed to the place where our *Miramar* lay. In a few minutes we were on board our good ship, greeted by the strains of the National Hymn. We stood once more on the ground of our fatherland. Port Said is a thoroughly European town. The extensive harbour and

canal buildings, the ships' docks, building yards and workshops, the vessels, and especially the Indiamen, lend the whole scene a purely Western aspect.

Late in the day we gave a dinner on board the *Miramar*, to which Abd-el-Kader Pasha and the French gentlemen were invited; when it grew dark our countrymen who reside here improvised a beautiful illumination of the harbour and a procession of boats. Several brightly illuminated boats with bands of music flitted round our vessel, and brilliant fireworks were let off on land.

The hour of separation soon came. Our guests left the *Miramar*, and Abd-el-Kader Pasha also. We had all learnt to value and respect him. He had been a faithful companion to us and a true friend.

We had passed glorious never-to-be-forgotten days in Africa, and bore away with us impressions of ancient grandeur from the Dark Continent and from radiant Egypt, from the graves of thousands of years of an ancient but now vanished civilization.

CHAPTER VII.

Voyage to Jaffa—Arrival in Jaffa—Ride to Latrun—Journey continued to Jersualem—Two Days in Jerusalem.

The morning of the 28th of March found us on the open sea. "Land not in sight yet?" was the often repeated question, while we waited impatiently for the outlines of Asia to rise out of the waters. At length, in the forenoon, the dim forms of the mountains of Judæa were seen veiled in blue mist, and soon followed by the yellow sands and the terraced fortress-like hill on which the town of Jaffa stands.

The country seems bare and desolate at first view. Yellow dunes and grey mountains do not please the eye. When, however, the vessel neared the town, hoar with an historic past, one saw the lovely green circlet of wood and garden in the centre of which Jaffa lies. As there is no harbour for larger vessels we were obliged to cast anchor at some distance outside the fringe of rocks which surrounds the town.

Soon after the governor came on board with his secretary and the general of division, General Adjutant Rizah-Pasha, whom the Sultan had been so good as to send expressly from Constantinople, and to assign to us

ARRIVAL AT JAFFA.

for the whole of our journey in the Holy Land. These great officers were of a distinctly different type from that of the Egyptians. The complexions were lighter, the features broader—in a word, more Turkish in character. We were soon to learn that this country differs in every respect from Egypt. Rizah-Pasha, a pleasant cultivated man, in whose company we spent many interesting days, handed me a letter from the Sultan. This high personage was extraordinarily gracious to us, and we were to continue to be his guests throughout our entire stay. To his friendly favour we were indebted for a fine caravan, excellent tents, and many alleviations of the toilsome journey which was to follow.

After brief greetings the Turkish gentlemen went on shore to put off their gala uniforms and to make sundry arrangements. We had ourselves rowed to land soon after, not, as heretofore, in our own boats, but, as is the custom here, because of the treacherous coast, in broad flat-bottomed boats handled by natives. A skilful pilot was at the helm, and the powerful strokes of his men's oars soon bore us far from the *Miramar*. We were not to see her again for a season, and during our journey on land she was to anchor at Beyrout, the nearest safe harbour. Two of the naval officers, Count Chorinsky and Lieutenant Sachs, accompanied us into the Holy Land.

We soon reached the dreaded circle of the ill-reputed reef. As the boat glided through the narrow way between two jagged rocks, one could readily imagine how perilous the passage would be in wild weather and foaming surf.

During our transit the sea was like glass, and we reached without hindrance the stairs of the little harbour of Jaffa, which is only adapted for small craft.

Here a new country met us, wholly diverse, more genuinely Eastern, and richer in colour than Egypt. Everything was novel to me. The pure Asiatic East was before me for the first time. The town is built in terraces up a hill. The lower houses, like the rocks which project between them, are washed by the sea waves. The Arab quarters built of clay have vanished; the crumbling wood carving of the cities of the Nile, the brown earth-coloured walls, the flat roofs—all these we have left behind in Africa. The stone structures of the rich Asiatic East, much mixed with simple Hebrew reminiscences of the Holy Land, present themselves to us in the form of solid buildings with round cupolas in the roofs, flat terraces, gloomy arched gateways, all built in grey square stones without mortar or plaster.

The first step on the soil of the Holy Land recalls in the towns the memories of the orderly rule of the Jewish kingdom, of the wise King Solomon, or of the days when Jesus sat in the midst of His apostles teaching on the stone steps of the open square; and in the country images pass before the mind's eye which played around us while we read the Scriptures in childhood. The patriarch Abraham, the nomad king, rich in flocks, handsome horses, fine tents, and fair women, the wise and learned old man, the sage of mystic speech yet full of practical wisdom, the father of a noble race, could have existed only in the East, dwelt only in this land.

Times have changed and religion has changed its forms. But of all the many Eastern rites and creeds, similar in nature and alike in their leading ideas, only one has maintained its ground, has kept itself pure—the Hebrew, the doctrine of the true Jehovah and of His prophet Moses; and yet the people, the chosen race, have lost country and political existence; the Jew alone is immortal, maintaining his type and his creed incorrupt, though scattered over the whole face of the earth.

Unconsciously he avenges himself by his very existence; consciously he represents a certain force with which the keen intellect of the East has endowed him. The West has stripped him of everything, scattered him over the whole world, but never been able to exterminate him, and so this much-tried people still exists and claims the justice which may not be denied to it from the history of the world.

Christianity sprang from the Hebrew faith with its store of wisdom. In no land but one like Palestine—nowhere but in the East—could the teaching of Christ have been brought forth; new in many of its precepts, but in its origin and its being only the sequel of the ancient Eastern faiths. Christianity, transferred to the West and to our own day, finds the birthplace of its leading ideas ever in the East. The ancient Eastern Semitic religions have been preserved in their purest and most incorrupt form by Islam.

Springing from these Semitic religions, and destined to be their continuation among the same races, Islam obtained power in those countries, and, spreading from them to other and very different peoples, has kept the East stationary by

its creed and its existence as a race. Old Abraham is not dead; the industrious acquisitive Hebrew of antiquity lives still. In the towns the Arabs are his brethren, and all the Semitic families who remain in the old home continue in the ancient way.

In the steppes along the Jordan, Sheik Ali dwells with his thousands of horsemen, free and uncontrolled. Flocks, herds, horses, and women are his wealth; wisdom and the books of his faith, his strength; a people by themselves, with their aged nomad king at their head, just such as those of whom Holy Writ tells us. In the East nothing dies. The feverish revolutions of the West go by and leave no trace; everything is as it was in remote ages, and will so continue as long as the primeval sun rises daily, purpling the bare hills, the orange desert, and the green steppes of the East—gilding the glorious land, the cradle of the human race.

Will the reader pardon this digression?—for these are the thoughts which force themselves on the traveller when first he treads the Promised Land.

The scene as we put in at the harbour steps was bright and picturesque. All the terraces and stairs and the narrow windows were thronged with people. The dresses are much richer in colour and more interesting than in Egypt. The costumes of Asia Minor, as well as the Turkish, and also those of the ancient Hebrews, are to be seen. The blue fellaheen shirt and the brown hood are no longer visible in the streets, any more than the white burnous; nor do we, as in Egypt, see scantily arrayed or well-nigh unclad men.

Ample spreading garments with broad gay sashes, big turbans, and sometimes the fez; jackets or short spencer-like coats trimmed with fur; full knee-breeches, red slippers, sometimes sandals; such are the most striking points of the dress you find on the Asiatic coast. Amongst the genuine Asia Minorites who reside here, as well as among the Druses, the costumes remind one of those of the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula.

The women are picturesquely shrouded in wide dresses, with white kerchiefs and veils, wholly different from the Egyptian female dress. As many Christian and Jewish women inhabit Jaffa, we saw a number of richly clad ladies in the streets, most of them veiled slightly or not at all, so that we could note many beautiful and indeed noble faces. It was remarkable how many had dazzling white skins combined with raven-black hair. On the whole, complexions are fair in Palestine, especially in the towns—sometimes yellowish, rarely brown. This last hue is only met with among the free tribes, and chiefly among the southern ones.

The first sight of the gay and brightly clad throng was very interesting, and we mounted the stairs slowly on our way to the Latin hospice. Turkish soldiers in green uniform, warlike-looking natives of Asia Minor, differing in all respects from the Egyptians, kept a path open for us. It was very necessary, for the people surrounded us with the utmost inquisitiveness. Some aged Franciscans awaited us at the door of the hospice. We passed into the church through a house and up and down innumerable staircases. The way was both difficult and dirty, and we had to pass

through fearful odours. The church is ancient, but neither beautiful nor interesting. On entering we kissed the relics, and were exhorted to say a prayer lying on the ground. At every step in the Holy Land you are shown places to which sacred legends are attached, and Jaffa has some of its own. The dark church, dating from the Middle Ages, the dim light of the torches, the hoarse chant of the Franciscans, the droning of the organ, and all on the soil of Palestine, wakes thoughts of the days of the Crusades, when many a brave warrior from the far West received here a first benediction on consecrated ground, ere he sought in mailed steel on his war-horse battle with the swift son of the desert, who, brave and proud, defended his fatherland against the foreign invader.

The benediction and music over, we made our way with difficulty through the troops of gazers who blocked the narrow corridors and stairs. Close and foul air is a characteristic of such stone cellar-like rooms, be they house, convent, or church. Let every one beware, especially in spring, of dwelling under a roof in Palestine.

Our horses were at the gate. It was no small task to get the caravan together in the crowd of people—noisy Orientals and numbers of Jews. It was done at last. A division of Turkish cavalry opened the march, we and our servants followed, and soldiers again brought up the rear. In this order we rode through some narrow streets paved with smooth plaster instead of flags, past the market-place with its superabounding filth, and out of the town. The road lies at first among gardens, thick hedges, and fruitful orange-groves. The trees were bowed under the load of

THE ORANGE MARKET AT JAFFA.

fruit. The great difference of climate between the coast of Palestine and Egypt was very apparent.

At the end of February we saw the orange harvest in Cairo; at the end of March it had not yet begun in Jaffa. The scented gardens soon disappeared, and we came to a monotonous grey-green plain—nothing but ill-tilled fields, an occasional draw-well, a few palms, stony places, a disorderly Mohammedan burying-place, and in the far distance, to close the barren scene, the blue tops of the mountains of Judæa.

Brightly clad peasants watching herds of camels and goats, and beggars of the worst description, were the only people we met. The beggars of Palestine are even worse than those of Egypt; the most frightful cripples that can be imagined; many, too, suffering from the true leprosy of the Scriptures.

In the fields you might suppose yourself in Europe. Vegetation lacks the tropical touch of the Nile lands, and, moreover, everything was backward. Many storks stood in the fields, but there was little other animal life.

We soon came to some small miserable-looking villages. The road led past graveyards and watch-towers for Turkish gendarmerie, and in three hours we reached the ruinous and notoriously dirty little town of Ramleh. Our caravan only skirted it, though Ramleh is usually the first station for pilgrims to Jerusalem. We had no wish to encamp near it, and resolved to press on to the village of Latrun, which lies at the foot of the mountain.

So far as I could see, the inhabitants of Ramleh appeared to be interesting in their bright old Hebrew

dress. The few Christians living there belong mainly to the orthodox Greek Church. People poured out of the town to stare at us, and followed our caravan a long time.

After leaving the neighbourhood of Ramleh the country began to assume another character. The road led gently downhill into a broad valley from whose further side the Judæan mountains rose. The fields were covered here and there with stones, and smooth shining slabs of stone peeped between the evergreen shrubs. In the vicinity of a sheik's tomb a successful double shot secured for me a pair of fine large red-legged partridges.

Soon after sunset we got to Latrun, lying most picturesquely among rocks and green shrubs at the foot of the chain of hills. Our handsome camp had been pitched by the ruins of an old fortress (of what date it would be hard to say). It was quite a city of Turkish tents, made of beautiful material and fitted with every comfort. We could not but think of the days of the old Soliman. Numerous beasts of burden—mostly mules or small horses,—and the host of servants—Druses from the Lebanon (sun-worshippers)—hung about the camp among the rocks.

Mr. Howard, the *entrepreneur* who in his changeful life had accepted an English name and protection, is a pure dark Oriental who lives as a dragoman and purveyor of caravans and excursions at Beyrout. We learnt to appreciate his unflinching energy and excellent qualities in hard days when heavy duties devolved upon him. Howard had attached to the caravan two Bedouins—the

one a Moor who had been stolen in his earliest youth in Africa, and now wanders with a tribe of Asiatic Arabs; the other a genuine Jordan Bedouin of almost European complexion—in order that they might keep our larder supplied with partridges. Both wore the brown and white striped burnous of thick camel hair which is usual with the Asiatic tribes.

My uncle and I went out in the evening with these Bedouins to look out for jackals. We went past the village, over hedges and walls, to a water tank. Unluckily there was no moon, and nothing came in sight before it was quite dark, though we heard jackals howl in the distance. We stumbled back slowly by the same wretched road to the camp. Outside Latrun several figures stood, looking like ghosts in their long cloaks, and viewed us attentively.

This village is said to have got its name from the Latin "*latro*," and to have been the birthplace of the penitent thief Dismas. Recollections attach to almost every village here, some of them grand and beautiful, and with evidence of truth, but many also to the last degree incredible.

On our return to the camp a complete dinner was served in the large dining tent, and the beneficent repose of well-earned sleep followed quickly on the Turkish coffee.

Next morning all was early astir. The tents were struck and placed on the mules, and with the usual tinkling of the collar bells, cries of the drivers, and neighing of horses, the caravan got into motion. At

first the road penetrated a narrow valley, its steep slopes to right and left being covered with rocks and thick evergreens. The character of the flora in these regions is distinctly Mediterranean, such as one finds it on the coasts of Spain, Greece, Italy, and the western parts of North Africa, especially Morocco. In Palestine this zone is a narrow one, and, disappearing gradually at Jerusalem, gives place eastward of Bethlehem to the vegetation of the steppes and of the interior of Asia.

Passing the old well Bir-Egyub (Well of Job), we came through the ravine of Wadi Ali and by the ruins of an old mosque to the ridge of the hills. Their appearance is uniform—nothing but dazzling white rocks separated from each other by thorny bushes. Here and there tumbling houses or ruins appear among the rocks. There are few cliffs, but, on the other hand, there are numerous long and quite smooth slabs on the declivities of the hills.

Innumerable eagles and vultures soared in the air, but among the shrubs we saw very few birds; occasional partridges ran swiftly up the slopes. After two hours of travel we attempted deer-stalking along the top of the hills with our Arab huntsmen.

A fine view opened before us into a stretch of vales and ravines—always the same in character, with a Mediterranean flora like that of the mountains of Zante. In the far east we saw the yellow-grey ridges and tops of the plateau on which Jerusalem lies, and the commencement of the chain of hills in the interior of the country, which have a totally different aspect.

Walking was not at all pleasant among the rocks, blocks of stone, and almost impenetrable bushes with their long thorns; and as no partridges were to be found, and the large birds of prey which perpetually hovered around would not let us approach them, we soon returned to the caravan route. When we crossed the ridge the country grew more desolate; even the shrubs gave place to dry grass and the picturesque rocks to rubble. A broad valley lay before us, and the road wound down to it by serpentine paths.

We passed some tumble-down inns for pilgrims which stood in desolate, stony olive gardens, and vividly recalled the little fondas of the Spanish mountains. We were shown the village of Abu Gösh, where, at the beginning of this century, the family of a sheik of the same name dwelt, to the terror of pilgrims. We next saw from a distance the village of Soba, the ancient Modin, the home of the Maccabees. Some Jewish tale clings to every step. Like other travellers, I had to listen to them, but, I am thankful to say, forgot most of them, and will only communicate to the indulgent reader, in homœopathic doses, those which had some measure of probability.

At eleven in the forenoon, after a long journey, we reached the bottom of the broad valley Wadi Kulôniye. On the steep of the hill lies the village of the same name. At the lowest point of the valley is a single-storied European hotel for pilgrims. Palestine is, so long as you keep on the regular line of march of pious caravans, a regular land of tourists, a sort of religious Switzerland. There the taste of the traveller for the beauties of

nature is traded upon, here his faith and devotion are turned into money.

We halted in Kulôniye, as our arrival at Jerusalem was fixed for the afternoon. The time which intervened was spent in roving along the hillsides. We found nothing there but grey-green, terraced olive woods, occasional shrubs and rocks. The fierce midday heat scorched the barren country, and we dragged ourselves painfully up the steep slopes, an Asiatic nutcracker and the grey Syrian hare being the only wild species which we saw. The Grand Duke shot poor puss, but could not find her among the stones. Hoyos had no better luck on the other side of the valley with a jackal. I shot some of the odious large black lizards which are found on every rock in the stony parts of Palestine.

The heat became intolerable, and we all of us soon made our way back to the pilgrims' house. We breakfasted in the shade of an olive tree on the spot where the Emmaus of the New Testament stood, and hard by where David slew Goliath. Our Consul-general, Count Caboga, had come out to meet us from Jerusalem, and we eagerly discussed with him the plans for the next day. After breakfast the whole company put on full uniform. The clergy of the different rites and the dragomans from the consulates met us here, and then preceded us to Jerusalem to prepare for the grand reception. We then started, as time was getting on and our entry had to be made to the minute.

The road winds in zigzags along the slope of the hill up to the plateau. The shrubs and every trace of

vegetation vanish more and more completely, and a dreary stony desert begins—the accursed land. One cannot divest one's self of this feeling. A peculiar, sad, but at the same time majestic, character seems to belong to the whole country, and strange and mystic emotions take possession of each traveller.

Pilgrims of all countries and ranks are seen on donkeys or in waggons—many of them are men of ruined fortunes —Jews too from the most distant parts of the world. We had not yet reached the height when two Franciscans came trotting towards us. The first, the custode of the Terra Santa, a fat monk with a black beard, a big, powerful man born in Tuscany, reminded me of those valiant heroes of the faith who preceded the Crusaders in battle, bearing the crucifix on high and inciting the knight to heroic deeds ; the second, a fellow-countryman, a Bohemian who hardly knew how to repress his delight while he talked with me, for the first time, perchance, for years, in his mother tongue. Both monks greeted us most heartily and fell into our procession. The Franciscans in the Holy Land are literally the representatives of the Latin Church. Brave combatants for their faith, they defend in constant strife the privileges of the rite as against other forms and creeds.

We have climbed the hill—the bare desolate plateau of Jerusalem stretches before us, and in the distance rise the blue-grey mountains of the Valley of the Jordan. Yellow grey is the pervading tone of the landscape, barrenness its note. The first signs of Jerusalem were visible—the great mass of the Russian church with its

five cupolas, the Mount of Olives, and to the right the Greek Convent of the Crucifixion. The Holy City itself we could not yet see.

On the road there was a great triumphal arch with a Hungarian inscription. The Jewish colony stood beside it with banners, singing the National Hymn. With many compliments and the usual talk and noise the patriotic Jews surrounded us. They were genuine Israelites from the north of Hungary. They wore the caftan, high boots, the velvet cap, the curled beard, and the accustomed ringlets. You might have supposed you were in a Carpathian village.

The whole Jewish community followed us from this point as a matter of course. Both sides of the road were already thronged with people. Jews of all countries, Christians from Asia Minor, Greeks, European pilgrims, Oriental Christian women, some partly and some not at all veiled, in most picturesque costumes only to be likened to those of Hebrew women of old, very Madonnas in form and figure; beside them Copts, English tourists with their exterior so destructive of all poetry, Mohammedan country people, crippled beggars, and an indescribable medley from the very ends of the earth—all these idly loitering in the streets and looking curiously at us.

The procession stood drawn up, awaiting our arrival, at the point from which one first beholds Jerusalem. Every one knelt to pray with bared head. The holy Zion, with its ancient walls, its grey white circular houses, the cupolas of the Church of the Sepulchre, and the great Mosque of Omar were all before us.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The city where our faith was born, where with the crucifixion of Christ the greatest of all changes in the history of the world began, to whose walls thousands of Bible stories and all the traditions of our religion cleave, whose stones are stained with the blood of our forefathers, the old Crusaders—this city lies there before us. Strange mystic emotions of religious enthusiasm possess the soul of each pilgrim and bring him near to fanaticism. To me it seems quite comprehensible that this spot has been for centuries, and will be for ever, the centre of the most vehement and extravagant displays of fanaticism. Our creed and all the traditions imbibed from childhood have taken shape and substance, surrounded by a dread, weird world, laden with a curse under which the people who dwelt here have been crushed for ever. Any one who stays long in Jerusalem must become a fanatic. From the moment one sees the city one is lifted into a region of mystical enthusiasm which might easily gain a permanent hold on the mind. These are the emotions which made the Crusaders shrink from no sacrifice of goods or life, and lend to all religious wars a desperate energy.

Let us, however, return to our entry. Some kavasses from the consulate, in peculiar theatrical costumes, rode in front with long staves. Next came a battalion of Turkish infantry with their band—wonderful combination, a procession into Jerusalem with Turkish music, and flying colours with the silver crescent! We came next in full uniform, riding, surrounded by ecclesiastics, officers of the consulates, Turkish and Christian dignitaries.

Crowds filled both sides of the streets. The road led

past a large building in which the Russian pilgrims are lodged. Thousands of Russian peasants come to Jerusalem every year before Easter, led by their priests. Two thousand of them were present on this occasion. They stood in groups looking at us. Beside the peasant of Russia itself, with his wide blouse and girdle, his knee-breeches, high boots, and peculiar cylinder hat, his snub nose, blonde beard, limp greasy long hair, and unmistakable air of the northern Slavonian; one saw figures in light military cloaks, decorated with medals. There were also swarms of priests, the blonde Russian, the genuine dark Greek, and the South Slavonian.

We rode through this most interesting crowd till at length we reached the Gate of Jaffa, where we dismounted and passed through the old grey gate into the interior of the Holy City.

Here stood the Latin patriarch surrounded by an extraordinarily large body of secular clergy, alumni, and monks, all robed and holding lighted tapers. The patriarch and his subordinates wore beards like all Latin priests in the East.

We knelt and kissed the ground. After a short prayer the patriarch, a Genoese by birth, made an Italian address, to which I replied in French. Hereupon the priests began to sing, and advancing in pairs the procession moved slowly on. The Grand Duke and I walked to the right and left of the patriarch. All the others followed, even the Turkish dignitaries. Beside the procession marched a file of Turkish infantry, which on every such occasion affords to the different creeds the only guarantee

that at the festivals which concern them, each will be left unmolested by the others.

The streets of the city are very dark and narrow. A chill vault-like air, poisoned by the most horrible smells of all kinds, pervades every spot within the confined stone walls. The pavement, consisting of irregular flags, affords the foot passengers a way of escape. Jerusalem retains unchanged the old and gloomy Hebrew character, and has nothing in common with the bright gay towns of Islam and their bazaars.

There were as many people in the streets as could be crowded into them, and the doorways were filled with the sight-loving public of all kinds—European pilgrims, Jews and Christians, and Mohammedan Orientals.

The procession went through a number of small streets, and at length reached a flight of steps. Descending these we were at the vestibule of the Church of the Sepulchre. The court is paved and enclosed on two sides by high walls; on the third side is the principal façade with very graceful pillars, and a fine gate with a lofty arch. This all dates from the time of the Crusaders.

The first sight of this chiefest of all sanctuaries of the Christian makes a most solemn impression on every pilgrim, which is further deepened by its position: the ancient court lying several steps below the level of the rest of the town, the grey houses of sad Jerusalem around, and in their midst the weather-beaten Church of the Sepulchre with its high cupolas.

In the court the dealers in sacred images were squatting round, and many Greek and Russian priests stood to watch

our procession. We entered by the principal gate. The interior of the church is impressive, but likewise sad and severe. Incense and attar of roses pervaded the damp, clammy, heavy air.

There were chapel gates to the right and left, staircases and raised choirs, and the pilgrim soon sees that this great house of God is an assemblage of differing rites and modes of worship, and a compromise of their claims, and that they all find room in the one space for their own special services. In the centre of the church, in the great circular hall, one chapel stands—a temple by itself; it is the true Chapel of the Sepulchre, which belongs in common to the Eastern and Latin Churches, and in which all the ancient sects hold their worship. The newer faiths alone are excluded—the Protestants and those of similar tenets.

Ere we reached the Chapel of the Sepulchre the whole procession knelt by the great square "stone of anointing," with its heavy candelabra round, and lying flat on the ground we all kissed it. It is the stone on which the body of Christ lay when anointed by Nicodemus. As the Scripture tells: "After this Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly, for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

Our devotions ended, we advanced to the entrance of

the Chapel of the Sepulchre. This small place of worship was long in the exclusive possession of the Eastern Churches, and it bears the full impress of the Greek Church both within and without. It is enriched with gold and silver, with the black pictures of saints set in metal, and has all the peculiar character which distinguishes the orthodox Eastern Church.

Conducted by the patriarch, we were permitted to enter the interior of the chapel. The vestibule is entered by a low gate, through which one must literally creep. Then one is in the true sanctuary, the shrine of the Christian faith. The naked rock shows everywhere between the rich decoration, and we venerate this bare stone, for it is the same on which the Son of God was laid.

The perfume of roses and incense, Greek pomp, the ruddy glow of the lamps, the murmur of the Latin prayers, all is overpowering. The narrow vault seems to be the world, the cradle of our faith. With a believing ardour the pilgrim presses his hot lips on the bare stone, which embodies for him his most sacred emotions, and speaks of comfort, strength, and hope.

In a few moments the patriarch led us out again, and we all knelt before the chapel, while the sacred chants of the priests resounded through the majestic halls. We took leave of the patriarch at the door of the chapel. We desired to offer our first prayers at this sacred spot, but we proposed to visit and examine the church in detail on the next day. I shall therefore give a cursory description of it later—a detailed account would require elaborate study. We now passed through some more narrow streets to the

Austrian hospice, accompanied by the Turkish authorities. The hospice is a spacious building, with roomy apartments and a very fine chapel. We reached the gate by a flight of steps from the street. The superintendent of the hospice —a priest and a most worthy Tyrolese—received me.

Immediately on our arrival we had to receive the consuls, and then the Turkish authorities and the ruler of the city, all in Eastern costume, and finally the heads of all the Christian and Jewish Churches. The Latin patriarch came attended by priests and monks, the Greek patriarch with his popes; then the Armenians, then Copts, and then the Syrian patriarch. The Syrian Church is a most interesting one, and is represented in Jerusalem by a venerable grey-bearded man, who appeared in his flowing black vestments, with a veil depending from his pope's cap. The ancient sect of Jacobeans is, so far as I know, the earliest which separated from the primitive Church in the first ages of Christianity. It holds its ground still in Asia Minor. They pay homage to St. James beyond the measure rendered by the other Churches.

Last of all, the rabbis waited on us, their president at their head, one of the priests in the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the Hebrews of the day. This old man, with his long snowy beard, yellow waxen complexion, and fine features, was born in Spain, and wore, like most of the rabbis residing in Palestine, the ancient Hebrew dress, the coloured full overcoat trimmed with fur, the turban, a long robe, and yellow slippers. I have always imagined that the Pharisees must have looked like these rabbis.

After all these most interesting visitors had left us, we

quitted the hospice by a street leading to the old Gate of Damascus. Our handsome camp had been pitched just without the gate, beside some stony places and heaps of ruin, and amongst stunted olive gardens. The horses and beasts of burden lay close by. Our people slept on the ground. The Turkish squadron which had escorted us from Jaffa bivouacked near us, and the infantry from Jerusalem made a cordon round the whole camp, as the public, especially the Jews and Christians, sought to importune us with heaps of petitions.

After the heat and fatigue of the day rest was welcome. A cool evening and fine sunset were restorative, and when dinner was over stillness soon reigned in the camp. The incessant howling of the half-savage dogs within the walls still resounded in our ears, as well as the cries of the multitudes of jackals who hung about the slaughter-yards, which were only separated from the camp by a small valley.

Early on the morning of the 30th we all went, masters and servants, to the hospice, where the chaplain, the clergy of the house, and some German-speaking Franciscans confessed the whole travelling party. From thence we made a pilgrimage to the Church of the Sepulchre, where, in the chapel on the stone of the sepulchre itself, the chaplain said Mass and gave the Holy Communion to us all. After Mass the prelate proceeded to bless the numerous articles which we had brought as memorials, and which had lain on the stone of the sepulchre during the service.

Leaving the chapel, we went over the great church and through another little chapel, belonging to the Franciscans,

to the small Franciscan convent, which also pertains to the buildings of the Church of the Sepulchre. By narrow stairs and dirty rooms, with horrible close air, we came to a modest cell called the refectory. Here the friendly monks entertained us with very good chocolate.

During breakfast the custode of Terra Santa described the contests and enmities which more or less unremittingly prevail between the different creeds, and which sometimes proceed from words to deeds. These, if they arise within the church, are adjusted in energetic fashion by misbelieving Turkish soldiers. The sturdy monk spoke valorously, and in vigorous terms cast the whole blame on the Eastern Christians. It is difficult to decide on whom the heaviest blame should devolve, but it is certain that these constant altercations do not lend a halo to Christianity in the eyes of the Turks.

After breakfast we went over the whole convent. The monks live in wretched cells; a terrace on the roof is the only place where they can breathe fresh air. This small Franciscan convent and the dwellings on the opposite side of the church for Greek and Armenian priests are all within the precincts of the Church of the Sepulchre, which has only one gate, and this only opened by the Turks, who exercise supreme control over it, on the occasion of great festivals or the arrival of many pilgrims, at the request of one or of all the patriarchs. In the intervals, often for weeks and months, the church remains closed, and a combined guard resides within it and keeps jealous watch. No gate is allowed into the city, either from the poor Latin convent or from the quarters of the Greek Christians.

They are both obliged to hoist their supplies of meat and drink in baskets through the windows. Near the quarters of these ecclesiastical guards galleries lead round inside the church, from which the clergy on patrol can overlook the whole interior.

We descended from the convent into the church, and examined the various shrines and historical points, as well as all the side chapels and places with which legends or dogmas are connected. One gathers a rich store of interesting recollections and ideas there. It is easy to see that the different buildings date from very different epochs, and many characteristic reminiscences of the Middle Ages are to be met with. Individual chapels and shrines—of which there are a great number—vary in type according to their owners. Some are quite Latin; others Armenian, Syrian, or Coptic. By far the most numerous are the orthodox Greek, brilliant with gold and silver, and overladen with dark Byzantine pictures of saints.

To describe the Church of the Sepulchre in all its detail would be a long task needing preparatory study. Moreover, fairly minute and accurate descriptions are to be found by those who need them in many of the hand-books. I limit myself, therefore, to recording impressions and scenes stamped vividly on my memory.

Upstairs and downstairs, often over the most irregular pavement, we roamed round the whole church—not a corner was there which I did not visit. Everywhere, but especially at the Greek shrines, we saw numbers of Russian pilgrims crossing themselves perpetually between their prostrations.

We then inspected the adjacent large Franciscan Convent of St. Salvator. We looked at the church, the refectory, and some of the cells; but our visit was rather to the monks, for there is not much worth seeing in this bare and very poor convent. Our next visit was to the patriarch. He received us in his house surrounded by his numerous clergy. His abode is like those in the south, bare, with little furniture, and here and there sporadic curtains. The floors are flagged, and the walls hung with religious pictures of Italian art. The chapel, the court, and the great staircase, are all very simple, and show how far from rich are the princes of the Latin Church in the East.

At the venerable patriarch's also we had to follow the horrible custom of the East and go through the process of drinking, which is *de rigueur* at every visit. We began with chocolate at the Franciscans; here we were condemned to stale lemonade and almond milk; and still worse awaited us in the course of the morning.

On the patriarch's steps a female Christian of these parts approached me in—pure Eastern, I had almost said—old Hebrew dress, with a white kerchief on her head and unveiled. She was a wonderful sight, with fine features, splendid figure, and a pale complexion. One could imagine nothing fitter for the model of a Magdalen. She handed me a petition, and disappeared in the colonnade.

We went along the narrow streets, which were full of people, to the Syrian patriarch. Many pilgrims, trading Moslems, and loathsome beggars were about. The patriarch received us in black robes at the entrance of the church. His priests, on the other hand, all wore the broad

rich robes used at Mass, with capes such as one sees in the earliest Christian pictures, and carried lighted torches. We made a solemn entry into the church, between the priests and choir-boys dressed like them, who chanted our National Hymn in Syrian.

The church itself resembles those of the Greeks. Like them, it is rich in lavish expenditure of gold and silver; but withal has certain peculiarities, and a special tomb for the devotees of St. James. The altar is very much raised, and in a side chapel beneath a stone rests the head of St. James, who is venerated by them almost as a divinity. The niche, with its relics, is, as a matter of course, most richly adorned. Near the altar stands a high gilt throne, which the priests pass with signs of the deepest veneration. This is the seat of St. James, on which he is perpetually throned—but of course *invisible.*

There were many pilgrims in the church of this persuasion. By their look one might have taken them for Turks or Moslems.

We moved in solemn procession from the church through an open colonnade to the patriarch's house, which is so simple in its appointments as to be almost uninhabitable. It displays a sofa in one corner, and three melancholy chairs in the others. The worthy old man received us most cordially, and compelled us to swallow a perfectly indescribable rose-coloured beverage.

After a short visit we left for the Jewish quarter. There are some bazaars in Jerusalem in the hands of the Hebrews, and the residences of the chosen people are grouped in a long street full of good shops. Dirt, effluvia,

and noise, of which one can hardly form an idea, prevail in those streets. Half-naked children tumbled about on the pavement, and Jewish women with ill-arranged kerchiefs twisted round shorn heads, leaned from the windows. The men bought and sold, bargained and cheated. There were Jews from all countries, but few of them in ordinary dress. Many Polish Jews wore the talar, with high boots and velvet caps ; but most were in Eastern costume, resembling that of the old Hebrews. All languages might be heard, German and Hebrew preponderating.

With difficulty we passed through this crowd to reach the synagogue. The rabbi and elders of the congregation received us with a German address, and offered us a seat to rest within the temple. The synagogue is a new building, and looks just like those at home. Very few of the Jews present were in fine robes. Most of them wore the caftan and seemed to be Poles. While we remained they sang a hymn on their circular estrade and recited a prayer in their quaint fashion, with nervous movements and turnings of the eyes. We soon left, followed by the superabounding benedictions of the synagogue.

As the Holy Sepulchre was open, unusual crowds were passing up and down the streets. Russians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, Armenians, denizens of Asia Minor, Greeks, Copts, and pilgrims of the Latin faith, made an interesting medley of races.

After breakfasting in our camp, we rode on horseback along the ancient grey walls of sacred Zion to the famous and wonderful Mosque of Omar. The Haram-esh-Sherif is a large space enclosed by walls. The principal mosque,

Kubbet-es-Sachrâ, stands in its centre, with a lofty cupola, pillared vestibule, and a beautiful octagon hall—one of the most renowned of Eastern edifices. Various small half-ruined monuments and wells stand between the chief mosque and the buildings which abut on the enclosing wall. The chief of these is the very beautiful Mesdjid-el-Aksá, a church built in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, in honour of the Virgin, and afterwards appropriated by Omar to the Mohammedans.

We were shown round by the chief dervish, an elderly and capable-looking Mohammedan in bright apparel. The population in Palestine, as in all other Asiatic Mohammedan countries, is far more fanatical than in Egypt; and travellers must be on their guard in no way to wound their feelings. We went over both mosques carefully. In the centre of the great octagon there is a huge block of stone, around which the temple has been built. This rock may vouch for the great uniformity of Eastern legends, and the Jews also venerate it. The Talmud mentions it, and Hebrew tradition teaches that Abraham and Melchisedek sacrificed here; that here Abraham was about to slay Isaac, and that Jacob also consecrated it. The ark of the covenant stood here; and here the Jews believe it still remains, having been hidden by Jeremiah. This rock is believed to be the centre of the world. The same opinion is also held of the Church of the Sepulchre, where the spot is indicated by a small stone.

It is an interesting fact that the great mosque stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the Moslems adopted all the Hebrew traditions, and added them to their own

legends. They say this stone floats unsupported over an abyss; and, to show this, the traveller is taken into a hollow space beneath the temple, where he sees the remains of old walls of Jewish times. The Mohammedans also show the praying-places of David, Solomon, Abraham, and Elias; and here Mohammed has left the impress of his head.

To recount all the myths connected with this most important spot in the story of Asiatic creeds would be a toilsome task; but to show how all the creeds which have originated in the East hang together, we may mention that, according to the Mohammedans, this rock is the spot where at the last day the throne of God will be set up, and hither will the Kaba of Mecca come to the Sachra, for here the trumpets will resound which open the judgment. In the first days of Mohammedanism this place was almost as important as Mecca, to which it but gradually yielded priority. From this stone Mohammed ascended to heaven, and the archangel Gabriel had to hold the stone back, as it was inclined to soar after the Prophet. The hair of Mohammed's beard, his banner, and that of Omar, and the shield of Omar's uncle Hamsa, were shown us here, together with some beautiful old Korans. We also noted mosaics of great importance in the history of art, some fine glass windows, and various architectural treasures, which we have not space to record here.

Mention must, however, be made of the old Kufish inscriptions. The verses of the Koran which, from a Mohammedan point of view, refer to Christ, are preserved on the walls in beautiful writing. Sûr. xvii. 3: "Praise be to God who has had no son, and none to share his govern-

ment, and needs no helper to save him from dishonour; praise him," etc.

We came out on the open place and went to the outer wall. It descends vertically into a deep, rocky ravine. Here there is a splendid view across the high table-land to the mountains of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The Golden Gate in the wall attracted our attention. Jewish legends from the life of Christ are told about it, and the Mohammedans have filled it up with stones and rubbish; for, according to their belief, this is the gate by which a fair king shall perchance one day come from the west, and, entering in to the court of the Mosque of Omar, put an end to their rule.

We left this most interesting spot after a long visit. It is the place where the old Jewish temple stood, the palace of Solomon, the centre of radiance of the highly civilized Hebrew kingdom. Here, too, in later time, Christ taught, and many records of His deeds and of the doctrines of our faith are connected with it. Later still the victorious Romans entered here, massacring the Jews. Here stood the Temple of Jupiter, and under Justinian a Byzantine Christian church. Last of all came Islam, and made it a vast mosque, in which in our own day the doctrines and myths of the three great religions mingle strangely, and point us to their common Eastern birth.

The Mosque of Omar bade us also remember Raphael's famous picture of the marriage of the Virgin.

Passing along the Wailing-Place of the Jews, where they still go to deplore their lost kingdom and the ruins of their temple, we crossed the city to the Church of the

Sepulchre by the street known as the Via Dolorosa. A great number of Catholic pilgrims had assembled there, and we all received lighted tapers, and, with the Franciscans at our head, moved in procession from one sacred spot to another, singing as we went. At the appointed places of devotion we knelt, repeating the prescribed prayers. This round lasted for an hour. The dark church dimly lighted with torches, the low monotonous chants, and the powerful incense, all produce a mystical effect on the spirit. Throngs of pilgrims daily take part in the procession, to which extensive indulgences are attached.

We returned to our camp to mount our horses and ride round the city. In the glorious evening light we rode past the kings' tombs and the grave of Absolom; saw the field of blood, or Aceldema, and the Valley of Kedron, desolate, stony, and grandly gloomy,—all as it stands in Holy Writ.

The twilight drew on, and drinking in with enjoyment these great impressions, we rode slowly back beneath the old walls to our camp.

On the 31st of March our whole party went from the camp to the Church of the Sepulchre to hear Mass in a side chapel. The custode of Terra Santa awaited us at the portal, and led by him we went upstairs into a dark chapel, where there were two altars separated by a lattice. One, plain and simple, belongs to the Latins; the other, showy with silver and gilding, is Greek. The first is on the spot where Mary stood at the Crucifixion; the second bears the name of Golgotha. The bare rock shows beneath the Greek altar, and during the Latin Mass many pilgrims, chiefly Russian peasants, came one

CEMETERY AT JERUSALEM.

after the other to kiss the sacred spot. We followed their example, and were in so doing lavishly sprinkled with consecrated rose-water by their priest. The orthodox chapel was hung with black, for an hour later Mass was to be said for the poor deceased Czar Alexander II.

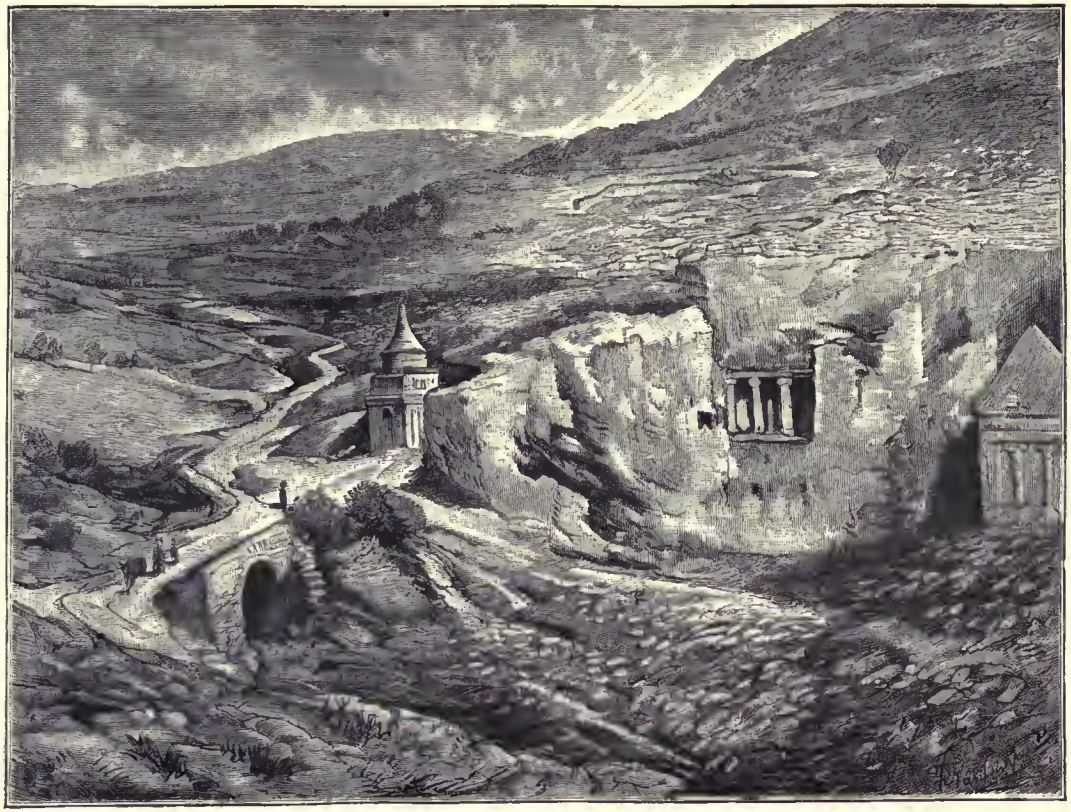
We left the church after service, and went through several streets to the convent for women founded by the well-known priest, Father Ratisbonne. The church which belongs to it stands on the place Ecce Homo, and has no special interest; it is a new building, in French taste, dazzlingly white, and not solemn or impressive. It looked very like the Protestant places of worship. The girls' school attached to the convent is a really noble institution, for which the worthy priest deserves great credit. This institution, which is clean and very well arranged, provides instruction for rich and poor children, mostly Christians, but the tolerant priest allows Jewish and Mohammedan girls to share the blessings of education.

From the platform of the house we had a splendid view of the Mount of Olives and the country round the Holy City. In the parlour we had to drink the usual lemonade, and then went on to the adjacent Chapel of the Scourging. After sundry raps at a decaying door, the keeper of this holy place opened for us. He was an aged and neglected looking Franciscan, born in Spain. He led us through a ruined court into the little chapel. It was built in 1839, and has therefore no interest. Beneath the altar is the hole in which the column of the flagellation was fixed.

We next went to the government buildings to pay our respects to the Pasha and governor. In the court of the large Oriental building stood a guard of honour, who received us with music. The friendly master took his guests to the reception-room on the first floor. Matting was spread over the floor, the walls were bare, and divans covered with rich materials stood along the four walls, and formed the sole furniture. We were ushered to seats with formal Eastern etiquette, and excellent Turkish coffee, with cigarettes and tobacco from the Lebanon, were served. After a short visit we took leave of the Pasha, and left the government buildings as we had entered them, to the sound of trumpets.

Our next visit was to the Cœnaculum, the famous chamber of the Last Supper, which lies in a house on the margin of the town—very ancient, but now quite Mohammedan in its arrangements. We were shown in the same house, amongst stones and rubbish, the tomb of David, on which account the spot has an interest for the Moslem. The old house belongs to a once wealthy family who trace their descent direct from Osman. These people live in wretched poverty, but wear large green turbans and bright and picturesque, if somewhat tattered, clothes.

In memory of their great ancestor they received us in a manner which, though friendly, was full of condescension, and gave to our call not so much the character of a visit to a historical site as that of a homage to their own illustrious selves. The whole party had therefore to sit on some rotten divans in a half-open corridor, to drink coffee out of dirty cups, and to smoke



THE VALLEY OF KEDRON.

cigarettes. These worthy people had noble features and an unmistakable air of distinction; they wore long beards, and told long stories with the utmost pathos in Arabic, to which we could only reply with friendly smiles. The visit was short, and then we betook ourselves to our horses, which were waiting outside the next gate of the city.

The Grand Duke and the other gentlemen rode back to the camp, while Count Caboga and I took the rough road into the Valley of Kedron. In this gloomy and dismal valley, on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, there are an enormous number of tombs. Even in the time of the Jews this valley was counted unclean, as contrasted with the adjacent hill of the temple. Pre-Christian tradition taught that the judgment would be held here. The Moslems accept this belief from the Jews, and bury their dead on the eastern side of the Harâm, while the Hebrews keep to the western slope of the Mount of Olives.

Both believe that at the sound of the trumpets which announce the day of judgment the hills will recede and make room for the multitudes of risen bodies. Christian belief holds that here is the place where the rocks opened and the dead appeared at the moment when the Redeemer bowed His head in death, and the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple of Solomon was rent in twain.

The Mount of Olives is steep and rocky in its lower part; higher up the slopes ascend gently, and are covered with slabs of rock and pebbles, interspersed with ancient gnarled olive trees—the picture of a grey-green gloomy

hill. We went up to the top by a winding path. A small chapel with a kind of circular drum and insignificant cupola covers the spot from which Christ ascended to heaven. The prints of the Redeemer's feet remain on a slab of marble.

The place belongs to the Mohammedans, and is held sacred by them, but they permit the Christians to say Mass there on certain days. By the chapel is a minaret; some narrow steps lead first inside, and then, as usual, to the outside. The rail is broken and the stones are slippery, and not to be recommended to persons liable to vertigo. From the summit there is a splendid view of Jerusalem and the hills which divide the plateau and the neighbourhood of the Holy City and Bethlehem from the Valley of the Jordan. They are grey-green hills like steppes. In the remote distance one can discern the high mountains east of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, and through the inlet of a valley a glimpse is caught of the dark-blue mirror of the inland sea.

The Mount of Olives and the buildings on it are terribly neglected. The Garden of Gethsemane, at its foot, alone bears trace of the care given to it by the Franciscans, to whom it belongs. A monk lives in the small house beside it to take charge. The Mount of Olives and Gethsemane wake most solemn thoughts. Every stone attests the truth of tradition, and one seems to behold the story of the Passion in living pictures. I felt as though I had known these two spots all my life; so completely did the reality accord with the pictures which imagination had framed of them.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

We rode back by the walls from the Valley of Kedron towards our camp. At the slaughter-yard I dismounted and made a fruitless attempt to approach a carrion vulture. Hundreds of large vultures soared aloft, and dogs haunted the bloody spot. The horrible smell obliged me to make a speedy flight.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Tantur—Hyæna Hunt—Bethlehem—Ride to Mar-Saba—The Convent on the Rock—Ride to Nebi-Musa—Ride to the Dead Sea and Ain-es-Sultan.

I had now to quit Jerusalem. Taking a last look at the grey walls of venerable Zion, I drove away with Count Caboga by the excellent road to Bethlehem, passing close under the wall of the western side of the city from the Gate of Damascus, by which our camp lay.

At the entrance to the Valley of Kedron the road winds among stony flats with a few bushes and scanty grass, alternating with broken-down garden walls, stunted olive plantations, and ruinous houses. To the right lie the barrack-like buildings of the German colony; to the left all is desolate and barren. The finest view is that of the high battlements, walls, and towers of the Holy City which we are leaving behind.

The road gradually ascends the opposite slope of the valley. A bare hill hard by is shown as the place where the house of Caiaphas stood. We also pass the spot where the Philistines encamped when David slew them, and further on the ruins of the house of the aged Simeon, and the Well of the Magi, where the star in the East again

appeared to the wise men. The saddle of the hill was soon attained, and we found ourselves by the garden wall of the great Greek convent, Mar-Elyâs, standing amidst its olives. The view from here is charming—a broad, stony, grey-green valley, intersected by deep cuttings, rises to the heights, on which Bethlehem lies in picturesque beauty.

The fissures and small valleys and the fall of the ground all lie in the direction of the mountains which bound the Valley of the Jordan, and extend through these to the Dead Sea. In the south-west we saw in the distance a large olive wood, and among its dark foliage the pinnacles of the summer habitation of the Latin patriarch. To the north the view is closed by the hill we had just crossed, but westward a maze of stony hills, small valleys, and plateaus give variety to the landscape.

After going downhill for a quarter of an hour, we came to the garden wall of the small Maltese fortress of Tantur. The castle, built in the Middle Ages, stands on the mountain slope, and reminds us of the days of the Crusaders. The white cross flag of Malta waves on the battlements, and the adjoining buildings, fitted up as a hospice, bear witness to the beneficence of the old order of knights. We passed through the garden to the second wall and into the paved courtyard, in the middle of which a deep well stands. Count Caboga founded this castle and the little hospice for sick pilgrims and countrymen. He leads a pleasant life here the whole year round, devoted to serious study and works of charity. His servant, Ferdinand Nicodemus, a Syrian Christian, a very well educated young man, does good service in the hospice as a skilled apothecary. He is,

moreover, a most handy fellow, a capital horseman, and quick-witted and adroit in dealing with the people of the country. He accompanied us all through our journey in Palestine, so that we learnt his value.

The moment we entered the courtyard, splendid Arabian dogs sprang out on all sides—beautiful creatures, not unlike our Hungarian wolf-dogs. They greeted their master, whimpering joyfully. Count Caboga is a lover of animals, and tames the most diverse kinds. For a long time he had a perfectly tame hyæna: now a beautiful Asiatic sheep followed him up to his room, and a cockatoo, living wild among the pigeons in the tower, flew lightly down and settled on his shoulder.

After I had looked all over the castle I accompanied Ferdinand and my huntsman to the place where hyænas were to be looked for at night. For a short distance we returned to the road by which we had come from Jerusalem. Some hundred paces below the convent of Mar-Elyâs there are old walls loosely built of large stones. In one of these, close to the road, an invisible ambush had been very cleverly made. An old donkey in a most putrid condition, as the hyæna likes it, had been laid in front.

There was, unfortunately, no moon at this time, and I feared that any attempt to see wild beasts, and still more to shoot them in the pitch darkness, would be quite vain. I had therefore brought plenty of strychnine with me, in order to obtain possession of a hyæna. We drew on big leather gloves and skilfully prepared the leg of the jackass with a fatal dose. According to hunters' use, some small

morsels, also poisoned, had to be laid round the principal bait, as most animals have the habit of tasting small scraps before they address themselves to the larger task. These disgusting preparations were just completed, and we were arranging the firing-holes in the ambush, when an Arab appeared with a long gun and offered his services. He was most anxious to accompany us at night to our station, gave us much good advice, and recounted all his triumphs in hyæna hunts. It was difficult to reduce him to silence. As it was not nearly time yet to keep watch, we resolved to return to the castle, and take the Arab with us. We feared if we dismissed him that he would in revenge destroy our station. Ferdinand knew him as an untrustworthy man, who lived by partridge shooting and vagabondizing about Bethlehem. His sly, deceitful face confirmed this view, and I resolved to make him harmless for this one night.

I left the young guide to keep an eye on the ambush till our return. The sun was setting, gilding Tantur, the picturesquely placed town of Bethlehem, and the mountains of the Valley of the Jordan with magical hues. An afterglow, reminding us of our Alps, was reflected from the lofty, barren steeps of the mountains beyond the Dead Sea. The sky was covered with vaporous, fleecy clouds, and a cool breeze swept across the plateau.

The temperature of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem and of the line of mountains on the coast between Bethlehem and the sea is not to be compared to the mild, equable delicious air of Egypt. Rough winds remind one of the high level of the bare plateau, and snowstorms in March are not of rare occurrence. At Bethlehem, a league east-

ward from this spot, the flora and the climate change, and the stifling air of the Valley of the Jordan makes itself felt.

We walked back with our Arab to the castle. Arrived there, he was plentifully supplied with meat and drink, and at the same time deprived of liberty in a well-barricaded room for twelve hours. We too made a very good supper, served by the count's men in the costume of the country; and then I hurried back to my hyæna station. Night had fallen in the interval, and, unluckily, heavy clouds made the country additionally dark.

Hodek was crouching in the shed, and told me that soon after sundown some jackals had appeared. With stony patience we lay in the ambush till midnight, but we soon realized the hopelessness of the case, as the place where the dead ass lay could scarcely be seen. Had the ground been smooth rock or desert sand, as in Egypt, my prospects would have been better; but here, as everywhere near Jerusalem, big rocks and stone lay about with dark grass between. We were, moreover, enduring real torture in the close, narrow berth. The wind was good for sport, and blew direct from the carrion towards us, bringing us the most fearful odours through the firing-holes. Sometimes we thought we heard the wild beasts creeping up, and several times people passed in the road singing, and the watchdogs at the castle howled piteously in true Eastern fashion. At midnight, as I have said, my patience was exhausted, and we groped our way carefully back to the castle.

On the 1st of April I was called at sunrise, and went out to see the effect of the strychnine. Our astonishment

A FIRST GLIMPSE.

was not small at finding that the great heavy donkey had disappeared. No sign of dragging was to be seen on the ground. The grass was not turned, and so it seemed proved that an unusually strong beast of prey must have simply carried the heavy ass away. As some of the small scraps were also gone, we searched about and found a large jackal not twenty paces off. Longer legged, bigger, and with a shorter and more bushy tail than the Egyptian, and a yellow coat only broken by a greyish-blue stripe on the back, the fine creature seemed to me different from any jackal which I had previously killed.

We soon found a track of blood which led direct from the place to the road, and across it to a wall. Here we could see that the ass had been dragged over the stones, as hair and blood stuck to the sharp corners. On the other side the carrion had again been carried. The track of blood now took the direction of one of the deeply cut valleys which lead towards the mountains by the Jordan.

I crept cautiously forward, and looking over a mound I saw about fifty steps in advance a dark object, and beside it a small orange-coloured animal. One of those wonderfully pretty dainty ferrets (desert fox), with his long bat's ears, was making a comfortable breakfast. A good shot laid the little fellow low.

Hastening to the spot, I found my prey lying by the head of our ass. As a matter of course, I examined everything with minute care. The heavy, large skull of a full-grown ass of the large Asiatic breed had been simply bitten clean off; one could see the marks of the teeth. The beast of prey had vanished with the rest of the body. To this spot

it had brought the entire ass—not dragged it along, but carried it on its back. Hyænas are very large and strong, but they are not, in my opinion, capable of doing so much as this; neither are they accustomed to carry off their booty without touching it. Those are the ways of the bear, and I feel convinced that a yellow Syrian Isabel-bear, which Brehm, in his "Animal World," says are met with in Palestine, played us this trick. Had it been full moon we should have had a splendid night. So, vexed, and out of humour, I went back to breakfast at the castle. It was very lively on the road. Caravans of asses and camels laden with provisions came in from the country to the market in Jerusalem, and one saw varied costumes as well as interesting types both of men and women.

Our luggage and the whole column of beasts of burden, with Mr. Howard conducting, soon appeared from the sacred Zion, where the camp had broken up in the morning. They passed the castle, and went forward to pitch our camp for the next night below Bethlehem. The gentlemen were to spend the forenoon in Jerusalem, and would not arrive at Tantur before noon. I employed the spare time in watching at the ambush for large birds of prey. The head of the ass had in the meantime been dragged up to the shed, and I had plans for employing poison the next night with those last remains of our splendid jackass.

Storks were passing in great numbers from south to north, and soon the daily troop of vultures followed. They come from the mountains of the Dead Sea to the towns, and especially to Jerusalem, to gather up the carrion. Hundreds of vultures, one after the other, and some eagles

too, were to be seen aloft in the course of the forenoon. The ambush was unluckily too near the road, on which there was constant traffic, and so great numbers of the birds hovered over the spot without venturing to come down. One solitary carrion vulture had the courage to pass near the shed several times, for which he at length paid the penalty with his life.

After this I went once more to the castle, and waited with Count Caboga the arrival of my fellow-travellers, which soon followed. They came full trot into the court-yard, and I had forthwith to relate my hunting experiences and give them the benefit of the events of the last few hours. Count Caboga entertained us with an excellent breakfast, and we started—some in carriages and some on horseback—on our short journey to Bethlehem. The bad stony road winds between old walls, olive gardens, and half-ruined houses, always downhill, towards the steep hillside on which this famous town, the birthplace of our Saviour, is built.

The name Bêt-lahem is very ancient, and signifies in the Hebrew "the place of bread." In Bible story this place was known both for the fertility of the country round, and as the home of the House of David. The name of Ephrata, which also refers to the fruitfulness of the district, often occurs in the songs and warnings of the prophets: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

The town is built picturesquely on the ridge of a hill,

along which it extends for some distance. Between the stony slopes level gardens of olives and vines are planted, which give the place an air of sheltered verdure. The houses built of white stone with flat roofs, the cupolas and towers of the churches, the terraces and the convents, all give to this hallowed spot the look of a much larger town than it really is.

After passing the first houses we turned into a narrow street; uneven pavement, rough woodwork, gloomy walls, and an incessant up and down hill are the first impression the traveller gets. There is scope, however, for interesting ethnographic study, for Bethlehem is far more than Jerusalem the type of an old Hebrew town. The people whom one sees on the flat roofs of their houses, in the streets, and at the windows, are old Scriptural Jews, just as imagination has depicted them. They wear big turbans, flowing robes, and bright vests; the rich are arrayed in the garb of the Pharisees, and the poor like those who heard in the streets and squares the life-giving words and precepts from the lips of the Redeemer.

The faces are thoroughly Hebrew; the long bent nose, the pale complexion, the black or red beards curled and ending in two points, are such as we see in the pictures of Christ and His apostles. The women are most striking, wrapped in broad, full, coloured clothes, with a white cloth picturesquely draped round the head, of pale complexion, and with the most beautiful eyes, features, and hair that can be imagined. I have never seen such beautiful women as in Bethlehem, and nowhere else so many of them in one town. One beauty follows another. The noblest Madonna

WOMEN AT BETHLEHEM.

ideals, and the grandest women of whom we read in the New Testament, walk about here in flesh and blood. The astonished traveller fancies himself transported in a dream to the days of the Saviour, when Mary brought forth the God-man in a poor stable, and when the wise men of the East, following the star, came from the Valley of the Jordan, where their free nomad kingdoms existed then as they exist now.

Bethlehem and its holy places are exactly reproduced in the cradle scenes which we see in the pictures of pious painters of the Middle Ages, and the painted toys which are now given to children at Christmas. The town is chiefly inhabited by Christians, and of five thousand souls only three hundred are Moslems.

We came out of the street into a square surrounded by Oriental houses, on one side of which stands the great Church of the Virgin, with the buildings pertaining to it. The most sacred places are under one roof, and belong to the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians in common. All three sects have their respective convents communicating with the church.

The custode of Terra Santa awaited us at the great gate with some of his Franciscans, and the square was crowded with people. Innumerable petitions were handed to us in the space of a few minutes. The church is very ancient and handsome, of Byzantine origin, and fairly preserved from the time of the Emperor Constantine, who built it. Inside, one is surprised at the nooks which have been added in the course of time, and the many low, narrow doors through which one can scarcely squeeze ; their purpose is

to protect the holy places from invasion by the Arab tribes, whose abodes are not very remote, and who are quite lawless. The church, with its chapels and halls, bears the character of the earliest Christian, *i.e.* Byzantine, times. Unhappily many of the most ancient mosaics and paintings are effaced or have fallen off, and the statues are broken. The church, too, is not well kept up as a whole. One sees at every turn in its interior the results of the compromise between the three rites. Altars, fonts, and shrines of the different religions stand close beside each other. Franciscans and Greek priests walk about in numbers. Few pilgrims, and they chiefly Russian peasants, were there on this occasion; but all the more inhabitants, as the town is Christian, followed us in our rounds, among them the most beautiful and picturesque figures which fancy can pourtray.

The most interesting parts are the subterranean grottoes. We reached the brightly lighted Chapel of the Nativity by a flight of steps, and through doors from the church. In a niche to the east is an altar; beneath it a silver star is let into the ground, and round it are the words, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

The narrow, gloomy chamber makes a great impression on the pilgrim, and ancient mysticism, the weight of tradition, and the conviction that here Christianity was born, and that from hence went forth that religion which has changed the face of the world, stirs solemn and sublime emotions. Unbidden he falls on his knees and kisses the stone which thousands of lips have pressed in the lapse of ages, breathing vows of fidelity with pious fervour.

Three steps lower down is the Chapel of the Cradle, where, according to tradition, the cradle of the child Jesus stood, and opposite to it the spot is shown where the three wise men of the East sank on their knees, paying homage to the Divine child. In an underground passage we came to a hole in the naked rock, from which a spring burst forth for the use of the holy family ; a door led into another passage, where we were shown the spot at which Joseph received the command to flee into Egypt ; and yet further down is the cave-like Chapel of the Innocents, where Herod had the babes massacred who had been hidden by their mothers.

Our way next took us to the altar and grave of St. Eusebius of Cremona, a pupil of St. Jerome. The grave of this Father of the Church is close at hand, and we were shown further on the chapel hewn in the rock, in which the saint lived and where he wrote. This was the last of the underground chambers, and we ascended by a staircase through the Church of St. Catherine into the Latin convent. It is a simple but well-kept building. The Franciscans regaled us in the refectory with sundry sweet liqueurs. After a short stay the Greek bishop, a man in the prime of life, with a long black beard and handsome features, a thorough Greek, courteous and graceful, invited us in most elegant phrases to visit his convent.

It is a plain building, inhabited by monks of the order of St. Basil, and most orthodox in its arrangements, which differ a good deal from those of the Latin rite. We took our seats in a bare and uninhabitable room, from which, however, there was a fine view over the town and the surrounding

country. My uncle, the bishop, and I sat on the same divan. We were scarcely seated when priests appeared with horrid beverages. We made our escape as soon as possible, and went to the Milk Grotto, which we reached by a broad entrance and a few steps. Tradition has it that the holy family having hidden here, some drops of the mother's milk fell upon the stone. Many women visit this spot in the belief that a libation on this stone will increase the supply of those who require it. Christians and Moslems both hold this grotto in the deepest veneration. The altar inside it belongs to the Latins. After we had taken leave of the Greek and Latin clergy, we hastened past the last houses of the town, along the hill-side, between olive gardens and stone walls, to our camp, which lay near the filthy but prettily situated village of Betsahur.

The inhabitants crowded round with curiosity, and the Turkish gendarmes had difficulty in keeping the camp clear. Two hunters soon appeared offering their services. They were a handsome pair of brothers, citizens of Bethlehem, in complete Jewish dress. There was a touch of the vagabond about them, and they professed to live by partridge shooting. One of them spoke French well, and seemed to have dealings with several tribes of Bedouins in hunting matters. He undertook to arrange an ibex hunt, and also to procure us some young live specimens. He was a Christian, like all Bethlehemites, and had fought bravely in the French army against the Germans.

Count Lesseps met him during his journey in Palestine and took him as servant. In France he made him enter the army which was marching to the Rhine. In this way

he took part in the campaign of 1870, and returned, soon after the conclusion of peace, to his own home to shoot partridges as before.

Hoyos and I now set forth with this pair to search the country for game for the afternoon. Advancing into a valley eastward, we passed some flocks. The picturesquely clad shepherds pleased me much. Those who first worshipped by the cradle of the Son of God were surely such as those who now roamed the hills with their goats, singing monotonous songs.

The hills rose higher and steeper, and were covered with yellow grass. I noticed that there was already a change in the character of the flora. Betsahur is the last village in this direction, and at the beginning of the grey-green mountains and of the flora of the Jordan, the territory of the Bedouin tribes is entered, where a certain amount of caution must be exercised.

We clambered eagerly about on the hills. We saw and heard some partridges, but the few that are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem are so wild there is little chance of getting up to them. We roamed with our experienced huntsmen over some hills back towards the village, entering the region of olive trees and neglected gardens.

Southward from the ridge on which Bethlehem and Betsahur stand is a deeply indented valley whose sides have terraces of olives and vines ; between these rise rocky cliffs with piled-up stones, forming niches and hollows covered with evergreens, giving a most picturesque aspect to the whole.

The narrow bottom of the valley is filled with blocks of stone, old walls, and tanks. A stony path, made for the flocks, winds from the village up the opposite hill-side. Hoyos and I climbed between the olive woods and the rocks, looking for birds whose call we could hear, when suddenly the Grand Duke and some of the other gentlemen appeared opposite, near the village, and strove to make us understand by signs that game was moving about below us. The terraced ground forbade our getting a good view, so we hurried across to the other slope and learnt that a big jackal had been doubling leisurely one stage below us.

Thereupon we scattered to different points of the valley, to lie in wait for the wild beasts coming out at sunset. My Eastern companion averred that the "Wauis" also greatly liked this place. The Arabs of Palestine call the jackal Waui, not Taleb like the Egyptians, and in general the Arabic spoken here differs so much from that of Egypt as to be unintelligible.

The evening was fine and the sun set. Flocks came by led by picturesque herdsmen. The sound of the bells mingled with their melancholy songs, and we could hear the Ave Maria ringing in Bethlehem. The shadows lengthened and the last red vanished from the mountains of the Dead Sea, the eagles went to their roost, and a jackal glided ghost-like across the valley. He came towards my hiding-place, but the wind was not in the right quarter, and the cunning beast disappeared behind some rocks.

A strange, dismal melancholy haunts the desolate

ravines of Palestine, especially in the evening. One can imagine how well adapted such spots are to wild beasts; hyænas, wolves, and jackals assemble and howl by the old tombs. I left the damp chill place before it grew quite dark, and hastened past the village to the camp. A shadow flitted by me, and on a chance shot a poor stork fell mortally wounded.

Next morning we started early and rode to Bethlehem. There was again a great crowd, and it was with difficulty that we pushed through to the church door on our neighing, capering horses. The Franciscans accompanied our party to the Chapel of the Nativity, where the chaplain said Mass. The public had pressed after us into the holy places underground, and some wonderfully beautiful women of Bethlehem knelt on the bare rock, strangely lighted by the dull glow of the lamps.

After the service we hastened to the square where our horses stood. A great surprise awaited me there. On the terrace of a house lay a colossal hyæna with a wondrous skin and long mane, and beside it two jackals smaller and different in colour from that of the previous day, but larger than, and differing altogether in appearance from, the Egyptian *Canis aureus.* The poison had taken effect. The day before, the head of the ass which was left had been saturated with a strong dose of strychnine and left on the spot. Naturally the half-starved beasts of the lonely spot fell greedily on the dainty morsel and found in it speedy death. I sent the prize on the back of a donkey to the tent of our skin-dresser.

We rode back the same way as the day before to Tantur

to the picturesque Maltese castle. On arriving there we decided to beat one of the adjoining barren hills regularly through. We requisitioned as many beaters as possible; servants of Count Caboga, our own grooms from the camp, shepherds and country folk out for a walk—all were taken along with us. One part of the gentlemen placed themselves to shoot in the valley on the southern slope of the hill, while Hoyos, the huntsmen, and I placed the line of beaters and at a given signal began to beat; several Turkish gendarmes also assisted and showed decided gifts for that kind of sport.

Some partridges, an unfortunate quail, and a jackal flew or crept up in front of us, but unluckily did not take the direction of the guns. It was not till the end of the beating that some birds passed above the gentlemen, of which one was shot. One genuine grey Syrian hare came within fire, and was shot by Chorinsky. It was thinner, smaller, and much darker than our field hare, but more like that than the African desert hare.

After this not brilliantly successful beat we went past the hyæna ambush, to the convent of Mar-Elyâs, whence a splendid view of Jerusalem could be had. It was our last view of the Holy City and its environs. Thence our course lay eastward and then to the north.

From the convent we resolved to make a long drive on the principle of Bohemian partridge shooting, at one stretch up to our camp. It was a long distance, and over very broken ground; one hill rose behind another, and all were separated by steep valleys. We made the beaters go further apart, and I planted the gentlemen and the hunts-

men in between, as in this way a broader strip of country could be covered.

The sun scorched fiercely, no breath of air stirred, and the blue sky lay cloudless in the mid-day haze. Climbing the first hill was melting work; the steep sides overgrown with short grass were slippery, and not a stone gave foothold. Some partridges rose up in the distance, a big jackal was missed by Chorinsky, and the Grand Duke killed a remarkably large serpent which it required a good shot to capture.

Two grassy green hills were happily surmounted, but the beaters followed languidly. Gaps occurred, and the form of a correct drive according to European notions got more and more lost. The country now assumed another character. Flat stone cliffs, caves and grottoes, old walls and terraces between, built up for olives and vines, and rocky valleys like those behind the village of Betsahur, took the place of bare hills. We had hardly got on this ground when a jackal leaped out just below me from beside a big rock. A shot sent after him brought him down, but the agile beast, though mortally hit, disappeared at once into a deep burrow.

As I wished to secure my booty, I despatched my huntsman to the camp to fetch the dachshunds, and waited by the spot, where the faithful and ever-ready Achmed refreshed me with lemonade. The other gentlemen continued the drive to the camp. Count Waldburg shot another partridge which rose close to him.

My huntsman soon returned with three dachshunds. Scheck, the biggest and strongest, a Sclavonian by birth,

ran first eagerly into the burrow. Croat and Opeka, his Croatian comrades, followed him. But few seconds had passed when we heard the racket under the stones. I thought at first it was a battle with the wounded animal, but I was soon undeceived, and a glance into the funnel showed me the efficiency of the brave dogs. They were dragging the dead jackal with all their might into the light of day.

We now set off home across a most painfully cleft ridge. I let the dogs search some caves, outside which were fresh tracks of foxes, jackals, and in one case of a hyæna. These searches had unfortunately no result, and the sun was scorching and the dogs tired quickly on the hot stones.

We soon reached the camp. A few hours' rest were most welcome. Before sunset Waldburg and I climbed about the slopes of the same valley in which we had made a firing-place for jackals the evening before. A search with the dogs, and our own diligent efforts to get up to an old partridge cock which was tumbling about on the stones, were alike unsuccessful, and we contented ourselves with climbing the opposite slope, and reaching the highest point of the ridge, in order to get the beautiful view towards the mountains of the Dead Sea. We returned at nightfall to the camp, where stillness soon settled on all, as a helpful precursor of coming days of travel in the Valley of the Jordan.

There was a general stir in the camp early on the morning of the 3rd. The tents were struck, and all the baggage put on the pack-horses. Two more hyænas had

arrived from Tantur, fine large specimens, which had poisoned themselves in the night with the same head of the ass.

Some Bedouins from the mountains on the south-western margin of the Dead Sea came into the camp—fine, manly fellows, with noble faces, muscular and powerful, and with rather dark skins. They were members of poor but wild and quite lawless tribes. One of them, probably the sheik, wore a party-coloured turban, a full white robe, yellow shoes, and, fastened to his waist, a large bent Turkish sabre. The expression of his face, his thin features, sharply defined mouth, round which a derisive smile played, and his piercing black eyes did not inspire confidence.

These Bedouins, thorough Arabs in their habits and appearance, and wholly different from the more Hebraic natives of Bethlehem, had come to offer to sell me three young ibex kids, which I purchased. They also wished to induce us to make a hunting expedition among their barren hills, where the Arabian ibex, a fine creature with long gristly horns, is found in great quantities. The excursion was, alas! out of the question, for it would have detained us for several days and led us along the shore of the Dead Sea to its south-western point, and our time was already all laid out. I was therefore compelled, though with a heavy heart, to send back these dark children of the steppe to their home, consoling them with a backsheesh.

The camp was, as usual, struck with extraordinary speed, and under Mr. Howard's guidance the great caravan moved towards Mar-Saba. We rode once more up to Bethlehem, where the chaplain said Mass. We took leave

of the custode of Terra Santa and his Franciscans on the square outside the church. A great crowd had assembled; the beautiful women of Bethlehem scanned us curiously, and, covered once more with a shower of petitions, we left the sacred birthplace of Christ. The last town and the last dwellers on cultivated ground were left behind, and we were now for some time to be denizens of the territory of free nomads, the true Bedouins.

On leaving Bethlehem we had to ride past our recent camp, but we soon struck into a narrow valley shut in by grey-green hills, and Bethlehem, Tantur, Mar-Elyâs, the stony mountains, the plateaus, and their cultivated slopes disappeared from our sight.

The Mediterranean type, the Asiatic character of the steppe, the monotonous hills covered with short grass, the winding valleys, excluding all distant views, now met us. The road was good at first, and we could sometimes even ride in quick time across the meadows; but the further we went the steeper grew the hills and the narrower the footway, which at last kept entirely along the steep slopes, as the bottom of the valley became a rocky ravine. A Bedouin, on an ill-dressed but very graceful bay, rode in front. He was sheik of one of these mountain tribes. His dress, a wide, dark cloak thrown over light trousers, and his plain sword and yellow slippers bore some trace of poverty.

The ride in the narrow valley did not afford much variety. Here and there very bad pieces of road called for caution, and we often had reason to admire the skill with which the Arab horses trod on slippery grass or smooth

stones in places where a single false step would have involved a fall into the depth below. The animal world was not largely represented on these desolate hills. Vultures, eagles, and here and there a solitary stork passed overhead; with this exception all was still.

We saw a Bedouin camp on the top of a distant hill. It is a great mistake to think of tents as high, pointed, airy erections of dazzling white cloth; on the contrary, they are dark, low huts made of skins. A blue column of smoke rose from the camp, and men and flocks were moving about round the temporary settlement. Only very poor tribes inhabit this region, between the cultivated land of Palestine, Bethlehem, and the Valley of the Jordan. They move about along the border hills, let their herds, horses, and goats pasture on the grassy slopes, and shift their camp as necessity arises. They often come near the towns where they trade with their cattle, but they do not stop long; they acknowledge, so far as it does not incommode them, the authority of the Sultan, and pay such taxes as suit them—generally none at all. These small tribes often wage war amongst themselves, chiefly arising from thefts of cattle or perchance of a mare.

The true life of the Bedouins of the great, powerful, and rich tribes begins at the Jordan. On the eastern shore of the river the wild hosts live absolutely unsubdued; they neither acknowledge the Sultan nor his caliphate, and whenever the slackness of the Turkish military force permits they swim across the sacred river and disturb the Holy Land.

The narrow valley came to an end after a long ride,

and the footpath led along the ridge of a high mountain top, from which a splendid view opened. Immediately below us was a steep declivity—at its base a circular valley surrounded by high hills; right and left rose countless summits, ridges, and far-stretching hills, all alike grey-green—a true landscape of the steppes. A narrow ravine-like gorge leads out from the bottom in a south-easterly direction, and through it one catches a closely bounded view of the deep-blue waters of the Dead Sea and the bare white cliffs of the fine range of mountains on the opposite coast.

The path descended in zigzags along the steep slope below where we stood. The greater part of the pack-horses of our caravan were still engaged in this difficult descent, to the ceaseless tinkle of their bells, while the quickest had already arrived in the valley, and our unwearied servants were putting up the first tents in a stony field.

The gentlemen went straight on, but the Grand Duke and I preferred to wait on the ridge until the entire camp was pitched, and meanwhile we had a kid slaughtered and placed behind one of the summits which admitted of a covered approach. Hundreds of vultures and eagles came from the mountains of the Dead Sea and passed one after another all in the same direction. They were taking their daily promenade towards Jerusalem with punctual precision. They did not condescend to bestow a single glance at our kid. Only two ravens and one carrion vulture hovered over the place, but without settling.

The sun was burning intensely, no air was stirring, and not the smallest cloud dimmed the dark-blue sky.

AN AMBUSCADE.

At the end of an hour we left the chosen spot, and dragging the kid with us, as we wished to put it out the next day, we went down on foot into the bottom of the valley. The lower we descended the heavier and more oppressive grew the air. A leaden atmosphere came up the side valley as a first greeting from the Dead Sea and the Valley of the Jordan. We were to learn to dread it in the next few days.

We soon reached the valley where our camp was already completely pitched. It stood there like a small town, and the utmost activity prevailed in the otherwise lonely region.

The two Arab huntsmen who had followed the caravan, shooting as they came along from Latrun, appeared with an ample supply for the kitchen. They brought with them some of the pretty little rock partridges. It was the first time that we had come within the limits of diffusion of this beautiful bird.

The Arabs, who with their imperfect weapons can only shoot at sitting birds, creep up to their game under cover of a brown or yellow painted curtain, which is stretched upon two rods of sugar-cane, and gives sight and space to fire through two openings for the eyes and one for the gun barrel. The foolish birds see no one, and stare at the moving curtain till the deadly shot issues from it.

We breakfasted as soon as we arrived, while the Oriental servants with much dexterity made quarters for the night possible. Every stone had to be moved and the whole of the grass searched. Great fat scorpions lay about everywhere. We made full acquaintance with their bad qualities

during the last days of our journey. After breakfast we agreed to pay a visit to the famous convent of Mar-Saba. The road from the camp led through the narrow valley mentioned above. The grass-covered sides fall steeply on the right and left, but abruptly change their form and terminate as vertical rocky cliffs in a deep stony ravine.

The path wound above the rocks on the lowest edge of the grass. The rocks below us in the whole of the dark and gloomy ravine were undermined and full of caves and nooks, in which quantities of rock pigeons and red falcons breed peaceably side by side. At every step we scared these feathered inhabitants, and they fluttered in terror from one side of the ravine to the other In half an hour we reached an old watch-tower which stands at the edge of the rock; coming from above one sees no other sign of the vast ecclesiastical establishment which is hidden among the rocks of the ravine. At the tower the traveller must knock with all his might at the securely bolted door before they move below behind the thick walls and the door slowly opens.

The poor monks have to adopt many precautionary measures for their own protection, for the Moslems have played them many ugly tricks. In the year 614 the convent was sacked for the first time by the Persian hosts under Chosroës. In 796 and 842 other Asiatic races followed their example, and after repeated minor attacks came the great massacres of 1832 and 1834, in which the wild tribes from the left bank of the Jordan butchered all the monks. Now every pilgrim who desires admission must hand in a letter to the priest who keeps

A DIFFICULT ASCENT.

guard at a window of the tower, and who, by means of special apparatus, lowers the same to the main building of the convent. Permission to enter is returned in the same way, and the door is then opened. After sunset no one is admitted even with a letter, nor may any woman, according to the strict rule of Greek monasteries, tread the domain of this pious colony.

We passed through the gate below the tower by a flight of steps to a second door, and from thence by a yet longer flight of steps to a small flagged terrace. The roads divide here, and one gets the first sight into the interior of this remarkable building. It is a conglomerate of stairs, platforms, terraces, and living rooms built on to the rock. Old wooden sheds and galleries carried on beams, chapels, caves and grottoes stretch along the cliff from the tower at the top nearly to the bottom of the ravine. The lowest part is only connected with the convent by a staircase leading down to it. The entrance below is, of course, defended from intruders from the valley by strong doors and a labyrinth of galleries. To describe all the chambers of this remarkable building would be a tedious task. A jumble of staircases, much dirt, little light, and bare rock showing through everywhere, are the distinctive peculiarities of this convent.

The Greek Bishop of Bethlehem received us on the first platform, surrounded by a large number of very poor looking monks. In the centre of the platform there is a small building with a cupola in which stands the richly ornamented tomb of St. Saba; hard by is the small church of St. Nicholas (more or less a simple hollow in the rock),

in which the skulls of the martyrs slain by Chosroës are preserved. The principal church of the convent is a pure Greek basilica, and contains many black pictures of saints on gold ground, and all the rich silver-gilt and silver articles which one finds in the orthodox Greek place of worship. The bishop recited a Greek prayer of thanksgiving in our presence at the altar, and choral songs by the monks followed; the effect within these old walls was very fine.

The tomb of St. Chryssorrhoas of Damascus, one of the foremost of the Fathers of the Greek Church, was also shown us. We had, of course, to kiss many sacred spots and stones, and to inhale much incense and attar of roses. We next proceeded to a regular inspection of the convent. The sixty-five monks live in the cells of the main building—more or less habitable hollows in the rock, and in wooden sheds built on the rock. On the platforms and terraces, wherever a spot could be found, the pious brothers have made small gardens with soil laboriously carried thither; in one of these is an ancient palm which St. Saba himself planted, and which bears stoneless dates to the present day.

Visiting all the chambers is a fatiguing process—upstairs and downstairs, and often through such low passages that one has to walk bent double; in addition to this a dreadful smell pervades the whole place. In a separate small building there is a poorly fitted stranger's room, and here the kindly monks treated us to their dreadful rose-coloured, insipid drinks.

From this room we went by an outdoor staircase to the entrance of the cave of St. Saba. We had to pass through several damp chambers in the rock. According to

the legend, the saint and his lion (whom he had tamed by prayer) lived happily together in two grottoes. Fresh straw laid down showed that specially enthusiastic monks inhabit this gloomy spot from time to time in order to imitate the saint. Near this spot we saw another cave in the rock. An aged monk clad in miserable rags, his pale face furrowed by religious excitement, had chosen this abode for himself. He reached his dwelling by vertical steps and a narrow plank fixed to the rock. He had to cross this perilous road daily. We saw him returning to his home from the church by this dangerous footway.

From one of the large platforms we had a good view into the ravine. The opposite cliffs are at most one hundred and fifty paces off. There are caves and grottoes in them too, now tenanted only by jackals, falcons, and pigeons; formerly they were occupied by hermits.

A bird which I saw nowhere else in Palestine lives in great numbers on the rocks near the convent. This was the mountain starling. All the pinnacles, platforms, roofs, and rocks are literally covered with these brilliant blue-black birds with reddish-brown pinions, and their song resounds on all sides. A monk has tamed them so that when he whistles and calls at an appointed hour each day they come fluttering down and settle at his feet, or even on his head and shoulders, and take crumbs of bread from his hand. Even the wild beasts are lured hither; every evening at the hour of prayer jackals appear in the ravine and wait till pieces of bread are thrown down to them.

From all this it may be assumed that Eastern Christianity has here remained stationary on the level of the

ascetics of the first centuries. The traveller involuntarily fancies himself carried back to the days of the hermits of Mount Athos and other holy places at the dawn of Christendom, where in the far East pious men who have since been canonized lived in ceaseless prayer in caves and dens.

Such was the early Christian Church. It was Eastern, and the Mar-Saba of our day has kept itself pure and uncontaminated at the level of those pious hermits of the third and fourth centuries. It is no convent according to European ideas, but a settlement of hermits, a group of solitaries living independently, but gathered into a narrow space by common dangers.

Neither learning nor luxury have place on this mountain, nothing but prayer; daily the same continuous worship, complete self-annihilation and mortification. A child of the nineteenth century, of purely Western training, cannot conceive of such a life. Only the East could produce the fanaticism which still holds its ground there. The rabbis, who wail at the wall of the temple; the dervishes, who pass their whole lives in squatting or turning or mutilating themselves—in what do they differ? The substance is the same; the form alone is changed.

The ascetics of Mar-Saba eat only bread and vegetables. The loud bell of the convent calls the hermits daily to the church to united prayer. Nightly at the twelfth hour they celebrate high Mass, and the old Greek chants do not cease till morning breaks. I found some Russians among the brothers, Transylvanians, Wallachians, Sclavonians, Servians, and Bulgarians, but by far the most were Greeks from Europe and Asia Minor.

The story of the jackals appearing every evening attracted me, and, obtaining leave from the monks, I crept down all the ladders and galleries into the ravine, and crouched beside some stones near an old tank. The spot was stern and dismal—the bare rock in front, the rocky habitations of the monks behind, above my head a narrow strip of blue sky. As evening drew on the starlings, falcons, and pigeons flew to their holes, and only now and then the brief song of a bird was heard. One might fancy one's self in the days of St. Saba.

It began to grow dark. The Greek bells called aloud to prayer. The last sound had hardly died away when a bit of bread fell close beside me; a moment after, and a jackal stood not twenty steps off. A successful shot killed him. I was glad to hurry up with my prey out of the terrible gorge which is at the level of the Mediterranean.

A leaden air such as I never felt before seemed to stop one's breath, and hang like a weight on the whole body. In the next days we were to go lower still, and to be yet more oppressed by this malarious atmosphere.

I climbed the whole way up through the convent, and, taking leave of the pious monks, we hastened out through the tower at the top, but it was quite dark when we reached our camp. We dined and made our plans for the next day, and by ten stillness resumed its sway in the desolate valley.

At sunrise the party assembled at breakfast. We were at table, when a carrion vulture had the audacity to stroll into the camp and settle itself to consume some waste from the kitchen between the tents. The Grand Duke fetched his gun and shot the daring bird.

We agreed to disperse for the morning hours in different directions. The Grand Duke and I ascended one of the highest of the hills which enclose the valley, in order again to place our kid on the summit; the other gentlemen went pigeon shooting in the ravine of Mar-Saba.

We had a long and tiresome climb. The slope was steep and slippery; red flint rocks had to be scrambled over and the heat was already to be felt. On reaching the top we found an excellent ambush, which my huntsman had erected the previous afternoon. We sat watching for two hours, tormented by insects, but except a carrion vulture, which we would not shoot, nothing came. The flight of the birds of prey began again, but, as before, they kept the direct line to Jerusalem. No lure could tempt them from their course.

We scrambled down, having gained nothing, and took the shortest way to the camp, which had meanwhile been broken up, and was already for the most part in motion. Only a part of the kitchen remained, in which we made a slender breakfast to strengthen us for the rest of our journey.

The gentlemen had shot a number of pigeons, falcons, and sundry other small birds in the ravine.

After our frugal breakfast we took leave of Count Caboga, to whom we were under many obligations. He had to return to Tantur that day, but lent me for the whole of the rest of the journey his servant Ferdinand, and the good horse, a beautiful Arab, which he had bought from a tribe of Bedouins, and which I had ridden daily since our arrival at Jerusalem. I was extremely grateful to the

STRIKING TENTS AT MAR-SABA.

Count for this attention, for the beautiful animal was sure-footed on the mountain and fleet in the plains; it could also stand the heavy work of the day and the open air at night. As soon as every one was on horseback we set forward, the Bedouins in front.

The country at first was of the same character as that round our camp, but the valleys soon grew narrower and the hills higher, and in place of grass bare yellow earth and smooth large slabs of stone had to be ridden over. On a small field surrounded with rocks in the middle of this wilderness stood two storks. They were probably migrating. I shot one of them as it rose.

The path was exceedingly difficult for the horses, and they had to step with the greatest care, for the ground was such that a fall into the abyss might easily have occurred. We came by countless points and tops, over ridges, through valleys and ravines, riding perpetually up and down hill. The ground was much broken, and was also quite without a trace of human activity. After a long ride, the character of the ground changed. The slopes were more gentle, the stones disappeared; tall thin grass and blossoming flowers bespoke the true steppe in spring array.

The tawny mountains which we had climbed before held on their course from south to north, barring all view to westward. We came upon a plateau perfumed with flowers and crossed it at a gallop. The ground was good and the horses pranced about, glad to have escaped from the smooth rocks and steep paths.

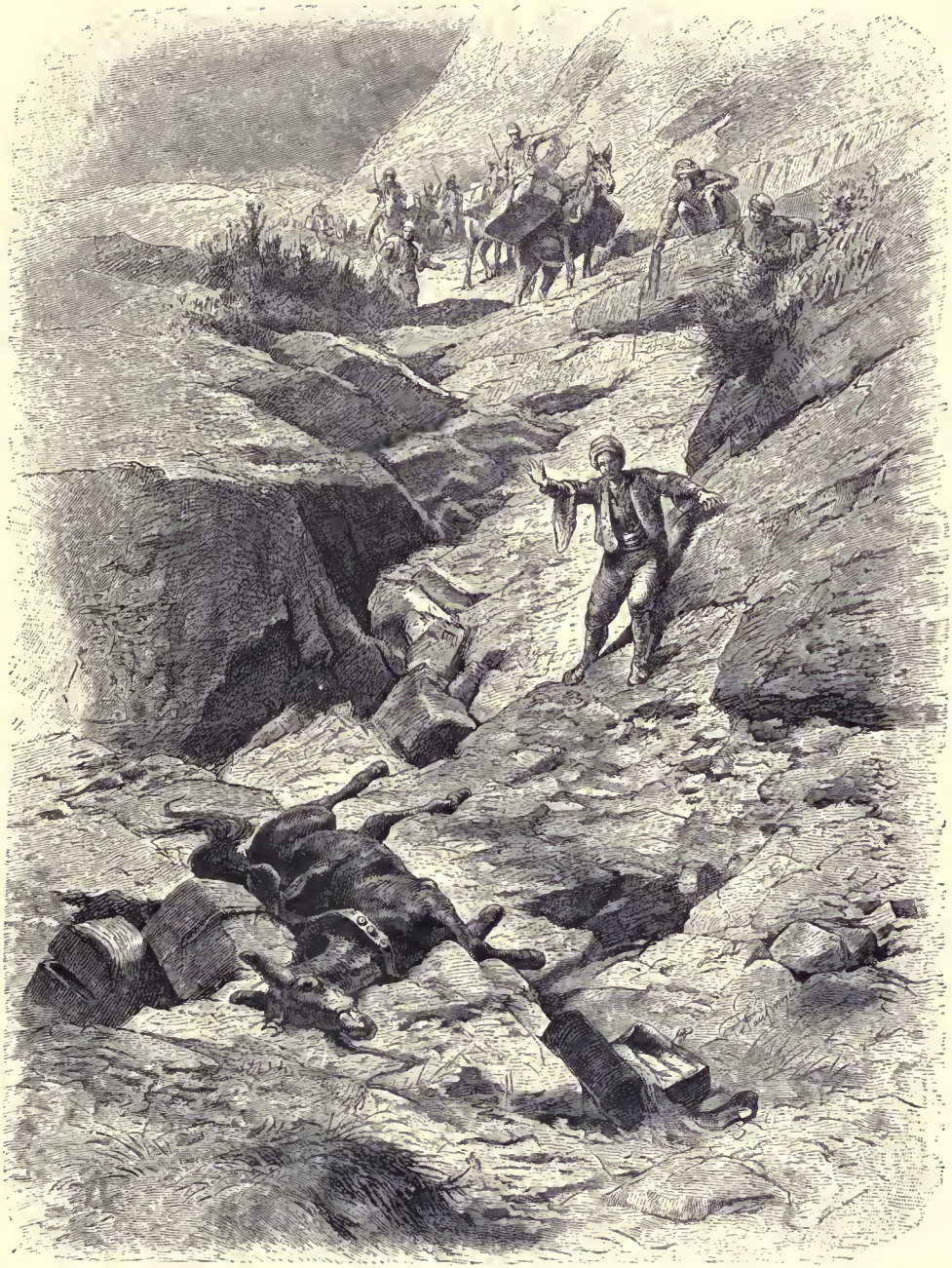
A steppe is majestic, and though monotonous is not sad, like the far more impressive desert. The wealth of

flowers gives the steppe the advantage in spring; the desert can only show variety in its stones. Again a hill rises in front, belonging to the so-called mountains of Judæa. It has strayed away from the direction in which the rest are seen, and advances into the plateau with its steep outlines and its peculiar form and colour.

The whole of this pointed cone is a conglomerate of yellow clay, red rock, and brown and grey stones, and is quite without plants. We had to pass through a deep ravine between it and the other border mountains. It was a *mauvais pas*—nothing but smooth stones and precipices below. Our Bedouins themselves dismounted, and at one place the horses could not even be led. The clever animals followed their masters of their own accord. It is at such times that one learns to value the great intelligence of the Arab horse. A pack-horse fell to a great depth at one of the bad places, but luckily came upon his back, with the pack underneath him, and, wonderful to tell, escaped with a few bruises.

The ascent from the ravine was better than the descent, and crossing a grassy plain we came along the northern base of the hill to Nebi-Musa. This is a considerable place of pilgrimage for Mohammedans, who here point out the grave of Moses. A small half-ruined mosque and a wretched house for pilgrims mark the place, which is visited each year by thousands of devotees. During the days sacred to the Prophet no Christian may venture into the district; his life would not be safe.

When we arrived there was no one there except the Turkish family to whom the care of the shrine is en-



AN ACCIDENT ON THE WAY.

trusted. Our camp had been pitched near the mosque. The spot is most picturesque. It is a small plateau covered with grass and shrubs, shut in to the south by the red mountains, and to the west by the grey-green mountains which follow the Valley of the Jordan. To the north the plateau falls gently, towards the east steeply, in the shape of grey slate-clay sides into this valley. We got a splendid view here over the broad, moist, green plain. We were glad to have reached even the vicinity of the sacred river —the bountiful stream of life, dispensing blessing to this land, and promising sport to us.

The partridges were piping on all sides, and we divided to look for some of this excellent game, but unfortunately the sun had already set and twilight drew on. I put up some quail in the long grass, and quantities of small birds flew from bush to bush. It was impossible to shoot, so we all went back to our camp to dine and sleep peacefully beside the grave of the great sage and prophet Moses.

At sunrise next morning the whole party started once more. The great caravan was sent the shortest way by Jericho to Ain-es-Sultan, while we, guided by our Bedouins, and with the gendarmes for escort, made an interesting expedition to the Dead Sea. We rode from Nebi-Musa due east, across steep mountain slopes, by narrow paths and washed-away crevasses, over a slaty-grey soil quite destitute of vegetation. Some eagles and vultures sat on the sharp ledges and projections that in this part run down from the mountain parallel to each other and separated by narrow gorges. In an hour we had come to the foot of

the mountain, and at once found ourselves among thick bushes and on excellent sandy riding ground. Patches of luxuriant shrubs alternated with grassy flats, and we passed these stretches at full gallop. We rode down an old, now dried-up torrent, and forcing our way among high reeds, long grass, and tall shrubs, reached the flat sandy shore of the Dead Sea.

Every step of the horses could be felt cracking the crust like that of frozen snow. The sand here is all coated with saltpetre, and so are pieces of wood which have been washed up. The Bahr-Lût (Lot's Lake), as the Arabs call the Dead Sea, since Mohammed has admitted the story of Lot into the Koran, is a wonderful mountain lake. Deep blue, large, and well shaped, it is bounded on the east by the jagged grey-green hills that had been in view for the last days, and on the west by really lofty mountains with their whitish-grey cliffs.

The water itself, a thick heavy mixture strongly impregnated with minerals, makes life impossible to every kind of animal, and the lake is in fact quite dead. Some of the gentlemen tried to bathe; to drown would be impossible, for the human body will not sink in it. On the other hand, thick salt deposits are made by it on the skin which do not improve one's comfort.

The air at the Dead Sea is like lead, resembling that breathed in deep mines, and prostrates every one. This effect is in consequence of its low level, for the water of the Dead Sea is 394 metres below that of the Mediterranean. We rode for a short distance close along the shore, and then bent northwards across flats of sand and

THE GRASS ON FIRE

clay. To our right we saw a plain which extends to the thickly grown meadows of the Jordan, and to our left, below a large fall of earth, a marshy depression filled with almost impenetrable thickets of reeds and briars.

A big wild boar doubled just in front of the horsemen by one of these thickly grown patches. The moment I caught sight of the huge creature I jumped from my horse and followed its track; going round the clump of bushes, which was only a few hundred paces in circumference, I found proof that the beast had not yet passed through. I posted the gentlemen quickly and got the gendarmes to drive. It soon became clear to us how hard it is to get an animal out of an impenetrable mass of brambles, reeds, and grass, even when that mass is but small in itself. All our efforts were vain. We tried setting it on fire, but only the grassy parts burnt up, sending gigantic columns of smoke into the air. The innermost thicket, with the full sap of spring, did not so much as crackle, and afforded a secure hiding-place for the game. It was a pity that we failed, for all the game from the steppes, barren mountains, and rocks betakes itself to these splendid luxuriant thickets of the Valley of the Jordan, which are unapproached by man, and there it remains. The tracks which we found in the moist clay told of the wealth of animal life in this spot. Within a narrow space I saw the tracks of several wild boars, hyænas, wolves, jackals, of the Asiatic panther, the lynx, and smaller beasts of prey which I was unable to distinguish. Two wild geese and several strand-runners flew up from a water pool, and a flock of pelicans and one inquisitive osprey floated in the clouds of smoke.

The pelicans came suddenly along from the Dead Sea, crowded round the fire for a few minutes, saluted by fruitless shots, and then departed, flying heavily up the valley northwards. As time was short, I left this spot and galloped without intermission along splendid ground over sandy stretches and grassy heath, between the thick shrubs, little groups of small low trees—one might almost have called them miniature forests—and across some mountain streams with broken banks, big stones, and abundant growth of plants, hastening to the Jordan, until we came to the village of Jericho.

The Jericho of the present day consists of some wretched huts inhabited by miserable people, perishing from the climate, and in ill repute because of their marked propensity to theft. Hedges protected by thick, long thorns surround the village. A tower rises as the last remains of the days of the Frankish kingdom, and beside it is said to be the spot where the house of Zacchæus stood. An aged sycamore is shown as the tree from which the pious man beheld the Redeemer. Miserable and decayed is this place, where a flourishing city stood in ancient times and even down to the days of the Crusaders.

We rode past the outside huts, and came through fields of wild oats and flowering shrubs and a vegetation resembling that of a garden, to the foot of the western hills. Our immediate goal, the fine and famous Well of the Sultan (Ain-es-Sultan), lay before us. At this point the expedition into the Valley of the Jordan proper was to commence.

A QUIET POOL

CHAPTER IX.

Ain-es-Sultan—El-Audje—Abd-el-Kader—Baisan—Mount Tabor—Nazareth—Journey to Haifa—Embarkation.

At the limits of vegetation, where, along a sharply defined line, thick shrubs give place to stony mountains, a fountain bubbles forth from the ground in plenteous fulness and flows into an ancient stone basin. Wherever springs rise from the earth or brooks descending from the mountains bring blessing, there is verdure in wood, bush, and field. These favoured strips extend along the currents of water from the foot of the bare mountain to the Jordan with its broad meadows. Alongside this blooming line a rib of genuine steppe runs up to the next rivulet. The plain of the Jordan is traversed lengthwise by the sacred river with its green bands; crosswise it is divided into alternating bands of steppe and of fertile though wild garden landscape. The most beautiful of all these oases is that which, beginning at the fountain of the Sultan, descends as a broad band to the Jordan along the banks of the rivulet. Our camp had been pitched beside the spring at the foot of the mountains and the edge of the verdure. From henceforth our journey was from spring to spring, for to these the caravan which traverses these wild regions must closely adhere.

Behind our camp rose a high, bare, rocky hill, projecting from the range of frontier mountains and separated from them by a ravine. Greek hermits dwell in the caves in the sides of this deserted valley. This settlement of pious anchorites has existed from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day.

As we rode up to the spring a splendid sight awaited us. The camp of the free Bedouins was pitched on the left of the Jordan. Wonderful horses, mostly white, fed in the rich grass. A chestnut mare, a dainty creature, stood beside a tree, bound to its branches. It was the battle horse of the master, of the grey-haired Sheik Ali. Bedouins in long white robes, with turbans on their heads, and armed with guns, daggers, and sabres, sat beside a fire at which they were cooking their food. Long lances, the badge of the great lawless tribes, the largest weapons which can be described by the name of lance, cut out of the finest wood, were driven into the ground side by side.

Sheik Ali waited for me in front of our tents surrounded by his sons and companions. The grey-haired nomad king, with his noble delicate features, his pointed white beard, his tall and still sinewy and upright figure, was dressed in a richly ornamented robe of dazzling whiteness. He had a Turkish sabre buckled round his loins, yellow shoes on his feet, and a broad turban on his head. He extended his jewelled hand to me in friendly greeting. His sons and the leading chiefs of the tribes stood round him respectfully. Every movement bespoke unbounded obedience, love, and reverence for their wise and long-tried chief.

SHEIK ALI.

He seemed the impersonation of those recollections of Scripture stories, familiar from early childhood, to which I alluded as crowding on my mind on first entering the Holy Land—the lineal representative of the prophets and rulers of patriarchal times, or those later wise men who brought their offerings to the infant Christ in His cradle, and must have looked as did Sheik Ali when he stood before us in flesh and blood, the living embodiment of a thousand years which had brought no change.

Again I was impressed by the absolutely stationary aspect of life in these regions. Tents have not been replaced by towns, nor has civilization, under the guise of improvement, shackled the existence or changed the character of these children of the desert, who still move free and uncontrolled over the steppes and mountains. The pride of their chiefs still consists in a pastoral wealth of flocks and herds, and in the martial resources furnished by a thousand valiant combatants on swift coursers. The regions over which they roam have no boundaries. The plots of pasture ground determine the places where their tents shall be pitched.

I was glad to see this (in his own way) mighty monarch, and thankful to understand by this meeting that the Turkish authorities had placed us, with friendly urgency, under his protection. And this protection is absolutely indispensable for a journey beyond the Jordan; for the river is the frontier, and from it to Bagdad is the free territory of lawless tribes. No Caliph is acknowledged; they feel themselves nearer to Mecca than to the Osman, and no one would dare to force his way with arms along

these steppes and deserts where only the true nomad can exist. The territory ruled by the Turks reaches to the Jordan, but the garrisons in Palestine are weak and placed only in the larger towns; as already said, many poor but valorous Bedouin tribes infest the frontier hills, and they, too, are unfriendly to the government. The territory of the Jordan is therefore perpetually exposed to the attacks of the great tribes from the left bank, and the history even of this century records many of their predatory incursions.

The squadron of cavalry which escorted our caravan would have helped us as little as the commands or menaces of the authorities, had those agile spearsmen swum the river in hundreds some fine evening and surrounded us. We might therefore well be grateful to the Pasha, who had formally announced our journey and its course to the aged sheik, and commended us to his protection.

The nomad king, sensitive like all Orientals, felt flattered by this courteous treatment, and came himself from a great distance (for he spends most of his time far away from the frontier), accompanied by a troop of splendid horsemen, to the banks of the Jordan, crossed the river by swimming, and awaited us beside our tents.

Briefly, but in words of power and sincerity, he assured us that we could pass safely along the whole course of the Jordan, and that whatever we needed for the chase was at our disposal; and, in fact, at every station we found parties familiar with the locality, who procured us the best sport and served us unweariedly. When Sheik Ali promises safety one is more secure in those regions

than in Central Europe, as his word is law with all the wild tribes. Formerly this was not so, for the Bedouins were in constant strife and deadly warfare amongst themselves, and to have the friendship of one tribe sufficed to expose the traveller to the hostility of all the others.

The sage patriarch has now united almost all the tribes under his rule, and the region whose nomad population obeys him blindly is well-nigh boundless. Thousands of horsemen, bold militant sons of the desert, do his bidding, and a kind of caliphate has thus arisen. After brief discourse Sheik Ali took ceremonious leave of us. A dignified repose marks the demeanour of these people, and a proud self-consciousness such as one seldom sees in like measure in Europe. They then mounted their noble steeds, and, surrounded by a faithful group of lancers, the nomad king rode back to his boundless steppes.

The governor of Nablous, a genuine Turcoman, an agreeable and very cultivated man, and ever most desirous to comply with our wishes, was also waiting for us at the tents. He wore the robe of a Pasha, but on account of the heat had white cloths stretched over his fez.

We breakfasted hastily; no one could eat much. The air grew more oppressive towards midday, and persistent and insatiable thirst extinguished all appetite in this region, lying as it does below the level of the sea. After a rest of one hour some of the travelling party broke up to employ the afternoon and evening hours in the chase.

Salim, the leader of a body of hunting Bedouins, was to direct us to a spot rich in game. He was a capable, excellent fellow, to whom I soon grew attached, and whom I valued as a sportsman. Bred up on horseback, hunting or in battle, he might be taken as the model of a typical and absolutely free Arab. His frame was small but sinewy, his countenance marked by its energetic features, its short beard, and a pair of falcon eyes. His complexion was singularly dark for this district, and had more the hue of the African Arab. His apparel consisted of a small turban, a white tightly girt burnous, and yellow shoes, above which his skinny legs showed. He bore by way of arms a short knife in his girdle and a whip in his hand. His comrades were about fifteen in number, tall lanky fellows, mostly bearded and of a dark yellow-brown complexion, with tattered garments and turbaned heads, their clothes made partly of white and partly of brown and white striped stuff, armed with long muskets, old pistols, and short knives, and brandishing sticks or lashes. They were hearty, kindly fellows, devoted to the chase. The dogs followed, wolf-like beasts of no breed or race, but whose gifts we learned to appreciate. Some of the Bedouins had curly hair and exceptionally dark skin—indicating plainly the trace of negro blood.

We left the camp with this company; a longish march was before us. Riding was impossible, for the horses had been out at work since sunrise, and we required them in full health and strength for the coming days. Salim guided us at first through so-called *forests*. These are more truly luxuriant green meadows, and fields of wild

oats, covered more or less with bushes and dwarf trees. Everything in the Valley of the Jordan is prickly. The tall grass in spring has long thorns, with barbs which fix themselves in the flesh of man and beast; every tree is beset with prickles. It may be imagined how skin and clothes fare, and the really cruel sufferings which the sport-loving traveller in those regions must endure with resignation.

In tree and bush there was the stir of many kinds of birds. In this happy tract of land the animal creation is closely packed together, and many beautiful, and to us novel, species presented themselves. The voice of the genuine Asiatic cooing dove was heard everywhere, and the tender turtle-doves flew high in the air above. The great shrike and many other song birds warbled amongst the thick shrubs, while quails rose at every step from the wild oats; birds of prey, eagles, kites, and falcons also abounded. The smaller animals appeared to be amply represented; slender lizards, fat frogs, and insects big and little made the place dangerous.

After a time we quitted this garden land and reached the steppe. Yellow grass covered the ground, reminding me vividly of home and the Hungarian marshes. Innumerable grasshoppers chirruped under our feet, and we could understand how these creatures become in Asia, at certain times, a real plague.

Suddenly Salim paused and announced that we had reached our goal. A rivulet descending from the mountain, and flowing in a direct line through the plain to the Jordan, lay before us and between us and the clay cliff. The

formation of these water-courses is interesting. Hemmed in on each side by vertical broken banks some fathoms deep, they present a spectacle of wild confusion. In the middle flows a brook—at this time of year only a narrow one; around it lie a medley of rocks, marshy places, thick, and in fact impenetrable, bushes, trees, decaying trunks, mould and ruins of all kinds—a primeval forest in a narrow space. In the broadest part the distance from one bank to another does not exceed two hundred paces.

Some of the guns were now to go to the right, others to the left or upper side of the clay bank, while the Bedouins with their dogs were to keep on the same level and beat the bushes and rocks in line. Salim remained beside me and directed the whole of the chase.

Amidst continuous howling and hurling of stones the beaters sprang and leaped about in the brook. The shots cracked merrily as one bird after another flew up, soon to fall heavily back into the bushes. Red-legged and rock partridges, quails, and singing birds of many kinds flew out from their hiding-places. In the broken banks rollers and bee-eaters had their nests. In the marshy places we found tracks of wild boar and porcupine—quills, too, of this last, and its burrow. Unluckily this shy animal creeps underground at the slightest sound, and is therefore very seldom captured by day.

We had been shooting for some time, and had gone over a considerable stretch of the bank, when suddenly the dogs gave tongue in an almost impenetrable thicket. I was searching for a rock partridge, and was therefore, fortunately, at the bottom of the valley. At this moment a shot came

SMOKED OUT.

from the other bank, and one of the gentlemen called to me that an armadillo had just been missed and was running from the dogs. The Bedouins and I followed the chase at full speed, when suddenly all was still. We found beside a tree, built up round its roots and stems, a beaver-like tower, several feet high, made out of branches. One cannot otherwise describe this admirable piece of animal architecture. On two sides there were circular entrances. When the Bedouins saw this establishment they drew back cautiously.

Salim posted me beside one entrance, while he directed his people to light a fire by the other. As the flames burnt up brightly and the building began to crackle, a peculiar creature, somewhat like a dragon, of orange colour and certainly over four feet in length, crept circumspectly out, and was going to take itself off at an easy trot, when a well-aimed shot put an end to its life. My interesting booty was a lizard. I do not know much about reptiles, but, so far as I can judge, we had one of the great Varan lizards before us. Our next object was to send this rare specimen undamaged to the camp, and as the Arabs positively refused to touch the cold body with their hands, we had to construct a small bier with sticks, to deposit the mighty dead upon it, and to despatch a Bedouin in charge of it. We continued our sport, but we soon observed that the birds had been scared by the multitude of shots, and we seemed this time to have no luck with the wild boars. The entire shooting party therefore betook itself to a shady spot under a large tree, and, weary with the intense and oppressive heat, we all lay down in the grass, even the Bedouins, while their sturdy

dogs panted for water with drooping tongues. There was but little water in the brook, and none that was very clear, but the excellent Achmed had, as usual, some bottles of lemonade ready, which he carried in a knapsack on his back.

After half an hour's rest Salim summoned us to further sport. The Grand Duke, Hoyos, Eschenbacher, and Ráth resolved to return towards the camp, looking out for game as they went. Chorinsky and I were still athirst for action, and followed the Bedouins to the steppe. After a long march we came to some low bush, followed by marshy ground and a circular mass of reeds some hundred paces in extent. Salim placed us on one side, while he posted the beaters on the other. Whatever game might quit this thicket was to be fired at as soon as it appeared. Achmed is a worthy fellow, but free fights with wild beasts were not to his taste, and as soon as he understood the situation he begged me to allow him to rest behind some shrubs at a certain distance, and disappeared without waiting for an answer.

Prepared for a vigorous wild boar hunt, I placed myself by a well-marked rising. The dogs had hardly got among the reeds when a wild baiting began. The sound of the chase and bay came in quick succession, and the bark of the dogs mingled with the demoniac cries of the beaters. At length, after a tedious though exciting quarter of an hour, a large wild boar rushed from the thicket, and betook itself in full flight towards the point at which I stood. Deeply wounded by a shot under the shoulder, it fell as I fired, but recovering itself and foaming with rage, at once pursued its

ACHMED IN DANGER.

way. The good Achmed, not knowing the length of a wild animal's run, stood right across its path. The wounded beast came rushing on, and seized the helpless man in its blind rage. By good luck I had followed as fast as I could run, and found Achmed with his knife lifted to strike, and screaming loudly, standing upon one leg, while he raised the other as protection against the angry beast. The boar reared itself for the decisive onslaught, but before it could reach our hero he lay flat on the ground. Realizing his extreme danger, I fired, and the ball fortunately was instantaneously fatal. It struck the strong two-year-old female when its snout had already grasped Achmed's loose trousers. Wild boar and Egyptian now lay peacefully beside each other, the latter green from terror and trembling in every limb; it was some minutes before he recovered speech. The Bedouins, their eyes sparkling with delight, soon came on the scene. The wild boar, which is extremely like our own, especially those huge specimens from the Hungarian forests, is totally different from the much smaller, more delicately formed, and pitch-black North African boar. My huntsman disembowelled the beast quickly, and the Arabs laying it on the staves which they had bound together, four men bore the heavy load back to our camp.

Chorinsky lost an African hare in the bush—the hare of the desert, a small yellow beast with which we had become familiar in Africa. The walk across the steppe under the scorching sunbeams was not too pleasant. When the sun had gone down in orange mist behind the border hills we had reached the forest and the shrubs, whence another hour's walk had to be accomplished. Quails rose at every

step, but we were too weary to fire, and only thought of our camp. A merry, plashing brook with tolerably clear water gave us passing refreshment, and we went on again. Night had fully set in, and some fires sparkled among the bushes. It was the camp of the Bedouins who had been appointed to attend us. Their tall figures looked ghostly in their long white burnous and the dull reflections of the dying embers. The long lances rose high, and rough Arab gutturals and melancholy songs resounded through the night. The horses were rolling in the grass, and the dogs ran barking to meet us. Chorinsky and I passed among these sons of the desert, who gave us friendly greeting, and reached us cooling drinks as we went by. Yet another quarter of an hour, and we came to our vivacious Druses, the servants of Howard, and the mules; beside these the Turkish cavalry were encamped. Another hundred paces and we had reached our tents.

After sunset the oppressive heat increased so much that, even during the night, we all lay bathed in perspiration, and some of the gentlemen and servants became unwell from the unwonted closeness of the air. Despite the deeply interesting experiences of the day, and our successes in sport, a strange depression of spirits seemed to prevail among the whole travelling party. This was yet to increase in the following days. The climate of the Valley of the Jordan has a distressing effect on all Europeans.

Early on the 6th we determined to divide into parties for our sport. Several of the gentlemen went in the direction we had taken the day before. The Grand Duke and I, accompanied by Salim and his people, rode through

WITH THE BEDOUINS.

the luxuriant garden lands towards Jericho. Near this place a stream descends from the hills and crosses the plain to the Jordan. Again we had steep clay banks, big blocks of stone, plashing water, and an even thicker undergrowth than that by the brook we had visited before. The Grand Duke remained on the left bank, while I climbed to the right. The Bedouins pushed into the thicket, and a merry chase began. In a few minutes we had shot several birds, but we soon abandoned the smaller game, as the Bedouins came upon numerous recent tracks of the wild boar.

Immediately the dogs challenged, and a huge boar burst through the bushes, but was only visible for a moment, and no shot could be fired. A second soon followed, bounding like a hare through the long grass before the beaters. The Grand Duke brought it down with a ball. A middle-sized two-year-old female was hauled out of the brook, and despatched on a donkey to the camp. Several wild boar escaped us in the thick undergrowth, either turning back between the drivers or pushing too far ahead. The Grand Duke missed one in the middle of the brook.

The dogs soon gave cry again. With noisy tumbling and scrambling a very fine boar, decked with long dazzlingly white tusks, climbed the slope between me and the beaters, and strove to escape to the steppe. A ball under the shoulder-blade laid him low, and, highly delighted, I despatched my splendid spoil to the camp. We now turned our attention to the numerously represented smaller birds. Red and rock partridges, purple and night herons,

besides quails and snipe, were shot; but some eagles at a great distance were missed.

As the midday heat became excessive we resolved to suspend our shooting for a time. Going down to the brook, I found in the clay tracks of the hyæna, wolf, and jackal, also those of the lynx and the smaller cats. According to the report of the Bedouins, the animals of canine race descend from the hills in search of water at night only, whereas the cat family dwell in the thickets and trees close at hand, but are never driven from their hiding-places even by dogs.

The track of the porcupine was also pretty frequent, and once the dogs ran to a burrow, where we found some quills and recent traces of this curious creature. We now resolved to look him up in his own den, and to this end my huntsman was despatched to the camp with instructions to bring the dachshunds and some shovels back with him. Meanwhile the sportsmen lay down under a tree to drink lemonade and smoke cigarettes. The Grand Duke had in the course of the morning shot a very rare animal, the kangaroo-like jerboa.

As soon as the dachshunds arrived we set them at the burrow. We soon heard snarling and barking, but, alas! the dogs, usually so valiant, soon crept forth to the light of day, with their tails timorously between their legs, and would not venture into the burrows again. We then told the Bedouins to dig—a process which advanced but slowly, for the heat was scorching, and free wild sport is more to their taste than servile labour.

We felt that our endeavour was vain, and resolved to

THE BEDOUINS OF THE JORDAN.

abandon it, but in the meantime we had found an interesting relic. In the funnel of a burrow a Protestant hymn-book was discovered, probably carried thither by the inmate, after the fashion of many animals that burrow. Here, at any rate, were the genuine evangelic psalms and hymns, and the prayer for the Emperor William. On the whole, the volume was in good condition, outside as well as in; only a few stains of blood on the paper. God only knows how this European book came into this savage spot, and how its owner lost it; perchance his bones may be bleaching hard by in the impenetrable thicket.

We mounted our horses and rode home. Salim went in front at a hand gallop. He sat without saddle or horse-cloth on the bare back of a small roan, guiding the frisky creature with a rope fastened to it only on one side.

Close to Jericho I noticed a "Jean le blanc" eagle washing in the brook. I crept up to him under cover of the overhanging bank, and in a few minutes had the splendid specimen in my bag.

The other gentlemen had also shot a considerable quantity of smaller game, and a regular show was set up when we had all reached the camp. After this we breakfasted. Unhappily the meal consisted rather in driving away the flies than in eating. It is difficult to form an idea of the throng of insects that attacked our food. We passed the hottest hours in camp, seeking rest. The terrible heat unhappily made this a prolonged torture, and it was difficult even to collect one's thoughts so far as to jot down the necessary notes and to write some letters home.

At midday in the Valley of the Jordan we enjoyed daily the agreeable temperature of 122° Fahr.

Towards five in the afternoon I set forth again, this time accompanied only by Salim and some Bedouins. At first I shot cooing doves among the trees; then we roamed across some wild oat fields, where I shot a plentiful supply of quail for the larder—a matter of necessity, for our stores began to smell somewhat badly, and the much-vaunted preserved meats in particular spread an evil exhalation throughout the camp. Sauntering by bush and grove, I could not but remark the glorious vegetation of this region. I specially noted the *Zizyphus Lotus* and the *Spina Christi*, from the fruits of which are made the well-known jujubes so dear to Europeans afflicted with a cough; and also the Balsam tree, *Solanum sanctum.* The famous rose of Jericho is only found, and that but scantily, on the shores of the Dead Sea. At sunset I returned to the camp, where we dined and went to rest.

The next morning the whole camp broke up before sunrise; the tents were struck, and, with the wonted clamour and cries, the caravan got into motion. We followed soon after breakfast, led by a Bedouin with long lance and flying mantle and riding a beautiful chestnut. He might have posed for the model of a genuine Arab. The sheik who had hitherto acted as guide had been dismissed by the Pasha for reasons unknown to me. At first we rode at the foot of the border hills on the verge of vegetation. We passed among thick shrubs and under low trees which were literally covered with storks awaking from sleep. After a while the bushes disappeared, the wild

garden land of the well region of Sultan-Ain was passed, and the steppe again received us.

The ground was good for riding on the whole, and one could almost always gallop; only here and there stony places and water-courses in the proximity of the mountains had to be passed. After a two hours' ride a tolerably broad mountain valley opened on our left. In its interior, at its farther end, is the spring of El-Audje—a fountain which both fertilizes the land and maintains it in fertility. It flows through the valley, and thence across the plain to the Jordan. Low trees and shrubs had again to be crossed, and at the other side of this narrow band of vegetation Salim was awaiting us with his people, eager for the chase and ready to lead us to ground richly stocked with game.

The great caravan and most of the gentlemen turned to the left into the side valley to the fountain of El-Audje; the Grand Duke, Hoyos, and I followed the Bedouins. An amazing number of birds of prey were on the trees here, and in the space of a few minutes I shot a "Jean le blanc" eagle and a booted eagle, and Hoyos a booted eagle also. There were stretches of wild oats between the shrubs that swarmed with quail, which rose at every step, and had we possessed sufficient ammunition our success would have been brilliant with those birds. The red-legged partridge was but sparingly represented, and the rock partridge was wholly absent. A long stretch due east led us far into the interior of the plain of the Jordan. Once more returning to the edge of the steppe, we rested in the shade of a tree for half an hour, then remounted our horses and, followed

by the Bedouins running on foot, rode along the grassy yellowing plain.

In about half an hour we came to the edge of a deep cut in the elevated plateau; far below a brook was rippling between high banks of brown earth. This vision of landscape appearing so suddenly had a startling effect. Leaving our horses, we had to scramble down the steep bank. We hastened forward through the narrow defile by the brook, whose salt waters disappointed us, till we reached a small ravine surrounded by almost vertical clay walls some hundreds of feet in height. Its interior was filled with patches of marshy grass, some low bushes, and a reed morass. The only outlet was a narrow track up the east side of the cliff to the summit of the ridge.

Salim now bade us take our stand on the opposite side of the thicket, while he, with his men and dogs, should beat the sedge. We had not long reached our stations, when a big boar left the thick cover, took the only way of escape by the track up the mountain, and climbed it with the agility of a chamois. Several shots sent from a distance of four hundred paces took no effect. I now ran quickly to the vicinity of this narrow passage. I was still at the distance of at least two hundred paces, when yet another large wild boar took the same narrow way. I despatched two shots at his hide, neither of them necessarily fatal. Badly wounded, and halting with the hind leg, he dragged himself slowly over the ridge of the mountain.

Thereupon the beaters came up round me, and I bade them follow me cautiously at a certain distance, for I wished myself to pursue the red track. To begin, I found the

recent track of a panther, and immediately after that of the wounded boar, marked by plenteous trickling from the wound. We soon attained the top of the ridge, and a splendid view opened into a valley, not broad but rich in all kinds of vegetation — bushes, meadow, and high trees. On the opposite side steep cliffs rose and closed in the view.

Following the same track, I hastened down the steep decline to the bottom of the valley. Arrived there the tracks led me across a meadow, between bushes, over a stony brook and marshy places, to the edge of a thicket. There I awaited the arrival of my two companions and the Bedouins. The dogs were at once set on the track, and in a few moments I heard the joyful sound of baying and of a hot fight. Hastening through the thicket, I reached a small meadow closed in by wood and shrubs; within it a fierce fight was proceeding. The dogs bore themselves bravely, and tugged and bit their enemy, which could still defend itself with vigour and courage. Seizing a favourable moment, I sent a fatal shot at the powerful boar, which had handsome tusks.

I now had time to look at my surroundings. Between the high trees and bushes I could see, at no great distance in front of me, the sparkling surface of a sheet of water, and could hear the rush of a river. I hastily summoned my companions to share the joyful discovery. Thanks to the pursuit of the wounded boar, our wish had been fulfilled, and we had reached the river held sacred from afar—the renowned Jordan. We hastened down the broken ground, through luxuriant shrubs, to a sand-bank whence we could

closely survey the stream and its lovely surroundings. On both sides there were blooming pastures, leafy shades, willow bushes, and a rich undergrowth of flowering plants, with a flora recalling, on the whole, that of the water meadows of Europe. The river itself has the character of a genuine mountain stream, rapid and foaming and splashing among the rocks and stones. One might have supposed one's self transported to the banks of the Inn or the Traun in the midst of our beautiful Alps. While the Bedouins slaked their thirst and then placed the wild boar on the back of an ass which they had brought with them, we rested under the shade of a tree and divested ourselves of one garment after another.

The water of the Jordan is very cold as compared with the high temperature of the air, and a careful cooling of the body before bathing in it is quite indispensable. In half an hour we ventured far into the middle of the stream. It was not only an unwonted and helpful refreshment, but also a real episode of interest in our journey. Here had the Israelites, protected by a miracle, crossed the swift stream. Here David had returned to his kingdom in a boat with Barzillai. Here Elijah had smitten the waves with his mantle so that they parted asunder.

In later times the giant Christopher had borne the child Jesus through those selfsame waters. And what touches the Christian most nearly is the baptism of the Saviour Himself by John, who dwelt in this desert, clothed in camels' hair and living on locusts and wild honey, and whom Jesus of Nazareth came to visit, to be baptized by the pious solitary, the forerunner of the new faith. And

in these meadows, too, the voice of the Lord was heard—"Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Great processions of faithful pilgrims come year by year to bathe in the Jordan and bear back some of its water for the baptism of their children. The orthodox bathe in the sacred river in the same garment which they propose to reserve for the day of their death.

Strengthened and refreshed by our bath, we hastened, followed by the Bedouins, to retrace our path up the wild boar track, across the bottom of the valley, and up to the edge of the plateau from which we had descended. We mounted our horses, and, under Salim's guidance, rode full gallop athwart the steppe. Near the entrance of the narrow valley of El-Audje the governor and some gendarmes met us. Our long delay and the direction we had taken towards the Jordan had made him uneasy, and he had come out to look for us. The spot where we had begun our sport in the morning had to be passed, and then we turned towards the interior of the valley, which is clothed with rich verdure, while the hills that enclose it maintain the same character as the rest of the border mountains—long steep slopes scantily covered with grass. Our narrow and seemingly interminable path led us up the valley through thick and thorny bush, now and again crossing to the opposite bank of a stony brook. Innumerable storks stood on the steeps. I have never seen such quantities of these birds assembled in one spot as here, notably in the valley of El-Audje, and generally in the whole of the plain of the Jordan.

After a prolonged ride we at length reached our camp.

The tents stood at the foot of the mountain, on the grass of the steppe and the wild prickly oats, but close to the more plenteous verdure and to the banks of a little brook. We had now almost reached the top of the valley, which ends in a picturesque basin hemmed in by steep banks. We fell with furious hunger on our luncheon, for it was now three p.m., and we had eaten nothing since five a.m., besides exerting ourselves considerably in the interval.

We spent the afternoon in our camp. The life of a caravan in the open air and in tents has a great charm, and differs considerably from the routine of European existence. Unfortunately the camp of El-Audje had some special inconveniences. The tents stood on the dry and very inflammable heath, and a cigarette thrown carelessly away occasioned in the space of a few minutes a fire which could only be extinguished by most summary measures. As we had a large quantity of ammunition with us, double care had to be taken, and there was nothing for it but greatly to limit our smoking. Furthermore, the brook, so indispensable to the caravan, dried up shortly after our arrival. Inquiry was made, and it was discovered to have been blocked and diverted from its channel. It was evening before it could be brought back into its old course and could give relief to the thirsting mules and horses.

The Pashas had reason to suspect that the Bedouin chief who had been dismissed the day before and driven from our caravan was the contriver of this piece of mischief.

In the evening several of the gentlemen went out to take a short stroll with their guns. I succeeded in killing

a red-legged cock partridge and a stork which was making for its sleeping-place. Thousands of these long-billed creatures came past our camp, and as many as could find place settled on the low trees to rest. At sunset we all returned to dine. As I fell asleep I heard close by the tents the howl of hungry jackals.

Early on the 8th of April the servants struck the tents and the caravan was again in motion. At first we had to retrace the weary way through the side valley. In the main valley things went better, and after a two hours' ride, galloping along the good steppe ground at the foot of the hills, we came to a marshy depression. Some scattered clumps of bush and, unfortunately for us, a somewhat too extensive morass marked the spot as hunting ground. Salim and his agile allies were already there, but as his circuit terminated here, another party of Bedouins were awaiting our arrival, led by a very handsome sheik and followed by many large dogs. The footmen were clad like Salim's people, but their leader seemed of a wealthier class. His good chestnut caparisoned in rich trappings indicated this, as well as his gay apparel, large coloured turban, embroidered morocco slippers, and handsome Turkish scimitar. His whole appearance bore the stamp of the tribes of the interior of Asia rather than that of the pure Arab.

He escorted the Grand Duke, Hoyos, and myself with marked urbanity to our posts on the opposite side of the thicket of reeds. The other gentlemen, with the rest of the caravan, meanwhile pursued their further march.

Some traces of wild boar and hyæna filled us with hope, but we were soon sadly undeceived. The morass proved to be too large and marshy. The beaters could not penetrate into it, and the driving consisted in running round the edges with loud cries. The game was wary, and not a single head left its safe shelter.

Thereupon we remounted our horses and rode after the others. A projecting ridge of stony ground had to be crossed. From its northern slope we had a splendid view over the broad plain, the grey western border hills, and the lofty rocky mountains on the eastern side of the Jordan.

Before us lay, already visible, the mouth of the valley and the well district of Abd-el-Kader—the immediate goal of this day's travel. One sees a long distance in these plains, and can attain but slowly the wished-for station. The road led uninterruptedly across the steppe, keeping at the foot of the mountains. Wherever we turned we saw nothing but storks. They let the horsemen pass within a few paces of them without vouchsafing so much as a glance. Some birds of prey fluttered up into the air, and a pair of the large Asiatic imperial eagles floated low over my head. I lowered my gun quickly, but only cartridges, and no small shot, were to be found in my pouch.

The sun burnt fearfully. The grey mantle of cloud which had darkened the sky in the morning hours had, alas! entirely vanished. I soon overtook the caravans. They presented a piteous picture. The mules followed each other at intervals of some hundred paces, and

dragged themselves painfully along, urged by blows from their conductors. The effect of the great heat, the forced marches from Latrun before we reached Jerusalem, and the recent want of water were very perceptible; almost all the mules had sore backs from the weight of the luggage, and broken knees.

After a ride of several hours I reached the entrance of the valley of Abd-el-Kader, which runs in a north-westerly direction between high mountains. As usual a brook purled down its centre, and the banks were covered with a more than usually abundant vegetation, which followed the course of the stream across the plain down to the Jordan. As the brook could only be ridden across at one point, we were obliged to ride far into the interior of the valley on its southern bank, and then to retrace our steps for the same distance on the northern side, to where the valley opened into the great plain, and where, beneath a peculiar cone of rock at the border of vegetation, our camp was to be pitched.

The gentlemen had already arrived, but the caravans were still a long way off, and so we had the pleasure of waiting the arrival of the pack-horses in a little hollow which afforded shade. Some of us employed this time in searching for a bathing-place. The whole brook was so filled with succulent plants of more than man's height, and oleander trees thickly covered with large red flowers of aromatic perfume, that one could scarcely reach the water. Moreover, the whole air of the place had so completely the look of a southern lair of serpents, and I have such a respectful regard for the poisonous reptiles

of those regions, that I greatly preferred to bathe in a narrow and somewhat dirty tributary brook, in the company of harmless toads and frogs, and where I could thoroughly examine the locality first.

Returning to the principal stream, we found a tent and the kitchen already in their places; we were therefore sure soon to breakfast, though in terrible heat and surrounded by a swarm of large and disgusting flies. We agreed to devote the afternoon to sport. Some of the gentlemen were to follow the brook out into the great plain, while the Grand Duke and I were to push up into the interior of the valley. Under the guidance of Salim and the other sheiks, we tried to beat the thick shrubs on the bank. Some wild boar tracks confirmed us in this intention. It was a veritable garden that we entered—a wealth of flowers, moist bushes, and leafy shrubs, their topmost shoots dyed with the crimson of the splendid oleander blossom. A wondrous perfume, the true odour of the glorious East, a paradise like that of the "Arabian Nights," entranced our senses. But as there is nothing in the world without a darker side, here tree, bush, leaf, and grass were beset with thorns and prickles.

The dogs all refused their work, and under these circumstances there could be no talk of sport. Every step brought new torture, and we escaped as quickly as possible from this thorny paradise and betook ourselves to regions of scantier vegetation.

The great abundance of many kinds of bright-coloured lizards in this garden of anguish had struck me—at every step and turn reptiles rustled in the grass. We made

a detour, shooting some smaller game as we went, and returned in the evening to the camp. The other gentlemen had had better luck, and brought in two frankolins the colour of guinea fowl, with a red band round the neck. We had therefore now touched the habitat of this new species, and should in the next few days make its better acquaintance.

We here took a very hearty leave of Salim and his comrades. Those fine fellows were returning to their own home. After dinner I was interested by the picturesque look of our encampment. The fires shed beautiful lights on the cliffs and the various figures of the servants and Bedouins as they moved to and fro. A great undertaking was before us for the next day in the matter of marching, for we purposed to take two stations at one stretch.

Before sunrise, and indeed while it was still quite dark, the whole camp was astir. The tents were struck and packed, and the great caravan set out on its way. We soon followed, riding round the cone of rocks and getting out on to the steppe. The valley narrows at this point. The western hills advance into the plain, and steep slopes, deep ravines and stony places have to be traversed. We enjoyed some beautiful views across the Valley of the Jordan, which is here intersected by mountain streams and gorges, and the splendid hills of the further side, with their lofty grey cliffs and picturesque outlines. An old tower stands on one of these mountains. I could not learn what its date was, or who had erected this fortress in a region inhabited only by wild tribes.

Nowhere in the Valley of the Jordan had we found a region at once so accentuated in line and form, and so poor in vegetation, as that across which we journeyed in the first hours of this day. A great number of birds of prey were soaring in the air, and one imperial eagle flew so low over my head, that I brought him down with a shot, and he fell among the horses with heavy flapping.

We had next a toilsome climb up a projecting spur of the mountains. On reaching the ridge a magnificent view was spread before us. The Valley of the Jordan grows broader, and one sees more and more of the plain up to the hill country by Lake Tiberias; to the right and left are the finely formed frontier mountains, and closing the view to the north, the lofty summits of Lebanon and the broad snow fields of Hermon—a strange contrast. We languished in the most terrible heat, such as only the Valley of the Jordan suffers, and before us, in the far distance, the crystal snow sparkled on the mountain top.

At this interesting spot we halted for rest. We determined that while the caravan pursued its long and toilsome way, we would ride down to the Jordan and spend some hours on the banks of the sacred stream. The Bedouin, in his long flying mantle, and lance in hand, who had led us well hitherto, frankly confessed that he did not know the direct way down to the river, so we separated in order to find the quickest way to the east. I galloped across the steppe—had to clamber over some ravines, and thus reached a spot where a little spring bubbled forth amongst low rocks and a garden of luxuriant shrubs. Following the course of the water along the higher margin of the rocks, I

came to the edge of the plateau, where a steep slope fell before me. At the bottom of this I discerned, to my great joy, green meadow and rich pasture, and among these the silver streak of the Jordan, which makes a considerable bend at this spot. The peninsula so formed is covered with an underwood richer and more luxuriant than any that I had seen before. On the border of this wood, in the shadow of its last trees and bushes, but still on the meadow, we took our rest, let the horses graze, and unpacked a modest luncheon, consisting of bread and cold meat, after having first bathed in the cool rushing waves. Here as elsewhere in its course the Jordan maintains the character of a mountain stream, and foams away between the rocks and over big stones. After our frugal meal I resolved to examine the underwood, and perhaps to get up a little beating.

The first half of this peninsula is covered with shrubs something over man's height; the ground is thickly overgrown with large-leaved plants of all kinds, and the bushes are closely bound together with creepers. The whole combination is so thick and luxuriant that it is difficult to penetrate, and every forward step demands the exercise of a man's whole strength.

When the first part is successfully passed you come to a clearing dividing the wood into two halves. Here I found in the loam an incredible number of fresh tracks—traces of the panther, the lynx, the wild cat, the wild boar and porcupine; the wolf, the jackal, and two kinds of deer were also represented. These tracks of a small roe-like and of a larger fallow deer interested us very much, and

the more so as Herr Ráth on his descent to the Jordan met, as he says, in one of these ravines with a small stag adorned with short horns.

The second part of the wood consisted also of a leafy grove of almost tropical character, with a nearly impenetrable undergrowth. The numerous tracks impelled me to try a beat for good luck. I placed the gentlemen in the clearing at the most trodden tracks, and made the Turkish gendarmes and some of the servants beat the wood, under the direction of my huntsman. The undergrowth was so thick that it was out of the question to attempt a regular chain of beaters, and we very soon perceived that all endeavours to drive an animal out of the thicket would be labour in vain. I noticed in this copse a pair of plovers and some kites.

We now hastened back to our horses, had them saddled, and rode back to the edge of the plateau. We had noticed from below peculiar dark mists beating up into the sky, but had not been able to account for the appearance. When we got to the top we had a very remarkable sight. The entire steppe, from the Jordan to the foot of the eastern border hills, was wrapped in a cloud of smoke, out of whose murky blackness bright flames burst forth here and there; the country across which we had ridden in the morning was now a sea of smoke and flame. The grass of the steppe burns with incredible rapidity, and we could gauge from minute to minute the advance of the fire by the approach of the column of smoke which seemed to pursue us.

Jussuf, a Turkish cavalry officer born in Turkistan, a

CHASED BY THE FLAMES.

powerful grey-bearded man with a leather-thonged whip in his hand, as sign of authority, rode in front to show the most direct way. It was a glorious gallop along the steppe, across country, pursued by the great fire, a spectacle which the vastness of other continents can seldom rival. A wild boar, fleeing like ourselves from the fire, rushed past my horse at the distance of but a few paces.

A long hand gallop brought us quickly across the steppe and through a region overgrown with tall long-thorned thistles which distressed both us and the horses. At the end of two hours the character of the country began to change. The valley grew broader, and low green hills rose in its midst, covered with bushes and dwarf oak. To the north the view was closed in by fine mountains: the spurs of Carmel, the mountains round Nazareth, the lofty Tabor with its distinctive outline, the Anti-Lebanon and the snow-clad Hermon, the mountains of the Sea of Gennesareth (the Tabariye of the Arabs); and to the east the heights of Djebel Adjhûn could all be distinguished, thrown up in effective light. Our way led past a little Bedouin burying-ground. Two wonderful ancient sycamores gave the gloomy spot a still more dismal aspect.

We gradually approached the goal of our day's journey, the village of Baisân. The famous well region of this place extends round it in a wide circle. In all directions small watercourses break forth from the plateau, and thick low bushes, tall reed grass, morass, and marshy places fill the neighbourhood. The cry of the blackcock, which is found here in immense quantities, is heard on all sides.

Old cut stones and *débris* in the midst of the now overgrown vegetation in the immediate proximity of a wretched village, consisting of a few stone huts, bear witness to the former but long-forgotten importance and culture of the place. In old Biblical times the Canaanites dwelt here. The city was taken later by David. When conquered by the Scythians it received from the Greeks the name of Scythopolis. In the days of the Romans it was a rich and flourishing place, and Cleopatra had her meeting here with Alexander Jannæus. Pompey advanced through Baisân to Judæa. In early Christian times the town was the seat of a bishop and famous as the birthplace of Basilides and Cyrillus. Saladin conquered the town and burnt it to the ground, and it lost for ever its greatness and power.

The last relics of an old theatre and some temples, and of many columns of basalt buried in the bushes and marsh grass, still remain. It is a gloomy, marshy place, damp and unwholesome, filled with the unceasing cry of toads and frogs. In the wretchedly filthy village, the ruined inhabitants seemed to be starving beside their damp stone walls, and children and dogs rolled on the sodden marshy ground. We found our camp already pitched and in the best order on the north side of the village. Close beside it a ravine fell steeply down, within which a spring was running gaily among rocks, shrubs, and sycamores with their spreading branches. We saw here traces of Roman baths hewn in the rock. Above our camp, to the west of the village, is the plateau and the region of the springs.

On our arrival I went at once with a hunting Bedouin, who was waiting for me by my tent, to the damp marsh.

THE BEDOUIN CAMP AT BAISAN.

Water dripped everywhere; the ground was like a sponge. Reeds, sedge, and shrubs sprouted from the marshy ground. Many tracks of wild boar and well-beaten runs proved the wealth of game in the place—an old Roman column was quite worn away by the wild boar. Every evening, in the absence of trees, they came here to rub themselves against it. The Bedouin wished me to hide behind a bush and await the coming of the animals, but I did not feel the slightest desire to remain in that poisonous marshy air till sunset, so I returned quickly to the camp.

The great caravan was a somewhat melancholy sight. Horses and mules lay around exhausted, and the men were not in much better condition—the joint effect of the extremely long day's march and the distressing weight of the air of this marshy spot. After our meal we all retired wearily to our tents.

On the 10th of April, Palm Sunday, we were astir at sunrise. We had fitted up the largest tent as a chapel and decorated it as well as we could. The court chaplain said Mass, and blessed the palm branches which were distributed to all the Christian members of the caravan.

After breakfast we arranged to go out hunting. Some of the gentlemen proposed to scour the country north of the camp, and the Grand Duke and I, with a party of the hunting Bedouins of this district—handsome, wild-looking fellows—were to hunt the wild boar in the direction of the Jordan.

We passed through the village to the eastern slope of the plateau, and descending between thickly wooded and marshy patches, we reached a brook whose steep banks and

the verdure of the bottom of the vale gave promise of sport such as we had in our last days in the Valley of the Jordan with Salim. We discovered, however, after many fruitless attempts, that neither the Bedouins nor their dogs would penetrate into the thick underwood, so we undertook a long expedition across the steppe to a morass described by the sheik as excellent for our purpose. In the grass of the steppe we first put up some quail and then a flock of plover. The nearer we came to the morass, which could be seen a long way off, the thicker grew the bushes; from among them sprang out two remarkable little creatures—smaller than deer, of yellowish colour, with horns like a roe, and with the springing movements and long brush of the fallow-deer. They were unfortunately too far off to allow us to have a fair shot at them. The edges of the morass were covered with marshy spots and the tall moist green sword-grass. We shot on this wet ground some beautifully coloured frankolin cocks and one female bird in its sober suit of brown, not unlike that of the hen pheasant.

The Grand Duke was now despatched to the further side of this forest of pale yellow reeds, while the Bedouins and I endeavoured from our side to penetrate its interior. Reeds and sedge of more than man's height met over our heads, and we waded knee-deep in marsh and mire and in the decaying matter of the plants. After long walking over this loathsome ground, which swarmed with toads, I reached a clearing where, standing in the water, I was, at the bidding of the Bedouins, to await the further course of the chase. Myriads of disgusting marsh insects buzzed around me, and it was in truth a spot so unpleasant as not to be easily

A ROMANTIC MEETING.

forgotten. The Arabs strove to beat the reeds in all directions, but their efforts were vain. We heard the wild boar breaking through the thicket, but not one left the protecting cover; only some purple herons floated languidly over our heads. I endeavoured to get out of this horrible place as quickly as possible, for I felt that I had already inhaled too much of the marsh miasma and the odours of decaying matter. By evening I had to experience its further ill consequences. The Grand Duke, too, soon came back from the other side of the morass, driven away by the foul air; so we mounted the horses which the excellent Ferdinand had brought after us and rode homewards.

We repeatedly scared the frankolin in the long sedge, and killed several of them. Riding over the grass of the steppe, I wished to try how quickly a conflagration could be started, and accordingly dropped some lighted matches as I rode along. In a few seconds there was a great fire, which spread so rapidly that we were obliged to gallop from it as hard as possible. The next day we could see from a distance that part of the steppe still wrapped in clouds of smoke. We quickly got back to Baisân, whither the other gentlemen had also returned with some game.

After luncheon some Egyptian rope-dancers, who were travelling that way, performed before us. Amongst many other more or less unsuccessful conjuring tricks, we had the bee-dance, so familiar to us in Egypt, executed by a woman on a rope. In the afternoon we all again left the camp, and dispersed among the high sword-grass by the village, among which the frankolin had been making its voice heard the whole day. This beautiful large bird is easy to

shoot and delicious to eat—most desirable game, therefore, for the travelling sportsman. Each of us took some Bedouins or servants to shoot over an appointed spot. We had divided the best plots near the village in well-defined circuits, in order that one gun might not interfere with the other.

I was in full swing, when suddenly a violent fit of dizziness came over me; a feeling like that of paralysis disabled my feet; severe headache, and, despite the heat, an icy chill over my whole body, compelled me to crawl home as best I could. An attack of fever, which in this climate will come on in a few minutes, had changed my good health into sickness. All my muscles ached and every movement was painful. The other gentlemen came home with a nice supply of frankolin. During the night the unfortunate Chorinsky, and later Sachs also, were bitten by a large scorpion. Chorinsky received the first full strength of the poison from the abominable beast, and exhibited symptoms of severe poisoning which caused the utmost anxiety. Next morning there was a general depression in the camp. Every one had to pay some penalty for the bad air. Chorinsky and I, still languid and miserable, had to be kept on the sick list, and there were also some victims of the climate among the servants. Any moment might bring further attacks of fever, and the adventure with the Asiatic scorpion spread a certain panic through the caravan.

Our original intention had been to spend this day also in Baisân, then to make an expedition to the Lake of Gennesareth, and from thence to go on to Nazareth and

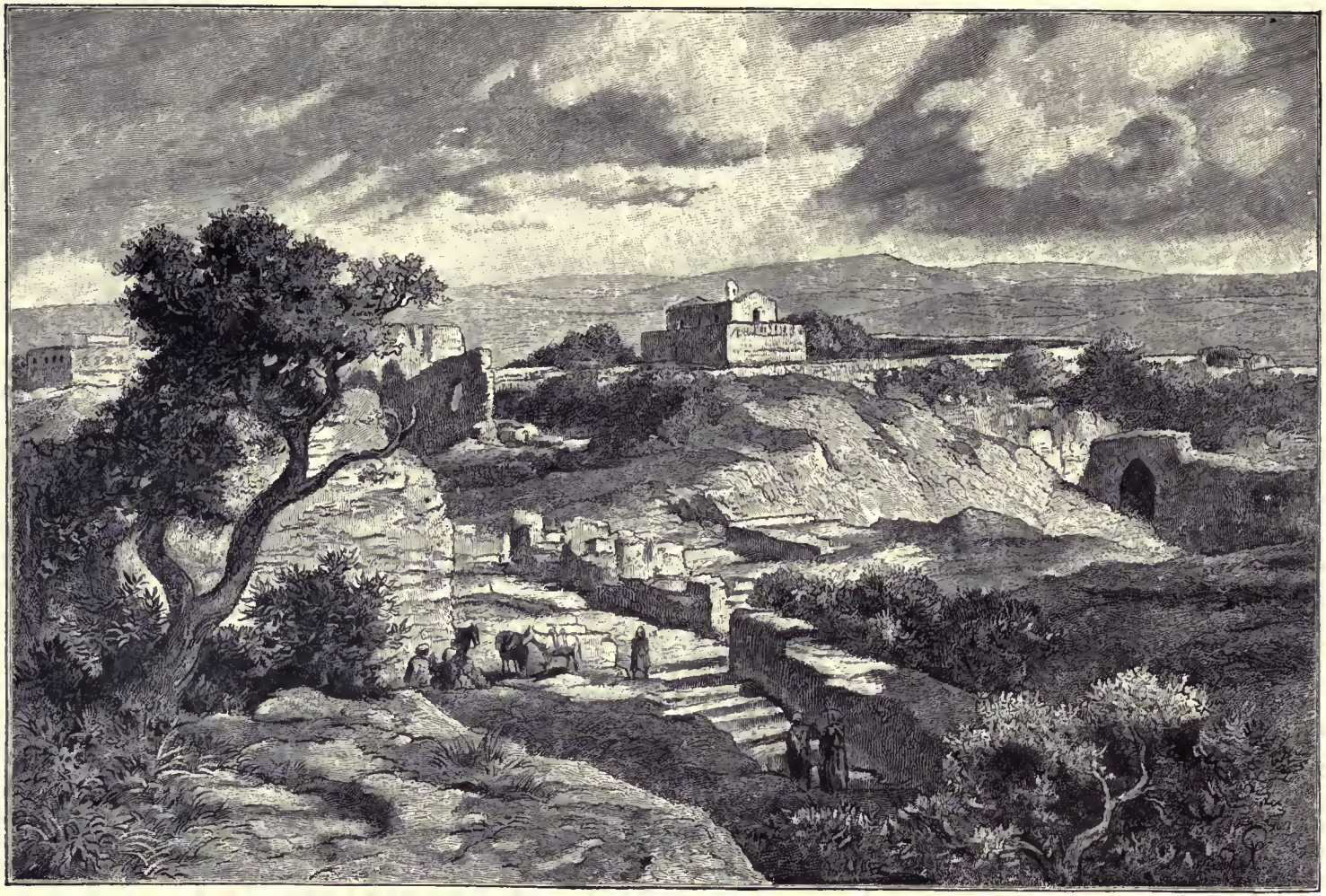
take part in the solemnities of Holy Week up to Easter Monday. In order to escape from the fever we now resolved to pass the next night on the summit of Mount Tabor and next day to travel thence to Haifa, to which place the *Miramar* was forthwith to be summoned from Beyrout, where she lay at anchor. We had thus a long journey before us, and set forth immediately after breakfast. I could hardly sit my horse from languor, and it will be long ere I forget this ride. We had, moreover, to pass through a most uninteresting country in the scorching heat. The steppe-like character of the Valley of the Jordan had given place to long level ridges and interminable valleys. Stony flats with scanty bush alternated with ill-cultivated land. We passed herds of camels and goats. The country of the Bedouins lay behind us. The population here was more variously clad—in a more northerly and, if I may say so, more Asiatic fashion than at Jaffa. We observed many big turbans, gay burnous, fur-trimmed jackets, and most singular red shoes.

The journey was very tedious, as the invalids could only travel at a foot pace. Our sole consolation was the outlook beyond our miserable surroundings to the beautiful mountains. At length we reached the foot of the steep and solitary Tabor, standing isolated from all other hills. Its slopes, to the summit, are covered with slabs of rock, loose stones, and dwarfed oaks. The road winds up the side, through a miserable little village, consisting of stone cabins. It is almost incomprehensible how the horses manage to get up. Among the rocks evergreen shrubs grow, and the low knotted oaks offer no attractive picture. The type of

the flora is that of the Mediterranean coast. The far more interesting Asiatic flora already lay behind us. The ride to the summit of Mount Tabor in the afternoon and after a long journey can afford little pleasure. Slipping and stumbling, our weary horses at length reached the outer boundary wall of the little convent. I could hardly keep my eyes open from weariness, and was still suffering severely from the effects of the fever. The Grand Duke had sickened in the course of the long ride, and by night an attack of fever, similar to that from which I had suffered the day before, only in a severer form, set in with him.

One tent had been sent on in front to Mount Tabor; the rest of the caravan remained in Nazareth, as they could not have got the greater part of the weary mules up the mountain alive. We lay down in this tent to sleep until we could get food. We had quitted the heavy oppressive air of the Jordan—the atmosphere of a region lying below the level of the sea—for brisk mountain air, and a sensibly cool evening, with a sharp breeze, followed the heat of the day.

There is a splendid distant view from the top of Mount Tabor. To the south-east the broad plain of the Jordan extends, veiled in the vapours of the heated air, with border mountains on either side, the western range grey-green, with innumerable tops and cones, the eastern, lofty, bare and stern—the home of the noble free Bedouin tribes. To the north-east sparkles the mirror of the great Lake of Gennesareth, framed in gentle hills. To the north are the snow-clad tops of Lebanon and Hermon. Below us, at the foot of Tabor, is a hilly country, traversed by valleys and



ravines covered with stones and oak woods and extending to the mountains. To the west an undulating but unlovely country reaches to the lofty, isolated, mountain mass of Djebel-Mar-Eliâs, or Mount Carmel.

We enjoyed this beautiful scene in the evening hours. Some golden eagles and king vultures were circling above the quiet, richly wooded valleys. Perfect stillness reigned around; only the clear bell of the little convent wafted the Ave Maria to the lonely spot. I began to feel equal to crawling slowly round the top of the mountain to look at the interesting buildings and ruins. A Greek convent stands opposite the Latin one in whose court our tent was pitched; between these two buildings and around them lie the half-ruined walls, stones, and remains of an ancient fortification, now overgrown with plants. A pointed and well-preserved gateway arrested my attention. Beside it were ruins of all dates and descriptions, as the remains of a castle from the Middle Ages of Arabia show.

In the Old Testament Mount Tabor figures as the boundary between the tribe of Issachar and that of Zebulon. Deborah assembled an army here, and from hence the Hebrews descended into the plain and slew Sisera, the captain of King Jabin of Hazor. Under Antiochus the Great, a town called Itabyrion stood on the summit of the mountain. In the year 53 after the birth of Christ a battle with the Jews was fought here by Gambinius. Josephus had Mount Tabor fortified subsequently, and under Vespasian numerous Israelites were slaughtered here by his general Placidus.

This mountain has always been held, since the earliest

times of Christianity, to have been the scene of the Transfiguration, and has been venerated accordingly. Origen and Jerome describe it. The Crusaders built the first convent on Mount Tabor, which, however, was again destroyed by the Moslems. In the year 1212, Melek-el-Adil, the brother of Saladin, built a fortress on it, which was afterwards fruitlessly besieged by the Christians, and then in the course of time, when it had lost its importance, was razed by the Moslems themselves. The present convents are not of ancient date, and have been built on the ruins of those which first stood there.

The whole neighbourhood is full of historic reminiscences, and therefore doubly interesting. In the vicinity of Tabor a circular hill rises from the midst of the green vale; at its foot Saladin obtained his greatest victory on the 3rd and 4th of July, 1187. The power of the Crusaders was then finally broken. King Guy de Lusignan and many others were taken prisoners, the knights sold for slaves, the Templars and Brothers of St. John all executed, and Saladin slew the Grand Master of the Templars with his own hand. This same hill is indicated as the scene of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

In the evening we dined in the large room of the convent, and then went early to rest. The Grand Duke was suffering much from fever, and had to take quantities of quinine. On the 12th of April we awoke with the sun. Our last night in tents was now past, and I could not leave my airy quarters without much regret. We descended the mountain from the convent on foot, as riding was all but impossible. The column, with the sick and barely con-

valescent, moved slowly over the slabs of stone and rubble and through the oak woods. The air was cool and pleasant, and the high mountains around, touched by the morning sun, shone with the most exquisite tints. After a toilsome march we at length reached the valley and mounted our horses.

A second chain of hills, with slabs of rock, bushes, and woods, could be crossed on horseback, and from the opposite slope we had our first view of Nazareth lying deep in a stony valley. We reached the further end of the little town by some narrow streets. The doctor had forbidden me, on account of the fever, to enter any of the cold cellar-like vaults. I was therefore unable to visit the church, the famous Chapel of the Annunciation, and all the other holy places.

The architecture of the place recalled that of Bethlehem. The population, composed of the members of many different religious sects, has a different type of countenance from that of the people in Southern Palestine. The complexion is lighter, and the costumes both of men and women are very bright and picturesque. Our dining tent had been pitched on an open space, and a part of the caravan rested on the grass around. The greater number of the mules had gone on with our luggage to Haifa. We breakfasted quickly, and entered some low carriages drawn by small horses which were waiting for us. A Swiss *entrepreneur* established many years ago this carriage communication between Haifa and Nazareth. The road, if it can be called a road, which we had to travel baffles all description, and we were almost shaken to pieces up and down mountain sides and over

rocks and stones. The carriage crossed some ridges of hills covered with scanty oak woods and evergreens. In the valleys between these were marshy meadows in which the coaches threatened to stick fast. The weather was fortunately fine and not too hot, and the country was rather picturesque. Many of the woods, too, were fairly well grown, and flowers abounded. After a long drive we reached a broad plain which stretches along the bay, whose northern point is the well-known town of Akha or Ptolemais, and the southern cape, with Mount Carmel falling steeply to the sea, is bounded by the town of Haifa. The plain itself is well tilled and, along the banks of the little river of Nahr-el-Mukatta, even fruitful. A dreadful road with deep ruts tortured us during the last hour we had to pass in Asia.

Heavy clouds rose on the horizon. The sun was darkened, and a cold wind from the sea seemed to bring our first greeting from that chilly Europe to which we were about to return. The last troop of camels, the long-eared goats, the Arab horses, the fine manly figures in their burnous, the gay raiment, the ample turbans, the Eastern houses and burying-places, and all the peculiar and charming movement of Eastern life which had interested and delighted us for so long, to which we had grown accustomed and attached, were now eagerly gazed upon; each of us sought to rivet a last look in his memory, in order that hereafter, in cold grey winter days, when the storms of the North torture the poor European, these scenes might rise before the mind's eye, and one might feel one's self trans-

ON THE ROAD TO HAIFA.

ported to the cradle of humanity where Paradise stood—to the sacred, golden, glorious East.

Descending by a narrow street of the little town of Haifa, which is built in terraces on the steep slopes of Mount Carmel, we soon reached the quay. One step more on Eastern soil, one last look on the brightly coloured throng of human life, and our hard parting from the East was over. A boat from the *Miramar* bore us over the swaying waters to the ship which lay at anchor.

CHAPTER X.

Journey Home by Candia, Zante, Channel of Ithaca, Corfu—Some Hours' Detention at Corfu—Bocchi di Cattaro—Ragusa—Zara—Trieste—Journey to Vienna—Conclusion.

We started before nightfall. The shades of evening covered the misty outlines of the lofty hills of the Asiatic coast. The waves beat high and some unquiet hours began. The whole of the 13th was spent on the open sea in chilly weather. Heavy clouds hung over the sky, and there was stillness on the deck of the *Miramar*. Those of the travelling party who were well enough to appear on deck watched the play of the waters, lost in thoughts of the glorious East. In the quiet season sure to follow a time of such deep and varied interest one dwells long on the memories of happy days.

The 15th of April brought us less sea and the sight of the Island of Candia, so rich in natural charms. We passed close along the coast, admiring the snow-clad Mount Ida. On the 16th we saw Cape Matapan, the Greek mountains, and in the afternoon, Zante. We passed from between the island, decked in all its spring glories, and the Grecian mainland to the sombre summits of Cephalonia. In a splendid moonlight we passed the famous channel of Ithaca, the home of Ulysses, and saw the rock of Sappho and the islands consecrated by Greek mythology. Early

CATTARO.

on the 17th the *Miramar* ran into the harbour of Corfu. Peals of bells greeted us. It was the Palm Sunday of the Greeks, and a procession with banners and richly dressed priests, followed by country people in picturesque costumes, moved along the strand. Our coal supply had to be made good, so we employed the time in an expedition to the Bay of Ipsa. Our boat put in beside a small country house, and we climbed through blooming gardens, and an oak copse coming into luxuriant leaf, to a height whence we obtained a view over the beautiful island and the Albanian mountains of the opposite coast. When we returned to the *Miramar* and continued our voyage, the afternoon was calm, the air warm, and we glided past a beautiful coast view.

On the 18th we awoke at Punta d'Ostro. As most of my companions were unacquainted with the Bocchi di Cattaro, the *Miramar* steamed between the high grey cliffs to melancholy but magnificently situated Cattaro. We made a short expedition into the little town, and admired the varied and picturesque dresses of the peasantry. A special charm seems to rest on this wild rocky highland district, inhabited by chivalrous valiant mountaineers.

In the afternoon we reached Lacroma, and landed at once on my small but enchanting island. Everything was green and flowery, and for the last time we breathed a truly southern air and enjoyed the sunbeams of a real spring day. We were rowed over in a boat to Ragusa, the ancient Dubrownik of the Sclaves, and took a walk round the town, rich in palaces and handsome buildings.

We passed the night on board the *Miramar* in the harbour of Gravosa. The 19th brought us a rough sea

under cloudy sky, scuds of rain, and a very cold wind. The voyage among the Dalmatian islands, generally so beautiful, yielded us therefore little enjoyment. We remained for the evening and night at Zara.

On the 20th we started early from the capital of Dalmatia, and reached Trieste in the afternoon amidst rain and under cloudy skies. We spent a very enjoyable day there, and left in the afternoon of the 21st, taking an affecting farewell of the commander and officers of the faithful *Miramar*. At Karst we sent our last adieus to the beautiful sea, for we were now to belong for a long period to *terra firma*.

The night passed quickly. We dreamt of Bedouins on Arab horses, of slender minarets, of lofty mountains, of boundless deserts, of the sacred Nile, of waving palm-trees and sycamore forests, and of the mysteries of the temples of Isis. Soon our pleasant visions were dispelled by reality. Waking at the Semmering we were greeted by a rough north wind, ice, and a mantle of snow. In Vienna, heavy clouds covered the sky, and the travellers, accustomed to the sun of the South, shivered in the damp cold atmosphere of Northern Europe.

The journey was over and the travellers separated, but their thoughts still turned back irresistibly to the distant East.

Hail to thee, thou golden, glorious, sunlit East!

THE END.

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